

June

# Cosmopolitan

35 Cents

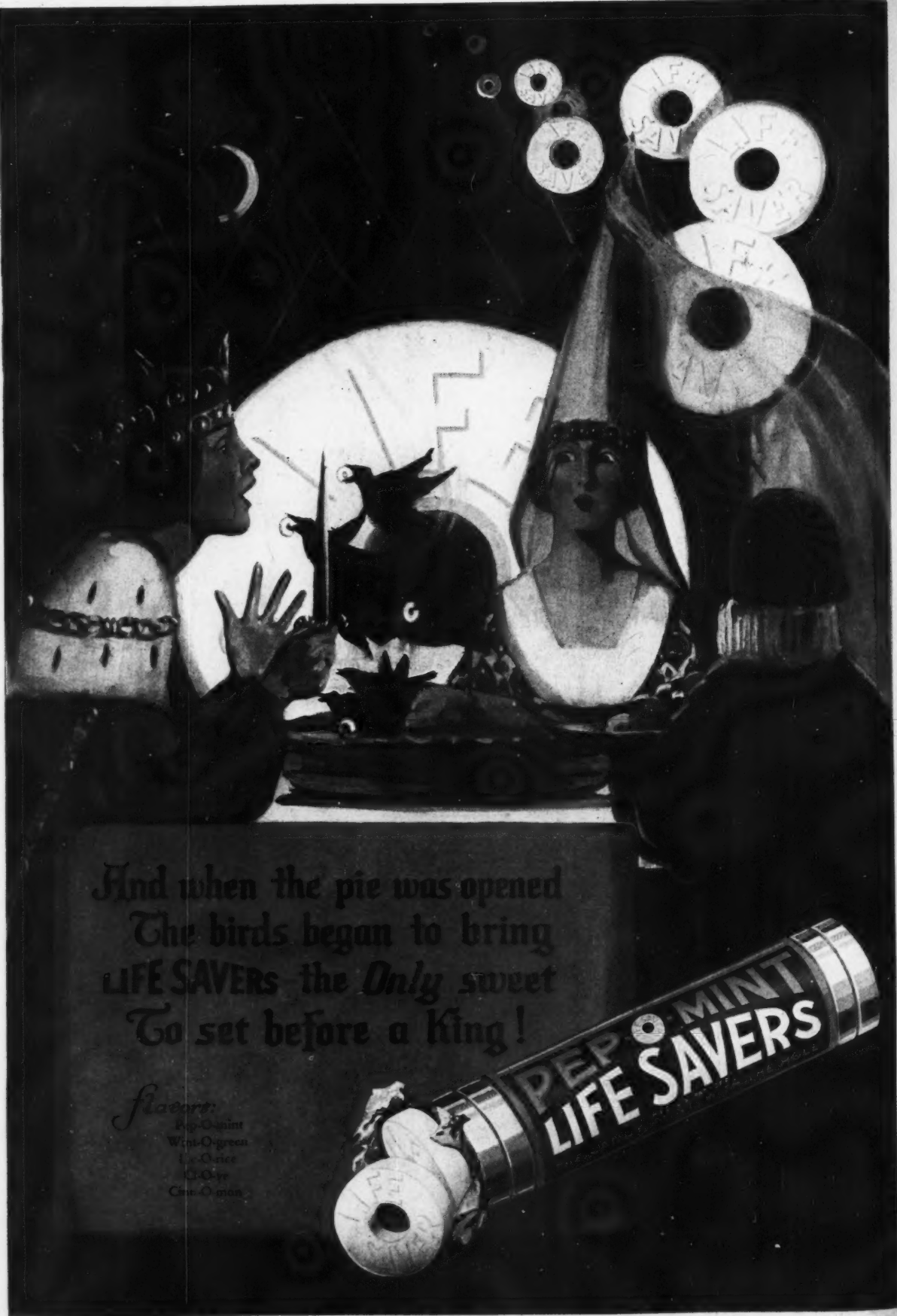


ANOTHER GREAT ISSUE ~

Er B. Kyne · Arthur Stringer · Robert Hichens  
tague Glass · Meredith Nicholson · H.C. Witwer · George Ade

Harrison

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And when the pie was opened  
The birds began to bring  
**LIFE SAVERS** the *Only* sweet  
To set before a King!

*flavors:*

Peppermint  
White-O-Mint  
Lime-O-Mint  
Orange  
Candy-O-Mint







Residence Mr. C. A. Miller, 2266 Coventry Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Architect, Mr. Harry A. Cone, Cleveland, Ohio. "Bishopric" used on all exteriors

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**M**AKE sure that the material that goes into your house will give you the greatest possible return in comfort and satisfaction.

No expenditure is so important as that which you make for a home, whether it be a cottage or a mansion.

The outside appearance of the house indicates the manner of the Man within—It indicates, as it were, your standing in the community, and certainly, if circumstances lead you to remove elsewhere, you want, as a commercial asset in your house, both strength and beauty, for these are sure to secure you a better return in rent or sale.

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## More Homes, Churches, Better Schools—A Whole- some Environment for the Growing Girls and Boys

**A**MERICA needs 3,000,000 new homes—the hope of America yesterday, today and tomorrow lies in the independence and stability of its homes.

A real home of the true American kind has a personality and individuality all its own. Its shelter, its architecture, its surroundings, however modest or elaborate, must be the direct expression and the personal property of those who inhabit it, or else thrift, efficiency, social welfare and patriotism—the four corner stones of our national existence—will crumble before our eyes.

The rent-paying tenant, whether on the farm or in the city, is the herald of social disorganization.

The "Flat-Hunter"—that human grasshopper, that nomad of civilization—is like his insect prototype, a waster, never a saver or conservator.

The "boarding-house" victim, with body and mind alike stunted by the skimmed milk of professional landlordism and the slow poison of quick lunch quackery, is ripe material for radical or demagogue.

The modern cliff dweller, like his ancestors, loses all natural relations with land and nature, as he climbs up to his crevice in the apartment skyscraper, and locks his door against the appeals of social, political and religious responsibility.

It is high time that something were done—something adequate to the critical reality of the present situation, and something that will not only bring temporary relief but permanently prevent future similar crises.

Palliatives, half-way measures, speeches, bank bulletins and conversational "field-meets"—boxing the compass of theory and reducing to a science the fine art of "passing the buck," get nowhere and only prolong and increase the difficulty in solving the problem.

No one can realize the value of a home of his own until he actually owns it and lives in it. The value of a home cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. The certainty of having a home from which no one can deprive you; the pride of possession; the knowledge that you are establishing an estate for the Children; the fact that every bit of improvement you make is made for yourself; the feeling of security in knowing that your Children are playing in your yard—safe from street traffic; your freedom from increasing rents—all these and many other advantages accrue to the home owner, so that he is money ahead by building.

What manner of man or woman of today can fail to react to the stimulation of a Home—with its carefully calculated air of comforts and conveniences which indicate the underlying element of critical thought?

The one scheme today is to plan to build—plan a home that will be a joy and a comfort to you and yours for all time.

# Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

## SUMMER CAMPS FOR BOYS

### An ideal summer for your son or daughter

Private camps afford the best kind of recreation for growing children who need plenty of fresh air and exercise.

Healthy boys and girls like swimming, tennis, canoeing and the hosts of other out door sports, which are available at the camps advertised in this issue.

But they also need the personal attention and care which private camps are capable of giving.

The hot summer months will soon be here—let us help you choose the best camp for your son or daughter.

**COSMOPOLITAN SCHOOL BUREAU**  
119 West 40th Street New York City

#### DEVEREUX TUTORING CAMP For Boys

who need individual instruction. All grades. Vocational training. 55 acres. Swimming. Box C. Berwyn, Pa.

#### Camp Lenox In-the-Berkshires

East Lee, Mass. A Superior Summer Camp for High Class American Jewish Boys. July 1st to Sept. 1st, \$300. Send for Booklet. Telephone Flatbush 1619. HARRY SPERLING, Director. 391 Marlborough Road, Brooklyn, New York.



**Minne-Wawa** At Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Park, Ontario. Permanent summer camp for boys and young men. Good food, canoeing, fishing, trampolining. Your boy will fit right in. Highest references. Reasonable terms. Write for Booklet A.A. W. L. Wynn, Ph.D. Bordertown, - - New Jersey

**Miami Camp** For Boys. An ideal place for summer recreation, under careful, efficient faculty. Good, wholesome food. Hiking, swimming, fishing, athletic games. Lectures and entertainments around the camp fire. Under direction of Miami Military Institute. For booklet address: COL. ORVON GRAFF BROWN, Germantown, Ohio.

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6th Season  
Directed by Commandant of the Staunton Military Academy.  
On Lake Terra Alta, main line B.&O. R.R., 130 miles southeast of Pittsburgh. 2800 ft. above sea level. Average summer temperature 70 degrees. \$20,000 equipment. Athletic and water sports, bowling, billiards, hikes—all under strict supervision. Physical drill and target practice. Academic instruction. Music. June 29 to August 24, \$200. Free booklet.  
Until June 5th, address THE COMMANDANT, BOX 451A, Staunton, Va.  
After June 5, Camp Terra Alta, Terra Alta, W. Va.

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June 21 to Aug. 9 combining work and play. Morning hours for work. Afternoons and evenings for recreation and amusement. Outdoor games and water sports on attractive lake. Write for booklet. Box 8. SPRING HILL SUMMER CAMP.

SPRING HILL, TENN.

**Kyle Camp** for boys 6 to 16. Catskill Mts. Model bungalows—no damp tents. Fine bathing. Your boy's health and diversion well looked after. Physician and nurse. Scoutmaster. Modern equipments. Movies. "The Paradise for Boys." Address Dr. Paul Kyle, Kyle School for Boys, New York, Irvington-on-Hudson, Box 504.

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Charleston Lake, Ontario, Canada  
A Select Boys' Camp  
For information write  
WILLIAM C. HAZEL, 16 W. 47th St., N. Y. C.

Do you lack self confidence or poise? Cosmopolitan will be glad to recommend schools of elocution and dramatic art.

**Kamp Kaw Baw Gam** For boys 8 to 16. Unexcelled location on Deer Lake, Onota, Michigan, within eighty rods of Lake Superior. Qualified counselors and tutors. Swimming, boating, fishing, hiking, sports, woodcraft, handicraft and tutoring. Rate \$225 a week, all inclusive except transportation. Write for booklet to H. ORVILLE BELL, Lynchburg, Va. Director.

**Camp Tosebo** Manistee, Michigan. Under the Boys' Woodstock, Ill. Management of Todd Seminary for fishing, hiking, sports, woodcraft, swimming. Wonderland of woods and water. Unusual equipment. Reasonable rates. Overnight boat ride (direct) from Chicago. Address NOBLE HILL, Woodstock, Illinois.

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Developed as a scientific and practical contribution to the summer training of young Americans, with the belief that vacations should develop character and stir aspiration, as well as provide wholesome recreation. The popularity of this conception is attested by the enrollment of more than 1,000 boys in Culver each summer.

Because Culver is not conducted for profit, you may afford your son the advantage of its unsurpassed equipment and personnel at a cost not exceeding that of the average camp.

Write Adjutant for a catalog of Naval, Cavalry, Artillery, Aviation or Woodcraft Schools.



### CAMP ALOHA SUMMER SCHOOL

Squam Lake, Holderness, New Hampshire. 19th Summer session, July 17 to Sept. 11, 1922. Eight weeks. First half, July 17-Aug. 13; second half, Aug. 14-Sept. 11. Tutoring school for preparation for fall examinations for entrance to or removal of conditions in the principal schools and colleges. For booklet and information write to

EDMUND W. OGDEN, Treas.  
60 State St., Boston

### Ad-a-wa-gam Camp

For Christian Boys. Log Cabins—Canoe Trips—Indian Ponies—Medical Attention.  
Address

CAPTAIN ROBERT A. YOUNG, Director.  
Tomahawk Lake, Oneida County, Wisconsin.

### CAMPS FOR GIRLS

### Sargent Camps

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The Athletic Camps for Girls

Promote a healthy, happy, useful life. Skilled leaders. Woodcraft, water sports, hiking, horseback riding, games, dramatics, music, dancing.

**Senior Camp** for girls from 15 to 24.  
**Junior Camp.** Unexcelled equipment. Home-craft for little folks.

**Sargent Club.** A distinct unit with all camp privileges for girls over 20. Campers accepted for two weeks or more, July to Sept. inclusive.

For illustrated booklet address **Camp Secretary, 8 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.**



### Doctor Pettit Camps,

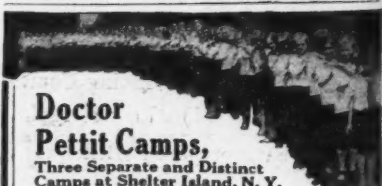
Three Separate and Distinct Camps at Shelter Island, N. Y.

Extensive water front on two bays. Sailing excellent. Horseback riding and all outdoor sports.

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**SEWANHAKA** for Girls 14-20  
**PECONIC** for Grown People

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27th Year at Camp Owner and Director  
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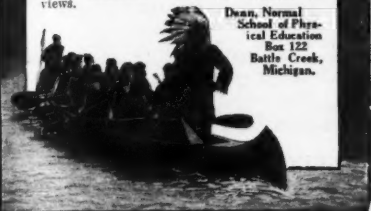


ASK COSMOPOLITAN for information on additional schools anywhere.

**(For Girls) On Gull Lake, Michigan**

Enjoy a happy, healthful outing at Camp Pottawattamie this summer. Located on private island in beautiful Gull Lake. Swimming, canoeing, sailing, gymnastics, games, nature and folk dancing, basketry, nature study. Girl Scout Course and other fascinating activities. Healthful dietary, inspected foods, splendid equipment, expert instructors. Personal supervision and refined associations assured under auspices of Battle Creek Sanitarium. Rates moderate. Send for portfolio of views.

Dean, Normal School of Physical Education  
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Battle Creek, Michigan.



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Adirondack Mountains, Pine Lake, Clemons, N. Y. Riding featured, included in camp fee. Athletics, Dancing, Aquatics, Dramatics. Pageant given every summer. Arts and Crafts. Ages 8-18. Camp Fee \$300. Address: Camp Director Christine Dobbins, Inspector of Athletics, Public Schools, 606 West 116th Street, New York City.

**Pine Tree Camp for Girls** On beautiful N. on Lake, 2,000 feet above sea, in pine-laden air of Pocono Mountains. Four hours from New York and Philadelphia. Experienced counselors. Horseback riding, tennis, baseball, canoeing, "hikes." Handicrafts, gardening. 11th year. MISS BLANCHE D. PRICE, 404 W. School Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

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**DEVEREUX TUTORING CAMP**

For Girls who need individual instruction. All grades. Vocational training. 35 acres. Swimming. Box C. Berwyn, Pa.

**Minne-Wawa Camp**

For Christian Girls. Log Cabins—Canoe Trips—Indian Ponies—Medical Supervision. Tomahawk Lake, Oneida County, Wisconsin. MISS W. MUNSON, Director. 209 E. Barker Ave., Michigan City, Indiana.

**Camp Pocahontas for Girls**

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Camp opens July 1st. For book of views address Miss VIRGINIA HALE, Director Box C Sullins College, BRISTOL, VIRGINIA

**THE TEELA-WOODKET CAMPS**

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**The Elizabeth General Hospital** offers a complete course in nursing to desirable candidates. An allowance of \$36.00 is given at completion of the first three months. \$15.00 a month for remainder of first year and the second year, \$20.00 a month for the third year. Registered school. Elizabeth, N. J. Superintendent of Nurses.

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**Hahnemann Hospital of Chicago** Nurses' Training School. Accredited 3-year course. Requirements: good health, age 19-35, good character, high school diploma or its equivalent. Text books, uniforms, maintenance and monthly allowance. Separate home for nurses. Address, SUPERINTENDENT, Box 14, 2812 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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**The Training School at Vineland** Devoted to the interests of those whose minds have not developed normally. Home spirit. Schools, shops, farm. Department of child study. 35 miles from Philadelphia. E. R. JOHNSTONE, Director. Address: C. EMERSON NASH, Superintendent, Box 408 Vineland, New Jersey.

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For Exceptional Children who are unable to progress in public or private schools. MOLLIE WOODS HARR. Box 164, Roslyn, Pennsylvania.

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Years of experience have given the members of our school department a wealth of knowledge concerning all types of schools throughout the country.

You will find almost every type advertised in these pages. If you fail to find the kind of school you are interested in, we will be glad to recommend others.

If you are looking for a boys' preparatory school in a certain section of the country, we can recommend the best school for your purpose—and this applies to all kinds of schools.

**COSMOPOLITAN SCHOOL BUREAU**  
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 Older boys prepared for all colleges and technical schools. Small classes with much individual attention.  
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 The catalogue is a help, but to be appreciated, Blair must be seen. Visitors always welcome.  
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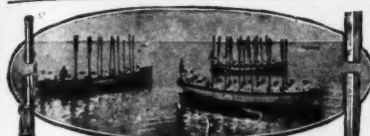


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In writing COSMOPOLITAN give tuition, location and kind of school desired



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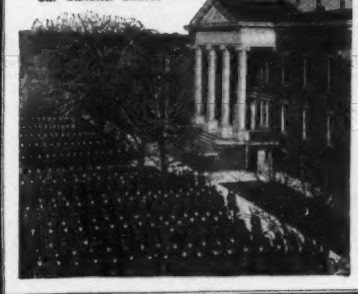
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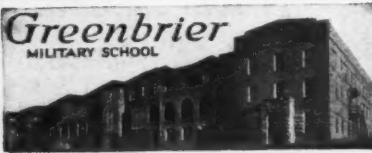
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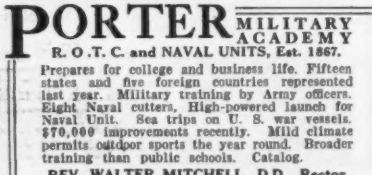
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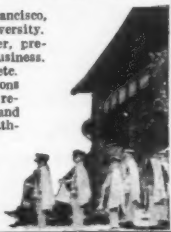
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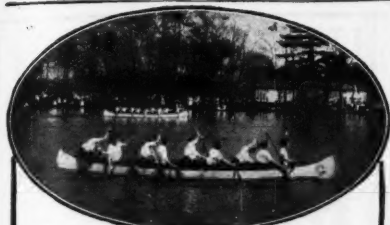
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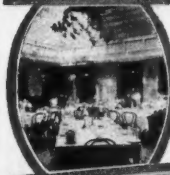
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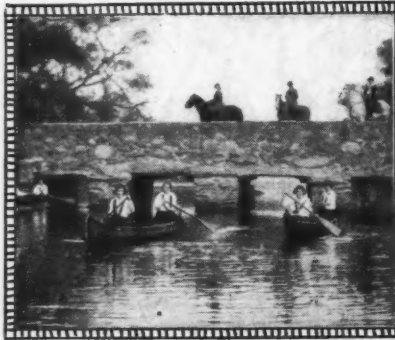
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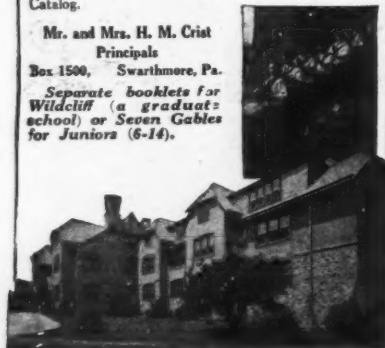
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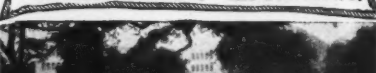
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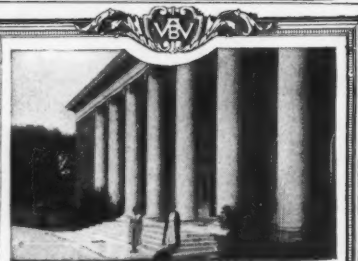
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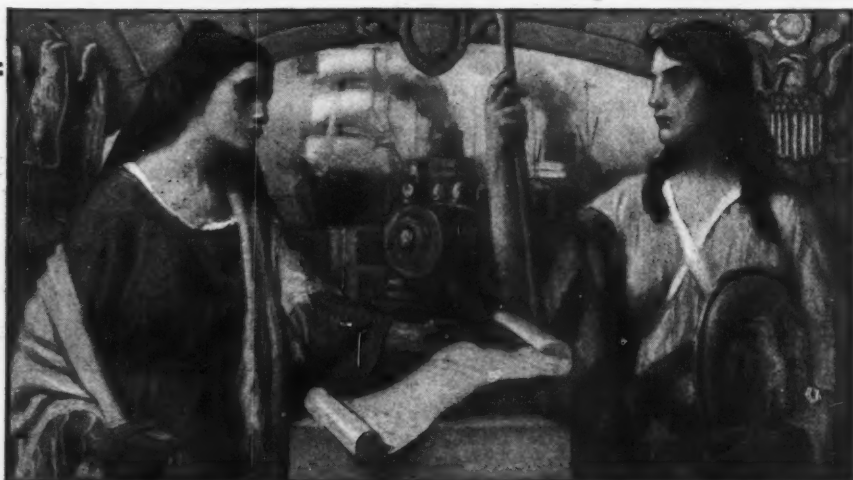
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Continued on page 134

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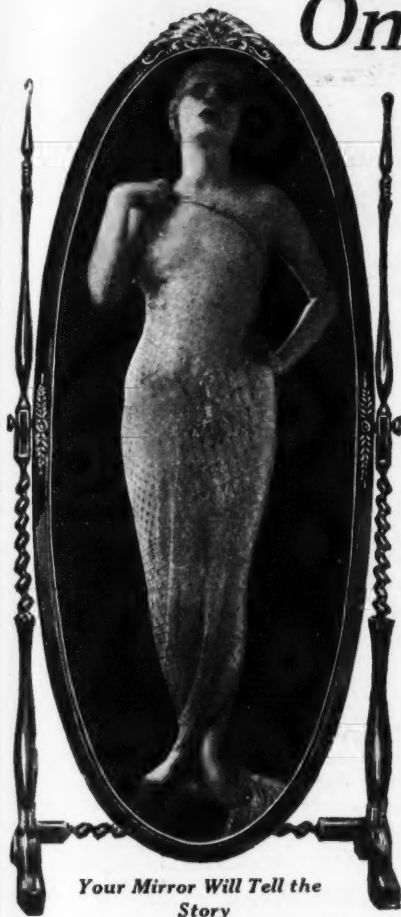
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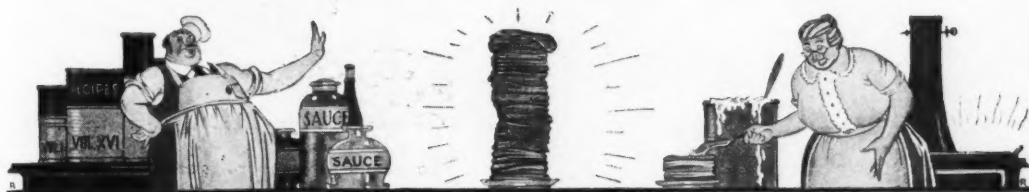
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## GEORGE ADE—using slang—SAYS A MOUTHFUL

AS we say good by to the final buckwheat cake of reluctant spring and go forth, wearing garlands, to greet fried chicken, we are again reminded that what every woman knows can never be learned by a chef.

Regard the two items listed in the preamble.

When the first killing frost whitens the fields, Aunt Libbie compounds a large crock of batter which is bubbled on top and has a yeasty aroma. She keeps it in a warm spot and, by judicious replacing, dips from the earthen vessel, during the cold months, say 2800 to 3000 buckwheat cakes which are as much superior to the factory-made flapjacks of hotels and restaurants as roses are more fragrant than rutabagas.

Here is a question never yet answered: Why cannot hotels and clubs and cafés master the simple technique which seems to be nature's gift to every housewife?

Why is it that when you put a white cap on a man and pay him \$18,000 a year he can think of nothing except sauces?

Is he too proud to go to Aunt Libbie and find out how to rush from the griddle a product that is thin and hot and snappy and crispy and altogether enticing?

He has a million recipes with French labels, but when he serves an order of strawberry shortcake, he simply advertises his shame.

Certain dishes may be regarded as the culinary cornerstones of domestic tranquility.

She who makes good oyster soup deserves every honor accorded Joan of Arc. Oyster soup? Why should it be a Masonic secret to anyone?

And yet, when you get among the onyx columns and the Alsatian noblemen and the symphony orchestras, the glorious blending of savory ingredients becomes a tepid pool in which oysters at high-fever temperature are struggling feebly.

Any man who has lived in a civilized home knows the ritual in connection with poultry of the adolescent kind.

He knows that the carcass should be dismembered into the largest possible number of units and that these priceless tidbits need to be soaked in cold water before they are rolled in flour and committed to the hot skillet. Then there is a precautionary steaming just before they are hand-forked to the platter.

Year after year the patrons lined up at public eating racks have been ordering "Fried chicken, country style," hoping in vain that some day or other they will get what they want.

It is now a crime to shake up a cocktail and yet thousands of caterers who try to fry one-half of a spring chicken in one individual segment are permitted to stay out of jail.

Shall we take up the matter of waffles? How about rice pudding?

Did you ever find in a four million dollar hotel the kind of layer cake served by the ladies of the M. E. Church?

Fillet of sole as done at the Margery—yes! Cottage cheese, mince pie, new asparagus in cream, light biscuit, cookies, noodles—no!



# BOSTON

*A Song of the City*

*By Edgar A. Guest*

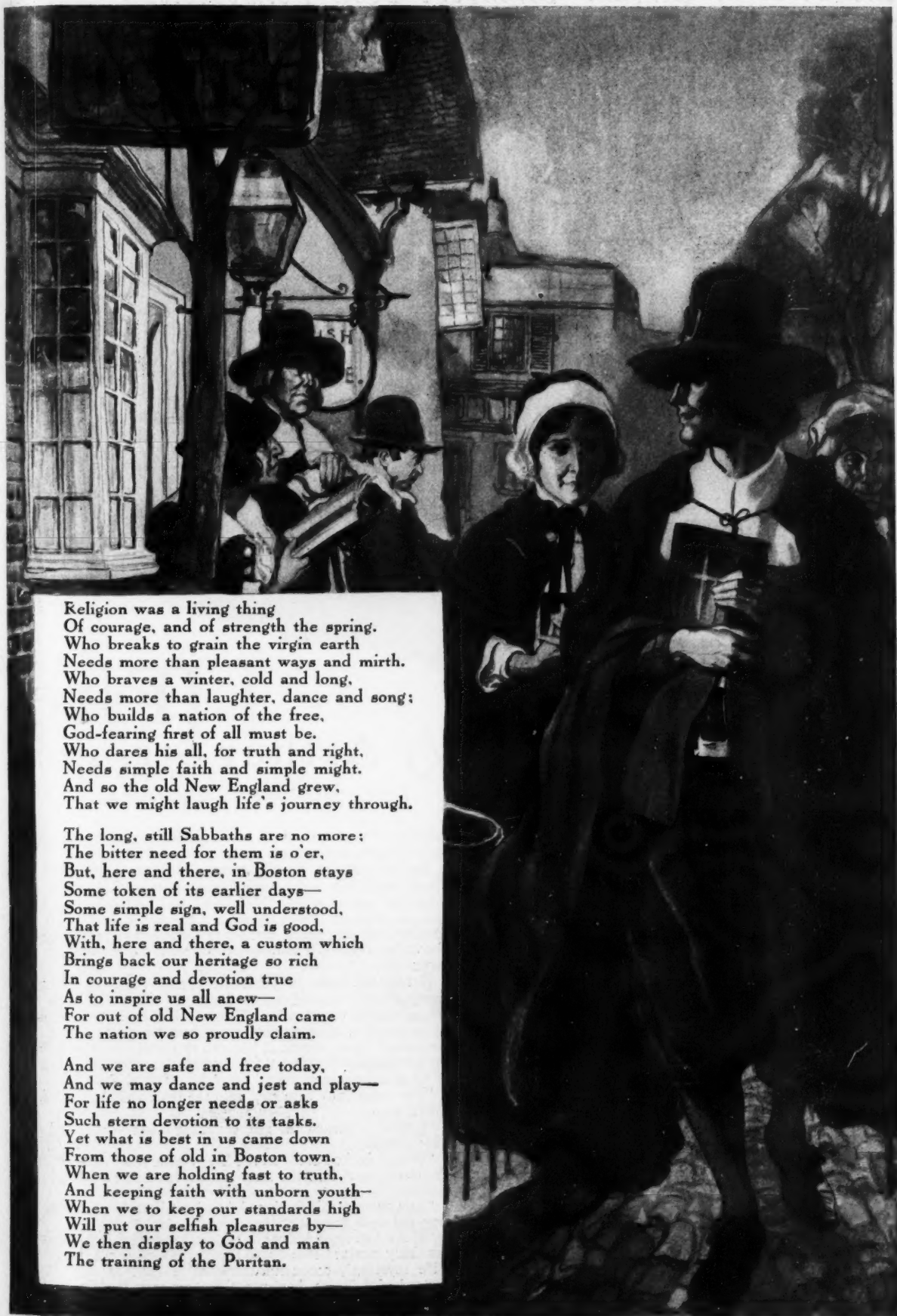
*Decoration by John Richard Flanagan*

The grave forefathers' garb was plain;  
They never took God's name in vain;  
They never dined or danced o' nights,  
Nor weakened to the world's delights.  
Their ways were rigorous and stern;  
Life was a lesson hard to learn;  
And little joy was blended in  
The battles which they hoped to win.  
The rocks were gray and drab and drear,  
And winter was a hell to fear.  
And he who did not practice thrift  
On hunger's sea was doomed to drift.

There had not been a Boston town,  
With all its culture and renown,  
Its temple spires and college domes,  
Its wealth of warm New England homes,  
Had they who braved the winters long  
Been glib of speech and gay with song.  
Had they been pleasure loving men,  
And squanderers of their treasure, then  
The Boston which today we know  
Had vanished with the long ago.  
The greater goals which men attain  
Are founded on the virtues plain.

They spurned the easy going man;  
He did not fit into their plan.  
There was no place, where need was big,  
For those who would not build or dig.  
With danger round them, day by day,  
Life gave them little time for play;  
The call was loud and clear and strong  
For service, not for mirth or song.  
With death forever standing by,  
They must be well prepared to die—  
Nor was it just some custom odd;  
They gave their Sabbath days to God.

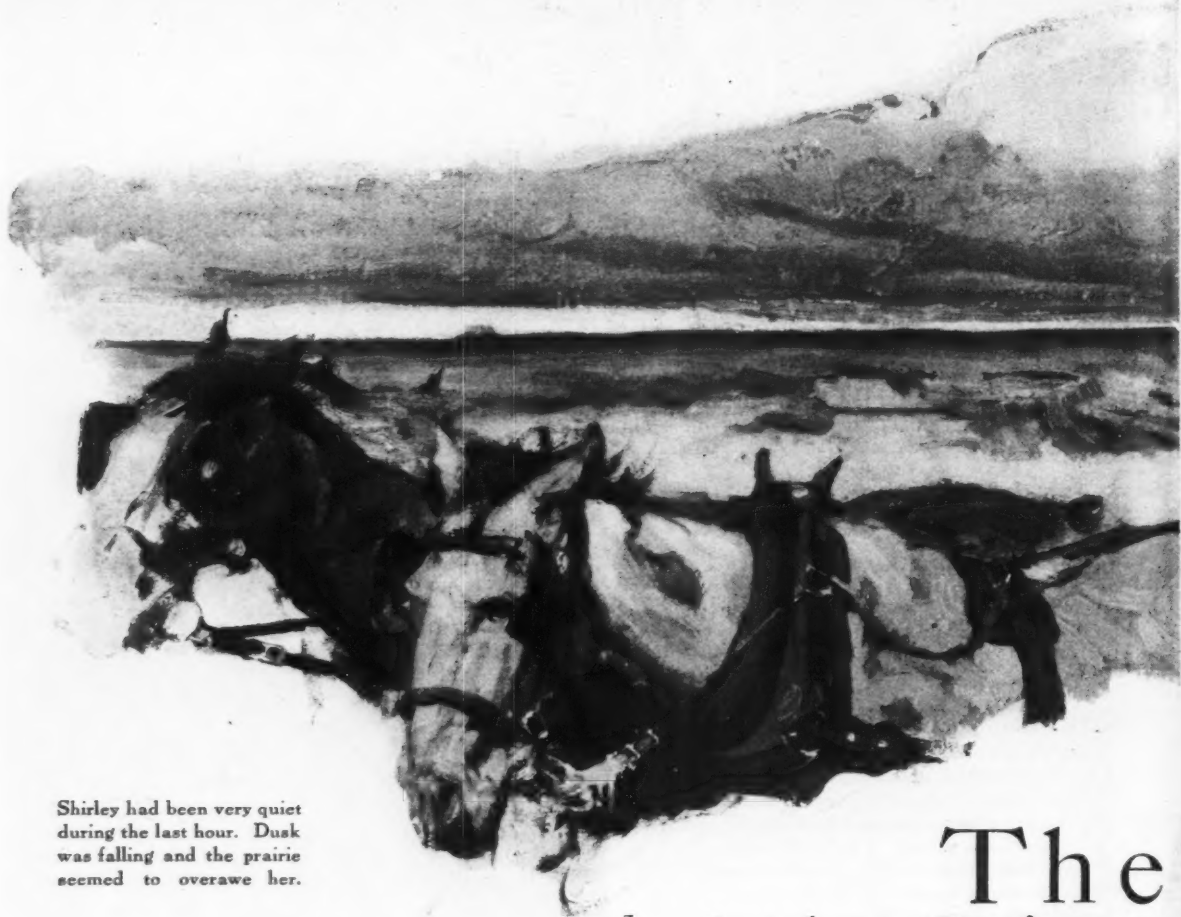




Religion was a living thing  
Of courage, and of strength the spring.  
Who breaks to grain the virgin earth  
Needs more than pleasant ways and mirth.  
Who braves a winter, cold and long,  
Needs more than laughter, dance and song;  
Who builds a nation of the free,  
God-fearing first of all must be.  
Who dares his all, for truth and right,  
Needs simple faith and simple might.  
And so the old New England grew,  
That we might laugh life's journey through.

The long, still Sabbaths are no more;  
The bitter need for them is o'er,  
But, here and there, in Boston stays  
Some token of its earlier days—  
Some simple sign, well understood,  
That life is real and God is good,  
With, here and there, a custom which  
Brings back our heritage so rich  
In courage and devotion true  
As to inspire us all anew—  
For out of old New England came  
The nation we so proudly claim.

And we are safe and free today,  
And we may dance and jest and play—  
For life no longer needs or asks  
Such stern devotion to its tasks.  
Yet what is best in us came down  
From those of old in Boston town.  
When we are holding fast to truth,  
And keeping faith with unborn youth—  
When we to keep our standards high  
Will put our selfish pleasures by—  
We then display to God and man  
The training of the Puritan.



Shirley had been very quiet during the last hour. Dusk was falling and the prairie seemed to overawe her.

## The by Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Wire-Tappers," etc.

PETER SLADE felt it was about time for him to wake up. His little pipedream was over. And the sooner he got back to earth, which in this case meant a two room shack in Saskatchewan, the better for all concerned.

For Saskatchewan seemed a long way off to Peter as he sat on his lonely midnight bench in Central Park. Old Pop Ifley just about that time would be knocking out his pipe and banking the fire and turning in, turning in on the wall bunk that always made its owner think of a cell bed in San Quentin. But it was a homey little wickup, that ranch shack of Peter's, and he'd been a fool to come away from it. He'd been a double-dyed fool for leaving it in the manner he did, with vanity in his heart and his grain money in his pocket and his foolish boast to the old sod-buster: "Yep, Pop, I'm going to New York. I'm going to New York to get me a wife. I'm going back to the old town and set her a-blaze. And while she's still burning I'm going to pick me a city chicken and pack her out here to the lone prairie!"

He stirred on his bench as he remembered the old sourdough's shrug of disapproval. For Slade, after all, was going back empty handed. Pop Ifley had been right. All the city wants of you is your money. Nor was this picking of downy plumed chickens the easy job it had looked from the prairie wastes of Saskatchewan.

So slowly but surely Slade began to waken to the truth. It dawned on him that he was nothing but a tourist, a visitor, a wanderer from "out there," a rube and a hay tosser lost in the city which had long since forgotten him. There in the quietness of Central Park he felt his first pang of homesickness.

His eye was a morose one as he watched the taxi that drifted past him. Then the prairie squint deepened about that eye, for clearly from the slowing taxicab he heard the repeated shrill call of a woman. It struck him as odd, those frantic short screams in a setting so quiet. But otherwise they did not greatly disturb him. He had learned his grim lesson, since

coming to the city, as to the final expediency of always attending strictly to his own affairs.

Yet he started to his feet a moment later, for he saw a girl throw herself out of the suddenly opened door of the cab. And even then he might have hesitated. But he saw emerge, after the girl, a plump, large figure in a fur overcoat. And it was obvious that this second figure was doing its best, much against the wishes of the lady in question, to stop her flight and force her return to the taxicab.

But the girl broke away from her captor. She ran, a flurry of finery, straight toward the waiting Slade, who held out his arm ceremoniously very much as though he had been stationed there to receive her. She caught at this arm frantically just as the fur-coated figure caught at her own extended arm. And there, for a moment, the three stood speechless, arrested in a triangle of singular intentness.

"You come back with me," said the thick voice of the man in the fur coat.

"I won't," panted the girl, crowding closer in under Slade's wide shoulder.

"Wait!" barked Slade as the heavy man renewed his grip on the girl's arm. But the man in question had no intention of waiting.

"You cut out this fit throwin' and get back in your cab," he repeated as he tugged at the shrinking girl.

"Make him keep his hands off me," she cried out, turning a genuinely terrified face up to Slade. Whereupon Slade, still a trifle mystified, commanded the other man to stand back. Instead of doing so, however, the other man made a move to bunt the lighter figure unceremoniously aside. And this put an end to all hesitation on Slade's part.

*A Story of Loneliness—in New York and on the Prairie*



# Well

*Illustrations by*  
Dean Cornwell

He swung for the thick jaw above the furred coat collar at the same moment that he wheeled about. The thick head jerked back with the force of the impact, and Slade kept the man from falling by catching at his collar. Still holding him in that way, he shook the fur-coated man from side to side like an Airedale shaking a doormat. He even took a black joy in making his corpulent captive dance from side to side with singular agility as he led him out to the waiting taxicab.

"Get in," he commanded, a little breathless from his efforts. Since his enemy betrayed no immediate intention of doing what he had been told to do, Slade promptly swung him off his feet, shouldered him like a sack of grain, and tossed him neatly in through the open door.

"Now be on your way," he said to the driver, who had sat during all the encounter as impassive as a penguin on a shore rock.

Slade stood watching as the engine started up. He stood there with his eyes narrowed as the car moved forward and its rocking tail light faded about a turn in the driveway. Then he went back to the girl.

"What started this thing, anyway?" he inquired as he noticed how small and defenseless she looked in the uncertain light.

"That musher wanted to get fresh with me," she retorted. And he stood disappointed, in some way, by both her actual words and the manner of their delivery.

"What made him do that?" he asked almost indifferently, wondering why the situation should so abruptly key itself down to the commonplace.

"Me fatal beauty, I s'pose," was her half flippant retort, resenting as she did his parade of indifference. Yet she was appealing enough to the eye, he saw as he stared down at her,

with her overgaudy blue and gold cloak drawn close about her small body.

"Are you an actress?" something prompted him to ask.

Her laugh was both brief and curt.

"A rotten one," she offhandedly admitted. And he winced at the adjective, unfamiliar as he was with stage vernacular.

"What are you acting in?" he asked, awakening for the first time to the strangeness of this midnight encounter which was giving him the right to crossexamine a yellow-haired girl in a sky-blue cloak.

"Nothing," was her answer. "You just crabbed my chances."

"I did?" he demanded, again vaguely disheartened by some vague tinge of impropriety in her language.

"That old Johnnie you just jolted down was our backer," she explained. "So it's Hope Alley for little me again!"

"Hope Alley?" he inquired, not understanding her.

"Yep, job hunting, roosting on the office bench until your turn for a throw down comes next."

He wondered why her voice hurt him, just as he wondered why he liked talking to her.

"Are they so hard to get," he asked, "those jobs?"

There was a touch of forlornness in her short laugh.

"About as hard as pickin' diamond horseshoes off the trolley routes," she told him.

"But what," he persisted, "will you do?"

She did not answer for a moment, since they had to stop and step back to let a closed car sweep past them on Fifty-Ninth Street. He felt her hand on his arm as she dodged back. It gave him a novel and an altogether disproportionate sense of guardianship.

"What will you do?" he repeated.

"Search me," she said with unexpected solemnity.

They walked on in silence for several minutes. It would have



to end sometime, he knew, yet he dreaded the thought of its ending. She seemed very small as she tagged along beside him. She even made him think of a bluebird, as something warm and delicate and colorful, as something very easily hurt and easily crushed.

"Why not come with me?" he suddenly asked her.

"Can it, kiddo, can it!" she said with listless weariness.

"Why should it bore you?" he demanded, slightly crestfallen.

"That old stuff always gives me a tired feeling," her small flat voice retorted.

"Have so many men asked you that?"

"The woods is full of them," she said with her protective flippancy. And he found the narrow little byways of her mind puzzling him very much as the tangled streets of her city's Chinatown had once puzzled him.

"Have any of them wanted to marry you?" he surprised himself by inquiring.

"They certainly put up a big front so long as the back-away's within reach."

"You mean they weren't usually sincere?"

"Those chasers never are." And again he winced at her language. He looked down at her. She seemed like a toy, a slightly battered doll in faded blue.

"But I am," he proclaimed.

Something in his voice struck her silent for a moment. She inspected him with a quick and searching side glance.

"Don't kid yourself," she said with her mirthless little laugh.

"Listen," he found himself telling her. "I'm up against it. About the same as you are. Only in a different way. It seems to me we—we could kind of make life easier for each other."

She fixed him with her alert young eye.

"Say, kid, please don't pull that soft stuff!"



"Because that's when you're quitting," said Slade, hoping for some open show of opposition.

"But you acknowledged it didn't—didn't look like very plain sailing ahead for you, didn't you?"

"It looks like a long hard winter," she said. She said it solemnly enough, although she could still make it sound humorous.

"Then why not do what I said—come with me?"

Again she swept him with her quick look of appraisal.

"But what would you do wit' me?" she demanded.

"We'd go down to the City Hall in the morning and get married. Then we'd catch the Montreal Express and start for Saskatchewan."

"And what'd we do there?" she inquired with an utter absence of enthusiasm.

"We'd go out to my ranch," he told her, with a small tingle along his spine in spite of himself.

"And what'd we do on your ranch?" she went on with a faint dreaminess in her flat voice.

"Be a couple of hay tossers together," he told her, doing his best to key his words down to her level. "Keep warm in a two room shack and wait for spring and watch the prairie turn green and get to work again along with the other rubes."

She took a deep breath.

"Gee, honey, have a heart! Don't start kiddin' a down-and-out at this hour o' the night!"

"Do I look as though I didn't mean it?" he demanded. And without quite knowing it they came to a stop under a street lamp.

That gave the girl her first chance of really studying his face. This she did impersonally but none the less intently, until he flushed a little under the closeness of her scrutiny. But the flippancy had slipped from her voice when she spoke again.

"You don't know me," she asserted.

"Well, you don't know me," he retorted. "But I've made my offer and it stands."

"Then say it all over again, and say it slow."

He said it all over again and with the utmost deliberateness of which he was capable.

"Let me get you right on this," she finally said. "You're alone in a two room shack out on the prairie. You can make enough to keep it going. But you want a woman for a sort o' one ring cabaret out there to keep you amused."

"You can put it that way if you want to," he admitted, declining to emotionalize a situation which she seemed to feel demanded emotion. "But I've said, remember, that I'd marry you."

"But s'posing I wouldn't be much use to you?"

"It would be up to me to make you that," he told her.

"But s'posing I—s'posing some day I should ask for more'n you're giving me?"

"People who know me have never called me a piker."

"And amusing people at twenty-odd bones a week has been my life work," she said as much to herself as to her companion. Then she murmured as they moved on again: "Two thousand miles from Broadway, and the co-bossies to page, and the cackle berries to gather, and the woolly lambs to gambol on the green with! Gee!"

"And a home," he added with severity.

"A home of me own," she repeated with a cluck of rapture which he thought at first to be half derisive.

"A home of *our* own," he corrected.

She stopped short at that with an unexpected and what impressed him as almost a pathetic little gesture of surrender. She looked up at him with a momentary luminous light in her sagacious young eyes, which, he saw, were a much deeper blue than her wrap.

"Lead me to it, kid!" she said with her short and solemn laugh.

## II

It wasn't until he had left New York well behind him that Slade entertained any doubts as to the wisdom of marriage by impulse. Wives, after all, weren't the sort of things to be picked up on the street corners like morning papers. For a paper, when you'd looked it over, could be thrown aside. But an oddly self-contained and enigmatic young woman sitting



"We've had our little tryout—and now I'm through!" cried Shirley.

beside you in a dining car was something to carry your thoughts on to the troubled future.

Yet it was mystification more than remorse that had taken possession of Slade. He nursed none of the regrets of the young blood who, in his cups, finds himself linked to a lady quite outside his own circle. It may have been as abrupt as a collision, that marriage, but it had in a way been an altogether coldblooded bargain entered into by two sane and sober persons forlornly alone in a none too friendly world. And there was no doubt as to the authenticity of the hurried and businesslike ceremony which had tied them legally together, even if circumstances united to give the affair an atmosphere of the illicit. He hadn't even known that his wife's name was the childish sounding one of Shirley Hurley until it came to

making out the necessary forms before the City Hall officials.

But the ceremony had made them one in the eyes of the law. It had delivered into his hands this young person with the undivulging eyes, this young person in slightly threadbare finery who had looked up at him so questioningly as, the ceremony completed, they stepped out into the exacting hard light of City Hall Park. She seemed to be demanding something which he stood unable to deliver. He even felt, with a vague stab of pain at his own inadequacies, that he should have brought along flowers for such an occasion. Or he should have kissed his bride, as most men do at such a time. And it may have been a mistake, he began to feel, making their departure from the city such a hurried one that it took on the undignified aspects of a flight.



Shirley herself, as the distance between them and New York widened, seemed to withdraw more into her shell. She was not to prove, as he had half expected and half feared, the light hearted humorist who could laugh all things down to the plane of the trivial. She was even capable of wrapping herself in a cloak of shyness which he had not looked for in her supposedly meager wardrobe. She took her stand, after that first disquieting moment in City Hall Park, and stuck to it. She did not make the mistake of betraying solar warmth where only lunar light had been asked for. When he inquired at the end of their first half day out how she liked traveling, she merely said that it seemed like "trouping" again. When, still later, he questioned her as to the possibility of getting homesick for the city, she told him she wasn't worrying about that since you only get homesick for places where you've been happy. This, in turn, set him to thinking about the home to which he was taking the girl with the wondering cool eyes. And the more he thought about it the more disturbed he became on the matter of its possible deficiencies.

It even prompted him to leave her for a day in the little wooden hotel at Elkhart and go on alone to the ranch, where he promptly and unceremoniously turned Pop Ifley out, where he washed and swept and cleaned like the experienced "batcher" he was, where he baked bread and roasted mallard from his barrel of frozen wild duck. Then, after a long and troubled stare about to make sure everything was shipshape, he went back for his wife.

He went back in a Bain wagon half filled with straw and mud-splattered buffalo robes, regretting as he went that there was not snow enough for sleighing and wondering what he'd ever do with a woman if she caught cold and got sick on his hands. In the matter of horses, he knew, the situation was simpler; when they broke a leg and got helpless you mercifully shot them. But women, of course, were different.

But Shirley, for all her air of frailness, gave no promise of getting sick on his hands. She stood the long trip out over the rough trail much better than he had expected, protesting with serious grimaces that she was hungry enough to eat dead cat. Yet he waited with an anxiety which he found it impossible to keep down for her verdict on the home into which he was bringing



"Come here and show some affection," commanded Saskatoon Culbert just as Shirley

her. He even made her sit out in the wagon box with the buffalo robes around her until he touched a match to the laid fire and got the lamps lighted, for dusk was falling by the time they reached the shack. She had been very quiet during the last hour of the drive. The prairie seemed to overawe her. "Hully gee, brother," she had said with a little sigh, "this world must be bigger'n the Hippodrome stage!" And as she stared about his barbed wire acres, more like a farm than a ranch, she confessed with a little laugh, "I was nutty enough to think it was going to be like one o' those near westerns out of the movies!"

Yet she smiled perceptibly when she stepped through the door and looked about the shack as Slade stood looking intently at her.

"What a cutey!" she cried out with real feeling. And Slade



caught sight of her husband's rust-stained sombrero rising above the well curbing.

felt sufficiently rewarded even before she said it again and still again as she studied the freshly sheeted wall bunks and the orderly shelves for dishes and the home made armchair lined with a cinnamon bear skin under his row of books that went across the full length of the room. She watched him with dreamy admiration in her eyes as he busied himself at the essential business of getting supper, at "rustling the grub" as she preferred calling it.

When it was ready, she ate with the honest and uncommunicative appetite of a hungry boy. Yet he did not altogether resent her silences. He began to detect in her a tendency towards inarticulateness with regard to those things about which she felt strongest, a wayward shyness as unexpected in her as a cornflower in a field of oats. He could not rid himself

of the impression, it is true, that she was holding back from him not only the living present but also the phantasmal past. He felt that she had put a fence about some inner part of her, the same as he put fences about one of his haystacks. Yet if he resented these reservations, he found himself ready to make excuses for them. It was a new world to her, he remembered, as he heard her small cry of wonder at the discovery that there was no running water in the house.

"Where do you get it?" she demanded with a nod towards the galvanized pail on the table.

"From a well," he explained. "One I dug with my own hands—and a mighty good one."

That seemed to show him how diverse had been their paths. And neither of them, he reminded himself, was "teambroke" as yet, and traveling in double harness was something not mastered in a day. And the girl was tired, dog tired, after so much traveling, as he could see by the violet shadows under her eyes.

Yet he knew, as she roused herself and said with a careless small stretch that she was going to turn in, that something was missing. Just what it was he couldn't quite say. She was still secretly remote to him, still lunar instead of solar, for all the compelling intimacies of a wickup where she had to undress and creep into a wall bunk not ten paces away from him. He busied himself, as she did this, with the familiar task of washing up the supper things, keeping his back turned until he heard her luxurious sigh of weariness as she sank into the narrow mattress of wild-

duck feathers. Yet it surprised him when he found the courage to look at her, to see that her eyes were open and were following his movements about the room. He was prompted, for a moment, to go over and kneel beside her bunk and ask her in as steady a voice as he could if she was glad to be home.

But something held him back. Her eyes had given him no semaphoric message that the road was open for any such advance. There was much about her that he didn't understand. There was all her past that lay a closed book to him. Women of that kind necessarily had a past. And it hurt him immeasurably to think that it must have been crowded and high colored compared with the life into which she was permitting him to lead her. Yet that had been a part of the compact—each had taken

the other on credit. And he was willing to wait. Perhaps, later on, she would be willing to talk, to take down the wall about her.

But the primary fact of her presence there was not to be overlooked. He was a man; and she was the woman he had taken as mate. The significance of that crept over him early the next morning as he lay staring at the wall bunk wherein Pop Ifley was once wont to repose and smoke "Canada hunk." Now, however, it held a woman. He could see her pale hair on the pillowcase which he had washed with his own hands. He could see the side twist of her hips as she slept under the vivid reds and blues of the familiar old Navajo blanket which had once looked so commonplace to him. He could see the satin smooth whiteness of one thin shoulder, as pointed as a saddlehorn. He could see the misty blue shadows about her closed eyes and the misty rose of her parted lips, breathing as placidly as a child's.

Whatever she may have been she was not afraid of him. She had surrendered herself to his keeping without regret and without worry. That, he felt, implied that she nursed a secret confidence in him. And the thought of her there, threw a warmer coloring along the arid backgrounds of his life, like wine-glow along the peaks of the Rockies.

### III

For three days Slade with blithe sobriety went through his accustomed tasks as a housekeeper. Then the girl from the city, emerging from her mood of quiescence, stopped him.

"This thing isn't breaking right," she said, finding it hard to meet his eye. "But if I've fallen down on the cabaret side of the business I guess it's up to me to make good on the other."

"What other?" he asked, draining the potato water for his bi-weekly batch of bread.

"The house running side that other women do," she explained. "I wasn't brought up like those other women and there's quite a little bunch o' things I've got to learn. But I want to learn. And I'm going to learn, if you'll put me wise." She turned from the big deal table to the row of books on the other side of the room with a wistful look in her eye. "And there's these other things I'd like to get wise to, too, things I can talk to you about after we've hung up the dishpan and put the dog out."

This surprised him a little, but he kept down to her plane of the casual.

"All right," he said as he clamped his battered old breadmixer to the table edge. "So let's see what we can do with the staff of life."

He showed her how to sift flour into the mixer as he turned the handle. And it seemed very pleasant, explaining to her untutored mind the intricacies of bread making and how to mold the loaves and lard the pans and rescue them from the range oven when the upper crust was a bechnut brown. He found the time, during the weeks that followed, to teach her many other things, for winter with the farmer of the Northwest is a period of comparative leisure.

And he was the prey of ghostly regrets when he found her versed in all such domestic lore sufficiently to pioneer along lines of her own, demanding as she did a cook book and then a real rolling pin instead of an empty rye bottle, even suggesting new tinware and muslin for fresh window drapes. She had from the first been adept enough with a needle, though Slade was pleasantly surprised when she explained how much more she could do with a sewing machine, if she had one, and how she really ought to make herself more sensible clothes for a hay tosser's wife.

So he hitched a team to the sleigh, for the jaw of winter was firm set on the bone of the north country by this time, and went off to the nearest town, where he bought an incredible amount of kitchenware and cotton and woolen material for this complicating factor in life known as Woman. He even made the measure a full one by the purchase of a warm if somewhat appalling dressing gown faced with cerise silk together with a pair of cardinal felt Juliets fringed with dyed rabbit skin. And at the last, remembering that Shirley had confessed the one thing she missed was music, he made his day complete by including in his sleigh load a talking machine and half a dozen of the newer records.

It was dark by the time he got home, and he found it hard to decipher the odd tangle of elation and impatience which took possession of him as he caught sight of the smoke going up straight as a fir tree from his shack chimney and the welcoming glow of light which streamed out through the windows. He could even see Shirley stooping over the cook stove. And his heart skipped a beat as he wondered how she would greet him.

She came to the door as dutifully as a maid might and swung it wide as he entered with his arms full. But that was all. A touch of color crept into her cheeks a little later when she saw the Juliets and the dressing gown. She thanked him for them quietly, but he found his spirits dampened as he went back to the sleigh for the talking machine. He put it down in one corner of the room without speaking. She studied it for a full minute and then moved her head from side to side.

It wasn't until they were eating their supper that she said to him, with a glance over her shoulder towards the instrument: "Honest, captain, you oughtn't to blow in your money for things like that."

"Do you suppose a music machine like that is going to break this family?" he demanded.

"You wouldn't've done it," she protested, "if it hadn't been for me."

He put down his knife and fork and sat staring into her face. It had rounded out in a mysterious manner during the last few weeks, and the shadows had vanished from under her eyes. The way in which her air of fragility had evaporated, in fact, more than once suggested to him that for a longer time than either of them suspected she had been suffering from underfeeding.

"Have you any idea of what the man you married is worth?" he asked, wondering why she should be unwilling to meet his eye.

"A true artist," she rather surprised him by quietly replying, "never counts up the house!"

He thought over that for a long time. But the more he thought over it the more uncertain he became as to its significance. There was small doubt, however, as to the change which the phonograph brought about in the life of Shirley herself. She had been lonesome, she reluctantly admitted, for music of some kind. And once, when he came unexpectedly in from doing his chores, he found the chairs pushed back against the wall and his wife soberly fox trotting to the sounds of a dance record. She stopped abruptly when she saw him watching her, her color deepening a trifle as she bent over the instrument to switch it off.

Trivial as it seemed, it stirred him unpleasantly, reminding him that he was no longer a young man, that he had taken for a mate a youthful being with spirits more ebullient than his own. And it was then that he suggested they give two or three hours every night to the pursuit of that knowledge which Shirley had already asked for.

So night by night through the long winter they read and studied together. He nursed a secret yet stubborn desire to tame her, though he found it no easy matter to define in just what this taming process should consist. But he found it pleasant enough to sit at one end of the table with his pipe while she sat at the other end with her sewing, plying him with her interminable and childlike questions as to her mother tongue and its usage and the grading of wheat and the population of China and the seaports of the Pacific. And she in turn seemed contented enough, though he could not rid himself of the conviction that something was missing, that something essential was dolorously absent from their overquiet days. For they were alone, he and this uncomprehended person he had brought into his home, as alone as though they were dwelling together on a desert island in mid-Atlantic. The weeks slipped away, the days lengthened, and the sun grew warmer in the south window where Shirley so valiantly kept Slade's two potted geraniums alive.

But Slade, in a way, dreaded the coming of Spring. For with it, he knew, would come certain disturbing factors. He would have to have help on his farm. He wanted his grain put in early and put in right this season. He now wanted full returns from his land, for money meant more to him than in the old days. And that implied bringing an outsider into his home circle.

He found it hard to explain the situation to Shirley. He told her he hated the thought of turning her into a grub rustler for a couple of mud covered clodhoppers. But the season had the trick of coming on with a rush. And the more time they could give the seeding the better the results.

"It's all the same to me," said Shirley. "I don't want to pose as a squaw man in petticoats. So watch me rustle!"

"Help, out here, always eats with the family," he pointed out.

"All right," she said indifferently, though he wondered why her color should deepen. He sat smoking for some time.

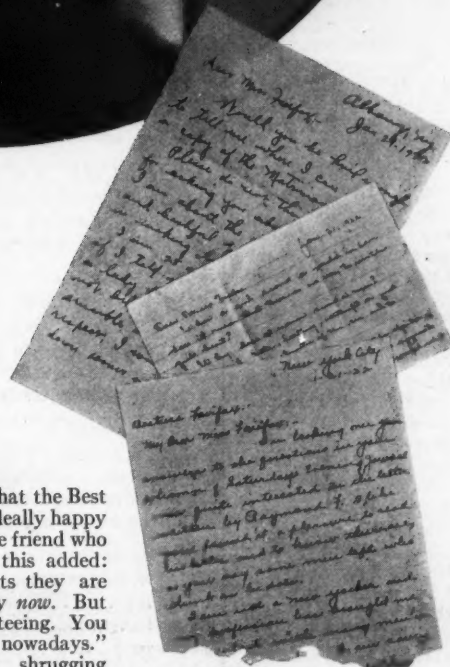
"I'll build a bunkhouse outside," he finally announced, "where our hired man can sleep."

She looked at him but said nothing. (Continued on page 153)





# What's the Matter With Matrimony? by Beatrice Fairfax



"IS that what I think of marriage? Things have come to a pretty pass!"

The conversation was my own. Me to myself. No one heard me.

The scene was an Authors' League luncheon. The persons of the drama were Mr. Best Seller and the previously mentioned myself.

He astonished his world five years ago by marrying a girl as lovely and alluring as one of his own heroines. The Best Sellers established themselves in the green-swarded simplicity of a rambling country mansion far removed from the Broadway scenes of the novels of Mr. B. S. Happiness and two children followed.

And then Mr. Best Seller came to an Authors' League luncheon without his beautiful wife. I started to ask about Mrs. Best Seller. But tricky memory reminded me that I hadn't seen the Best Sellers anywhere in a group of two for months.

I didn't dare inquire for the Other Half.

Now when a woman who has the daily evidence of hundreds of letters to prove to her that love and romance are still absorbing questions is actually afraid to inquire about a man's absent wife, it is high time she spoke out in meeting on the subject of wives and husbands and the matrimonial tie which is supposed to make them one.

It happens that the Best Sellers are an ideally happy couple. But the friend who assured me of this added:

"At all events they are perfectly happy now. But I'm not guaranteeing. You never can tell nowadays."

Business of shrugging shoulders. More business of smiling with resigned cynicism.

And this appears to sum up our modern attitude toward the institution once called "Holy." If that's what we think of marriage, things have indeed come to a pretty pass!

Is there something the matter with us of 1922? Or is there something the matter with marriage?

Most stories aren't any better for being true. But science has to deal with facts and so does business. And marriage certainly is a business—and might do well to become a science.

At a recent banquet a famous publisher spoke regretfully of a writer who had once dashed off a novel a year.

Beatrice Fairfax's record mail is 1,612 letters in two days. Her New York mail alone now averages 100 letters a day.

"She's married now," he said almost bitterly. "And she isn't writing a thing worth talking about. I can't figure it out. Maybe the stuff she did was only a flash in the pan. Maybe she's swamped in happiness. But it looks to me as if the humdrum life she leads on an up-state farm is stifling her gift of expression—"

And then a smiling woman flung across the table:

"But in the past eight years I've produced three human documents, besides two between board covers."

Now that woman, I'd say, has a fairly clear conception of marriage in its relation to life—and literature. She's due for a big novel some day—one based on life itself.

But have most of us feminine persons in this year of grace 1922 and this land of freedom the United States of America anything beyond the fairy tale view of marriage? Don't we expect to wind up the machinery of romance once and for all and then have it develop perpetual motion?

I'm going to offer you here a glimpse of some of the human documents I have been permitted to read, and a few of the conclusions to which I have been forced to come. Naturally I shall disguise every case to make a guessing contest impossible for even the next door neighbors of our shining examples.

There is Lucy.

Frank married her twenty years ago because he loved her. A year ago he left her for and with a young woman I branded as a love pirate when Lucy came to me with the story of her ruined life. And so I went to Frank to persuade him to take a sane view of his duty as a husband and a citizen.

"Do you know why I left my wife?" he asked me with a simplicity I found myself labeling as brazen.

"Do you want to tell me?"

"I've got to tell some one!" the man replied wearily. "Maybe you'll judge me fairly in spite of your tendency to see always the woman's side of it. I was twenty-five when I married Lucy. She was twenty. In two decades I've grown to be a man of forty-five. But Lucy has declined to be anything but the glowing twenty that won me."

"You have two children," I protested. "Don't you owe your boy and your girl an ideal or two?"

"Bosh!" scoffed the man. "How can Lucille and Franklin get any ideals watching me stalk in and out of Lucy's doll house? I go mad with loneliness in my own home. For fifteen years Lucy hasn't shared one thing with me that was more vital than a dividend check or a heart of lettuce. She has farmed out every job through which she might have grown. Nurses and governesses and tutors for the children. A housekeeper to superintend the servants. Weekenders at our country place to save her the exertion of playing golf or tennis or swimming with me. A dinner or dance or bridge every night in town to save her the trouble of amusing me. I've never been able to talk over one of my business problems with her. I went away with the woman who has shared my mental life for years. She was my secretary. She is my—everything."

"Perhaps Lucy was as lonely as you. Perhaps she longed to have you offer her something in place of the froth—"

"More bosh!" interrupted the man bitterly. "Lucy's life is crowded. She fills it with facial massages and breakfasts in

bed and dancing teachers and shopping expeditions and beauty doctors. Everything to keep her skin fresh and nothing to make her mind mature enough to keep step with a mature man's aspirations."

"She was trying to give you what she had been trained to think you wanted," I ventured slowly.

"She offered me a flawless body. But I wanted mind and spirit, too. I needed a companion. I've got her now. I won't go back to that doll's house, I tell you—"

"But will you let your children grow up there?" I demanded. Frank went back. In the last analysis he couldn't trust his boy and girl to the guardianship to which the law must have given them. The world says Lucy is a wonderful woman to forgive so much—and it adds that if Frank's hair is gray, he deserves a worse brand than that.

I'm not presuming to judge. Lucy isn't responsible for the training which gave her so tawdry a sense of values concerning what marriage and her husband wanted from her. That goes back to the generation before us—the generation which denied facts in youth's curriculum and offered polite fairy tales instead. But how would Lucy have trained her boy and girl for marriage?

The case of Lucy and Frank is an individual proposition. But it has a fairly general application—and circulation!

The converse of it came to me in a letter from a far western state. This is the story it told:

Helen Jones married Harvey Smith because she thought him her fairy prince. She found him a man absorbed in his own career and utterly indifferent to anything about his home except its warmth, comfort and prompt service of good meals.

I'm old at forty (wrote Helen Jones Smith). And Harvey is young and vital at forty-eight. He works on schedule. For years I never knew when a croupy or teething baby wasn't going to keep me up all night. Harvey could sleep through the wakeful hours when it

was nothing more than my "motherly duty" to watch and wait. Today Harvey doesn't know whether there's a maid in the kitchen or whether I've cooked and scrubbed, mended, cleaned and taken care of the children. But you bet he does know it if the roast is overdone. You can't think how humdrum it all is. I have enough money, a good home, three darling children—and a desperate feeling that life is running away from me before I've had a chance to live it. And I'm going mad. There isn't any other man. But I'm going away to a big city and if I happen to meet a Real Man there—who knows? I've a right to something. I can't live my children's lives for them. My husband won't live mine with me in any satisfying sense of the word. So I'm going off and do my own living before it's too late.

All I could do was to persuade Helen Jones Smith to modify her experiment. She announced presently to her family that she was departing on a two weeks' vacation.

"From what?" they chorused.

"From being a wife and mother," she replied serenely.

And off she went to a charming and completely chaperoned woman's club in a town a day's journey distant. Theaters, shopping trips, luncheons and all the pleasant entertainments her affiliations of almost forgotten college days brought her gave the vacationist two weeks of the "something different" she craved.

At the fortnight's end she went home to a place of sixes and sevens. She straightened it out. Six months later she departed again, leaving behind her a bemused and desperate family. The other day she sent me a letter which remarked among other things:

It's two years since I started taking short vacations from marriage. I'd have quit it permanently if you hadn't persuaded me to try "rest periods." Things aren't so very different at home. But they don't bother me now. I know I can get out once in a while. And since I'm not caged or imprisoned, I've lost all tendency to whimper or to lie down on the job. And because they miss me when I'm gone—they appreciate me when I'm there.

Which forces me to a bit of generalization.

Women today, in spite of having college educations, the vote and the respect of the community when they go into it to earn

## Some Facts About Beatrice Fairfax

**N**O ONE in all the world has had so many marital troubles confided to her as has Beatrice Fairfax, who answers the queries of lovers—and lovelorn—for a great many newspapers.

Girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two write most frequently for advice. Then they seem to be able to take care of themselves until they are about thirty-five. The man of thirty is more likely to write than the youth of twenty.

The funny or "kidding" letter is not frequent. But the tragic, the hopeless, the lonely letters are numerous. Loneliness and a failure to get on with parents are almost as impelling causes for writing as is the unhappy love affair.

The proportion of unhappy married women who write for advice is double that of the men. The married and the single, however, are almost equal in numbers in the correspondence.

"Write to Beatrice Fairfax." To thousands upon thousands of men and women and boys and girls this suggestion has been nothing short of a boon.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

Beatrice Fairfax receives her letters from all over the world—even from the Philippines and Manchuria.

a living, must continue to darn the stockings and bear the children. Men still fight the wars, run the railroads and represent the nations at peace conferences and in blast furnaces and coal mines.

Biology persists in differentiating the feminine from the masculine portion of our world.

Although there are men decorators and chefs and dressmakers, the business of combining chintz curtains and apple pies into the something known as "a home" requires the feminine touch.

Man wants a home. When a woman insists on a hotel apartment or a room in a boarding house, the average normal man feels that marriage has cheated him.

We are living an existence in which social and economic pressure have a great deal to do with blood pressure. Heart throbs must be regulated to the tempo of salaries. We cannot avoid the landlord, the butcher—or the crowd.

Most marriages are managed on a basis of having the husband earn the wherewithal to meet the butcher and the landlord unashamed, while the wife has as her field of endeavor the home, the children and the social existence represented by the crowd all about.

Yet in the human documents which come to me two cries of complaint are ever going up:

"My wife doesn't know how to run a home. She's so extravagant that she's swamping me with debts."

"My husband is absorbed in business. He doesn't care about another thing. He doesn't notice what I wear or how I look, or care what I want to do."

Sounds as if we grown-ups were a lot of selfish "spoiled children," doesn't it? Suggests that "one flesh and one spirit" means very little, and that the doctrine of individualism has run amuck.

I wonder why more of us do not remember that one human soul cannot possess another. And if the human soul cannot be possessed, neither can it be starved. A marriage without sympathy and companionship has no better chance than a ship without a pilot has in a fog off the Grand Banks.

Every day brings me a letter almost duplicating this of young Peter:

Ellen would not care if I were one of those wooden Indians you used to see outside cigar stores, provided I could finance an enjoyable evening. She hasn't the slightest idea that marriage is a partnership. I work like a crazy man to get enough money to give her the good times and presents she declares all the girls in her crowd get from their beaus. And she's hurt to tears because I have to work three evenings a week to keep up with her ambitions . . . I can't give her up. Please tell me, do you think she'll change and be willing to sit at home with me evenings after we are married? I don't want to be miserable with Ellen. But I can't stand the misery I'd have to endure without her.

How can I tell Peter what he wants to hear when the same mail brings me this letter from a girl once presumably an Ellen?

My husband's one cry is, "You don't see me spending money on myself!" But I can't become reconciled to the thought that you have to hoard everything for the future. My child has a right to a chance in the world. Do you think it makes me happy to see the little girls she plays with having music lessons and dancing lessons and pretty clothes, while my little girl goes without? But when I tell my husband this and mention that a lot of couples who started just where we did eight years ago have automobiles and belong to the country club, he only sighs and doesn't give me the satisfaction of an answer. I believe he thinks more of his business than he does of his family. When I tell him so, he throws up his hands and says I drive him to working like a slave. But I know he'd rather be down at his office than home with us. It's all an endless circle.

It's all a vicious circle. As men make money, women spend it—if given a chance—and no training for the marriage partnership.

As men become absorbed in money making *per se*, women grow restless in the leisure and loneliness affluence has brought them. We can't establish courts of arbitration. But we can educate the next generation to a knowledge that the modern doctrine of the freedom of the individual does not mean denying the other partner a little individuality and elbow-room of his own.

Not long ago at a dinner the man at my right turned suddenly and flung at me with almost accusing passion:

"Look at my wife. She's glaring at me like a lioness guarding



her cubs. And it's all because I've been having a bit of a flirtation with the pretty butterfly on my left. By Jove! if a man can't even talk to a girl of twenty without having his wife think he's vamping or vamped, things have come to a pretty pass."

My own words flung at me out of space! But I had no chance to reply, for the man turned back to his butterfly and began enjoying himself with a conspicuousness that had something of the dogged in it.

With the coffee and the feminine exodus to the living room the man's wife and sister maneuvered me to a couch and into the midst of the little drama whose prelude I'd already observed.

"You saw my husband's behavior!" said Mrs. Y. with a verbal pounce. "If you were in my place, would you put up with it?"

"Put up with having him converse animatedly with his partner at dinner?" I asked pacifically.

"Put up with his everlasting philandering!" snapped the wife.

"He doesn't mean any harm," explained the sister. "He never goes—any further. You see, Dick is almost fifty. And he was such a fascinating, handsome boy. When he gets a pretty debutante to act devoted all through dinner, he has the fun of fancying that he's young and irresistible again."

"I don't want to imagine that I'm young and alluring," sniffed the wife. "What's the use? Dick's a grandfather. He might remember that, even if he has no respect for my feelings over having him make himself conspicuous with a different—flapper—at every dinner or dance we go to."

The Mr. Dicks of the world are silly old beaus. But the wives who stress their folly know as much about the power of suggestion as did the Boston mother who, on going off for a day's shopping trip, warned her children solemnly:

"Now, darlings, don't put beans up your noses."

As youth goes, a great many humans grow restless. They long for something to prop up their waning self-confidence. With the advent of crow's feet and scrawny necks there is a growing need for admiration—or a good counterfeit thereof. And that is about all a Mr. Dick means by his restlessness and desire for momentary conquest.

There is, however, a growing new restlessness rocking the whole world to its foundations and suggesting chaos to the pessimist who forgets that the simple, warm normality of everyday life is not news.

The happy marriage is not news. Joy and contentment are too busy with the beauty of their being to seek publicity.

The froth of life's cup rises to the surface. But think what a vast body of water swings unceasingly and regularly into ebb and flow beneath the foam of breakers and whitecaps we see on the ocean.

It isn't a bad plan to remind ourselves of this when we find ourselves growing cynical over the headlines of today's living.

A recent report conveys the news that the number of divorces in London alone is as great as those in all the rest of England.

In our own country as well the burden of guilt rests on the cities.

But the cities are news ridden. The cities leap into action—and headlines. Yet there are sneaking vices in the country, too, the more terrible, perhaps, for being furtive and petty and condoned by poverty and a horror of having the neighbors know. The quiet small town has its quota of bickering and infidelity. The country town has city temptations within easy reach and its idyllic setting is beginning to be blurred and blotted by the very conditions that menace the metropolis. This letter from a town of less than three thousand bears a message which comes to me daily from village and hamlet as well as from county seats and state capitals:

"Print this if you like," it says; "it may help some other folks who are as big idiots as Virginia and I—were."

School day sweethearts, we didn't marry until I'd "made good" as the saying goes. When I was twenty-six and Virginia twenty-four, I got an automobile agency for our district. I'd saved a bit and was fairly sure of five thousand a year.

We were married and set up housekeeping in the home town. We had a nice little place and a car. Virginia did the work and we saved at first. Then we drifted in with the country club crowd. We began spending. Virginia was the belle of the place. She started to trot around with a chap who ought to have been making up to some debutante. I was trailing with the wife of a man who is on the road for our firm.

One night when "the other woman" was in my car I had a smash-up. I will never walk again. If I hadn't got mine physically, Virginia would have divorced me. I'm sure of that. And I deserved it. Only she hadn't been going so straight either. But she managed to call off the other woman's husband. I won't go into the shabby business, for if I said too much our friends would recognize us. And though I want to help other young fools like

us, I don't want to brand us now that we're working things out so wonderfully.

For two years Virginia supported us. I had to let her, for I was nothing but the shell of a man. She was magnificent in those years. With all our poverty and mutual distrust to overcome, and with all the shame that tortured me, we began to grow toward a happiness I'd never known a thing about when I was hale and prosperous and a selfish, pleasure loving smart aleck cur.

I'm making money now. Writing. Maybe this letter doesn't indicate great ability. But I sell my stuff because it's got a lot of real knowledge of folks to back it.

There's a moral to our story all right. And the idle hands stuff doesn't cover it. A sense of responsibility doesn't, either. It looks to me as if we never knew a thing about being partners until we had suffered enough to find out that there's nothing to marriage until it's big enough to meet any situation and square enough to see you through.

I wouldn't give a cent for a wife who isn't a partner. And I wouldn't take a million for Virginia—who is.

Virginia's side of it isn't told. But I wonder if the revelation of how near the cliffs she was walking did half as much for her as the divine instinct we call "maternal."

For when a woman has enough unselfish devotion and gentle humor and large selflessness and tender understanding she is the ideal "mother." She remembers that men are boys grown up, and that the wife who mothers her man seldom drives him out to seek elsewhere the tender understanding we all crave.

I said that—right out loud—a few days ago.

And some one pounced on me with:

"Aha! Then you don't think men are natural polygamists?"

I do not!

Most decent citizens have not the time, the money or the desire to philander. Most men are looking for the One Great Romance. But woman has for centuries presupposed the double standard and has trained her sons—sadly, perhaps, but with a feeling of inevitability—for the devastating and degrading double standard of morals.

A pathetic little flapper said to me the other day:

"My father experimented with his emotions and with women until he found my mother. Then he settled down and made a good husband. My brothers are doing the same thing. I claim the right to do it, too."

That seems to be the hideous but logical conclusion to which some of our weak minded and ugly traditions are carrying us. We must stop the tide before we sink beneath it.

Two standards of morality will not work in a world where woman has achieved economic independence of man and so, in some sad degree, of marriage. Inevitably now we are working toward a single standard. Shall that standard be one of the immorality which calls itself individualism and self-expression or excuses itself in terms of a newly discovered psychological need to do away with "suppressed desires"? Or shall that standard be one of fine feelings expressing themselves more beautifully because they have known restraint?

Woman has the deciding vote. It is her province to train her sons and to presuppose a code for her husband. Instead of that, woman has developed a tendency to go out and compete with the cocotte on her own ground.

In what we call "society," and indeed wherever money is mounting up in the family coffers, woman is "dressing up" as the little girl she once was did in mother's clothes. She paints and powders and attires herself in scanty luxury. She parades up and down the highways of life somewhat after the fashion of the half-world woman on her primrose path. Nor is the wife of the twenty-five dollar a week man exempt from the lure of the march of the manikins.

Result? Man works overtime to pay for the parade of woman. And he finds his dream of romance swamped in a world where women of all kinds merge into the one category of—showpieces. The puzzled and resentful man either turns back to his work for the only enjoyment he can find, or looks around for a woman who will give him something even though she frankly sounds that terrible slogan "Gimme!"

If any of this suggests that I am old-fashioned enough to fancy that it is woman's part to "hold her husband's love," then it comes near the simple truth!

A percentage of women goes on with wage earning after marriage. But it is small almost to the point of being negligible.

For the most part women who go on holding their places in the world after they have taken a place in the world of matrimony are in the professions—artists, writers, actresses or musicians. Their problem is not in line with the universal one. They have achieved economic independence, position and a settled viewpoint concerning what (Continued on page 164)

*A*  
*Love Story*  
*no Englishman*  
*could understand*

# Cain and Mabel

by H. C. Witwer

Author of  
"The Leather Pushers," and  
"Love, Honor and O' Day"

Illustrations by  
C. A. Voight



"Don't breathe it to a soul—Mabel's working in MacDougal's department store as a manikin."

**L**IKE most girls of the pulse-quickenin' sex, my fair young bride is quite the reader. We got everything in our library in the shape of readin' matter from mail order catalogues in season to the latest works from the busy pen of William Shakespeare.

It's different *here!* Outside of the best seller composed by Bell Telephone, they's only one other book which gets a play from me. It's got out by the First National Bank, entitled *Savings Account*, and *there's* a book which has *got* to hold a man's interest, or four percent of it anyways.

How the soever, the other night I am enjoyin' a first class cold, so the movies lose two customers.

Well, my bride panics the maid by givin' her the night to do what she will with it and then she caparisons herself in a thrillin' negligee and comes in to play nurse, lookin' so breath-takin' that she'd of made Nero grit his teeth. She sits down at the side of the bed and begins to read. Fifteen attempts to get her off the dread readin' habit and indulge in some small talk with me results in her dumpin' a lot of books on the bed and makin' the darin' suggestion that I read myself to slumber. Well, the first book I opened up is called *Famous Wise Cracks* or some-thin' like that and my eye is greeted with a gem dropped by Mr. John Gay, a poet which give up the struggle in 1732. Maybe you remember him, I don't get around much. Anyways, the said gem was, "Woman seduces all mankind!"

This steams me up and I called it a union day as far as readin' was concerned. No guy can rap the ladies in *my* presence, either in print or in person! Them babies gets me red-headed which makes their pennies pannin' the fair sex, forgettin' that if it wasn't for some woman they wouldst never of had a birthday. The vaudeville ham whose act is built on how him and a imaginary wife gets along like a couple of strange Airedales is small time to me and always will be, if he gets coffee and cakes or \$5,000 a week! "Woman seduces all mankind!" says this poet—well, he should of added—"and oh, how mankind loves it!"

Let us take Joe Cain and Mabel Vandergrift for today's lesson.

Joe Cain was the first champ I ever handled. I bought the kid from "Beansy" Murray when Joe was just a preliminary chump, callin' himself "One Punch Reilly" and havin' a terrible time masterin' the first thing they is to learn about the gift of

boxin'. The first thing they is to learn about boxin' is to keep from kissin' the canvas—sounds easy but it's quite a trick. Right at the start I made Joe Cain wear his real name and quit callin' himself "One Punch Reilly." This "Knockout," "One Round," "Kid" this and "Battlin'" that don't win no decisions. If they can sock, they can call themselves "Claude Dearboy" and still fight nothin' but main events!

Well, that's what Joe Cain could do—sock! Oh, he was a two-handed fool! A sweet puncher by birth and under my schoolin' he soon developed a defense which wouldst of puzzled a district attorney. So after Joe had plowed through the welter-weight division for a couple of years, spreadin' the sleepin' sickness with a right hook which couldst of been canned and sold as ether, why I toss him into a ring with the champ. We're billed to go twenty rounds but Joe wasn't feelin' up to a long fight, so he smacks the title holder for a mock orange in the first round.

He come back to his corner breathin' heavily and welter-weight champion of the globe.

As a champ, Joe Cain found, like Dempsey, that he had fought himself out of work. He was in the position of a salesman tryin' to take orders for fishin' smacks on the Sahara Desert. He could not do his stuff! On the account he has slapped all the contenders in his class for a row of Algerian mustache cups, why they is no demand for his wares. They was exactly *nobody* at his weight which could cope with Joe in the matter of hooks, swings and jabs.



So here we are a world's champion and starvin' to death for lack of chores. No movie, circus or vaudeville spendthrifts is wavin' contracts at us and we could of walked down Fifth Avenue on our hands without the reserves bein' called to admonish the crowds. As the months drift past without Joe Cain lacin' on a glove, why it seems the sport writers thinks we are a couple of unidentified bodies and I doubt whether they wouldst of printed Joe's name should he of blowed up the Battery and been caught red-handed.

This was hard to laugh off when you figure Joe Cain was a champion—and a champion of *anything* is entitled to attention. Personally, I'd drop a curtesy to the world's greatest parcheesi player if he was the recognized champ. I tried to drag Joe around to the fight club to introduce him to the mob from the ring and I tried to get him to filter around Broadway at places where the sportin' guys wouldst see him and get familiar. Nothin' stirrin'! Joseph was no mixer, except in the ring. Once he took off his gloves he was so modest and retirin' he'd make a rabbit seem forward. If he had any friends, why they must of been clandestine, for I never seen him with nobody. Speak to him and he'd blush like a milkmaid—in a book—and as for the ladies, well, he once told me that outside of his mother, the lispin' sex thrilled him the same way it thrills a coalminer to enter a basement. He knew the bright lights of Broadway by hearsay only. The spoken drama was out, as far as he was concerned, but he was a steady customer at the movies—because, he says, it was so nice and dark whilst they showed 'em he could imagine he was all by himself.

Six months after Joe Cain has rose to the exactin' portfolio of world's champion welterweight box fighter, our bankroll is about to expire from malnutrition and I am fit to be tied, no foolin'! In desperation, I go down to Whitey Maloney's gym, hungry for advice. Whitey and me has knew each other ten years, but we're still friends. This bozo is so old I've heard it said Shakespeare wrote *The Merchant of Venice* around him, but he's still carryin' on smartly and what he don't know about the fight game could be printed in raised type on a gnat's eyeball. Whitey is tryin' to convince some boloney that they is more to the art of boxin' than the ability to wear purple trunks when I called him into his office and asked him what I can do to get public interest in my battler aroused to fever heat. Whitey hears me through, then cocks his good eye up at the ceilin'.

"What you guys need is advertisin'," he says. "Because your boy happens to be champ of a division which don't particularly appeal to the fans, you got to sell him to the public like you'd sell biscuits, soap or waffle irons! With proper advertisin' I can sell the Russians another czar; without it I couldn't sell 'em peace and plenty. Spend a few pennies on the champ and you'll get 'em all back at the box office!"

"But what will I—?" I begins.

"Git a press agent!" says Whitey and goes back to his gym.

Well, the oracle havin' spoke I went back to the hotel and told Joe Cain about it.

"Be yourself!" sniffs Joe. "I need a press agent like I need another neck. I'm a fighter, not no chorus girl!"

"Listen, dumbbell," I says, "arguin' with you is as sensible as bawlin' out Grant's Tomb! I'll go ahead and sign a certified press agent and we'll split his weekly wages between us."

"All right," he says fin'ly. "We split his salary, eh? Well, here's my half right now."



Mabel wouldst of made a poet throw away his pen but Joe

With that he lays down a five dollar note.

"Don't make me laugh!" I snorts, pocketin' the bill with rare presence of mind. "They is no such thing as a ten dollar a week press agent. The kind of guy I'm goin' to get will cost us about seventy-five fish weekly."

"Let him try to get it!" snarls Joe. "Who have you picked for this job—your brother?"

To prevent violence and bloodshed I dropped the subject, but that same afternoon I put a ad in all the popular newspapers. Joe's five berries just paid for 'em.

At four o'clock the next afternoon I am puttin' the 200th press agent candidate through Edison's questionnaire when a snappy lookin' young man walks into the room without knockin', smiles at one and all, helps himself to a cigarette from a pack on the table, gets a match from the open mouthed Joe Cain, lights the pill and sits down on the bed.

"Greetings!" he says, blowin' out a cloud of smoke. "Seen the afternoon papers?"

That broke the spell. I got up and walked over to him.



"Say—who are you?" I growls. Thinkin' of subpoenas, Joe gets ready to lock himself in the bathroom.

"In round numbers, my name is Jack Murray," says the newcomer. "I expect to be your director of publicity, if we can get together on salary. I repeat, have you looked over this afternoon's newspapers?"

"No," I says, "I have—say, what the Fort Wayne do you mean by comin' in here and—"

"Now, now, don't get steamed up!" interrupts Monsieur Jack

in the newspapers!" comes a businesslike voice behind us, and there's Jack Murray tossin' away his cigarette. "I wrote and planted all that stuff, but that's nothing at all to what I have cooked up for a Sunday magazine section yarn. And now—"

"And now," I winds up for him, "you're called—lay 'em down face up and show the entire hand!"

"O. K.," says Murray cheerfully. "I saw your advertisement for a publicity man and it appealed to me. It struck me that the best recommendation I could

show you boys would be my first story about the champion in print. I know most of the fellows on the papers and they're glad to use my stuff. The photographs? Oh, every sporting editor has photos of the welterweight champion. They haven't been using them because you've given 'em no reason to. That's a condition I will correct. My salary is one hundred a week to start. Let's go!"

"Just a minute," I says, kind of dazed. "I admit you have showed some stuff, but that hundred a week—"

"Shut up!" butts in Joe Cain, lookin' up from readin' about himself for the twenty-first time. "This guy's hired! Listen, it says here: 'Joe Cain, while, a terror in the squared circle, is a remarkably person—er—per—er—p-e-r-s-o-n-a-b-l-e youth out of the prize ring. He—'"

"Pick up the marbles," I says to Jack Murray, throwin' up my hands. "You win!"

Had I only knew what our demon press agent was goin' to be responsible for with the regards to Joe Cain, why I wouldst of dropped Mr. Jack Murray right out the window that day at the hotel and took my chances with the present mixed juries!

Nevers the less, through the kind and expensive assistance of our publicity department, Joe Cain soon got to be as well known as Mary Pickford's husband. This Murray person tapped a cruel type-writer and packed a imagination which wouldst of

made Sindbad the Sailor seem like he was unable to piece a story together. He smoked up the champ's first start in months to such a extent that when Joe Cain clambered through the ropes at Madison Square Garden to dally and toy with Fightin' Eddie Harris, why the customers is hangin' from the chandeliers. When we're introduced to the seethin' populace we get lusty cheers—a thing we ain't heard since we win the title. I asked Joe as a personal favor to let Fightin' Eddie Harris stay at least a couple of minutes with him, so's we can save Edward up for another start. Joe says that's a good thought and he'll let Eddie look like a master mind for about four rounds anyways.

Well, they both act like pacifists of the worst kind in round one and their admirers razzed 'em somethin' fearful! Right before the gong, the ringside comment gets on Fightin' Eddie's nerves and he tossed a torrid right hook into Joe Cain's pan that put Joe on the ropes and put the crowd cuckoo. Joe come to his corner lookin' thoughtful and morose. He had no statement to make whilst we worked over him durin' the minute's rest. But



don't seem to get no more kick out of her than out of his vichy.

Murray, pullin' a bunch of newspapers from his pockets and spreadin' 'em out on the bed. "Just—er—glance over these. No hurry, I have all day and—"

"Can't I close our proposition first?" snaps the guy I was interviewin' when Jack Murray come in.

"You can close the door," speaks up Joe Cain, "on your way out!"

Then me and Joe looks over the newspapers. Murray has opened 'em at the sportin' pages and we lamp a big picture of Joseph and underneath a couple of columns all about nothin' but Joe Cain, Welterweight Champion of the World, and what a swell baby he is. A big, clean, gentlemanly youth which is simply wild about his mother, and oh, what a pretty socker he is in a ring! He attended the war, goes to church every Sunday, saves his pennies, shuns all evil, thinks the Anti-Saloon League has did more for the country than either the National or American, etc., etc., and even etc. Joe Cain reads all this with his eyes and mouth as open as Baffin's Bay.

"And that, gentlemen, is just a sample of what I can put across

the instant the bell rings for the second frame he charges across the ring like a wounded grizzly and cracks the amazed Eddie on the chin with a barbarous left uppercut. When Eddie crosses his gloves before his face to prevent a thing like that happenin' again, why Joe buried his right glove to the wrist in Eddie's unprotected mid-section and Edward simply wilted to the mat.

This two round pogrom permanently cured all the other welters which had been considerin' minglin' with my cold-blooded assassin and once again the months roll by without Joe Cain pullin' on a glove. At this point I reached the conclusions that in Jack Murray, our director-general of publicity, we are carryin' too much overhead. I'm all set to cancel him—and I only wish I had!—when he comes to life with what he claims is the makin's of a front page newspaper story, with Joe Cain as the plot.

Joe has went out to the movies one night when Murray comes in lookin' a bit excited.

"You've heard of Mabel Vandergrift, the dancer, of course?" he asks me.

That's like askin' me have I ever heard of George Washington. I says I have saw Mabel's show, *The Girl and The Whirl*, either eight or twenty-two times.

"With Joe Cain?" says Murray.

"Listen," I says, "you couldn't get Joe Cain into a Broadway theater if it was against the law not to go! For all he knows, Jack Barrymore is a traffic cop."

"Fine!" hollers Murray.

"Oh, great! I don't suppose—well, of course you've never met Mabel, have you?"

"Ha, ha!" I says. "The day I ever get a chance to meet Mabel Vandergrift will be the same day I am elected a Japanese duke by acclamation!"

"Well, at any rate you've seen her," goes on Murray. "Now what effect do you think Mabel Vandergrift would have on Joe Cain?"

"That's different," I says. "Mabel Vandergrift or the Queen of Sheba wouldst have the same effect on Joseph as three raindrops wouldst have on a forest fire—believe me, I know! What's the idea?"

"The idea is this," says Murray, "I happen to—er—know Mabel Vandergrift's press agent and we've worked out a stunt that should get both Joe Cain and Mabel a million dollars' worth of publicity! Besides being beautiful, Mabel is a wise girl. She'll do what I—er—what her press agent tells her without question. All you and Joe have to do is the same."

"I don't make you at all," I says with the greatest of astonishment.

"I knew you'd see the idea at once," says Murray. "I'm going to introduce Joe Cain to Mabel Vandergrift. Joe will fall so hard for Mabel that the crash will awake sound sleepers in far off Peru. Under—er—guidance, Mabel will give Joe just enough encouragement to drive him maniacal. There are a few other things Joe will do and so will Mabel, but that will come up later. For a starter, we have the world's champion welterweight boxer madly in love with the world's champion dancer and

darling of Broadway. Joe takes a box at Mabel's show every night, plies her with flowers and—er—what not. Then the champion announces he will give up the prize ring and start in some other profession in an effort to win Mabel, who will throw her current millionaire for him, pretend to—"

"Halt!" I butts in. "Are you tryin' to marry off this charmer to my champ?"

"Say!" sneers Murray, curlin' his lip, "do you think Mabel Vandergrift would marry a prizefighter? You're crazy! Didn't she drive Benson, the Phosphate King, to Europe last year and only a month ago give the air to young Cunningham whose father left him everything but Lake Erie?"

"I know," I says, "I seen that in the papers, but, brother, Mabel is due for a new experience when she meets Mr. Joseph James Cain! I'll go through with this because for one reason it's goin' to be good and for another reason I could stand a close-up of Mabel Vandergrift myself."

"Well, I'm off now," says Murray, grabbin' his hat. "I've got to hustle. I don't believe Mabel has ever heard of Joe and as a matter of fact I don't think I'll let her in on this either until she meets him. Otherwise it might be hard to get her to meet him tomorrow night."

"The hard part will be gettin' Joe Cain to meet Mabel," I says, "tomorrow night or any night!"

I win that guess by a city block. The meetin' come off just ten days later, three

of which was spent talkin' Joe into wearin' a tuxedo. The other seven was devoted to gettin' him to go to the cabaret where Mabel and some friends was due to "accidentally" drop in after the show. I said nothin' at all to Joe Cain about that part of it, nor did I mention Mabel Vandergrift's name. Should I of merely used the adverb "girl," Joe wouldn't of went near the place for Rockefeller's checkin' account.

About eleven-thirty this fatal night me and Joe Cain and Jack Murray is sittin' at a table in a jazzery that's known from here to Shantung. Suddenly they is a slight commotion and twistin' of heads and the majestical headwaiter leads a party to our table. They is two men and three girls, all in evenin' clothes. The men could of been Christopher Columbus and Napoleon and two of the girls could of been Cleopatra and Salome without any of 'em gettin' a tumble from me, because one of the party was Mabel Vandergrift.

Don't look to me for no description of this knockout—Mabel wouldst of made a poet throw away his pen and paper! That schoolgirl complexion, the skin you love to touch—well, figure the rest for yourself. No matter how fluent your imagination is, you're bound to get a poor picture of this hashish eater's dream. Just lookin' at her three yards away got me dizzy! In a dazzlin' evenin' gown which was conspicuous by its absence hithers and yon, Mabel was a sight which wouldst of drove Diana to bitin' her nails. "Par-r-r-don, I mak' meestak'," says the headwaiter to us, but a odd glance passes between him and Murray. "Thees table she's reserve!"

"C'mon—let's go!" hisses Joe Cain in my ear, risin'.

"Why, hello, Mabel!" grins Murray, kickin' my ankle and gettin' up to shake hands. "A bit odd we should have your table. May I introduce my friends? We will leave at—"

"Oh, no—you mustn't go!" interrupts Mabel with a smile which wouldst of goaled Nero. "Rather, suppose you join us. I think you know everybody, don't you? Miss Bingham, Miss—"

Well, a couple of waiters is give detailed instructions and in a very few minutes a pleasant time is bein' had by all—with the slight exception of Mr. Joseph J. Cain, world's welterweight champ. His name didn't seem to mean much to none of the girls, but from the minute he was introduced the men made



Mabel sticks to her dance, doin' more and more darin' twists to hold the nervous crowd.





"Quit trying to kid me," says Joe to Mabel.  
 "You're only sitting in this box because I'm a champ."

quite the fuss over him, which gets the bashful Joe as nervous as a prowlin' cat. After a bit Murray notices this and acts accordingly. The rest of 'em gets up to dance, leavin' me, the panic-stricken Joe and the unnervin'ly fair Mabel Vandergrift at the table.

Mabel toys with her liquid refreshment and looks across at Joseph with the full kilowatt power of the twin sapphires actin' as her eyes. Joe returns her vampish gaze in the same cold and speculative way he was in the habit of sizin' up his comin' versus across the ring before the openin' gong. He don't seem to get no more kick out of Mabel than he's gettin' out of his vichy—and he looks it. This gives Mabel a experience she ain't had since she's been fifteen years old, and a slight flush restin' for a moment on her cheeks completes the picture of a rose.

"Are you a professional, Mister Cain?" she says.

"What's the joke?" says Joe quietly, thinkin' he's bein' kidded.

"Joke?" says Mabel, archin' her eyebrows. "Why, I didn't

intend any joke. You're an actor, of course, aren't you?"

"Be yourself, lady!" says Joe. "I'm Joe Cain!"

This time Mabel makes no pretense of showin' she don't know what it's all about. She looks at me, puzzled.

"He's welterweight champion of the world," I informs her.

"Oh, yes—I see," says Mabel slowly. "Er—I know you'll think me awfully stupid, but—what's a—welter?"

Joe lets forth a snort and sits up straight. The idea that anybody in the wide, wide world don't know who he is seems to burn him up. In one of the longest speeches he ever made in his life he kind of angrily explains to Mabel just what he means in the line of sports. When he gets all finished, Mabel makes one comment. Just one, but enough to make Joseph fit to be tied!

"Oh—a prizefighter!" she says, and you can feel the icy sneer creepin' into the velvet tones. "How odd. I thought possibly you were an actor, or—"

"Or somethin' important like that, (Continued on page 159)

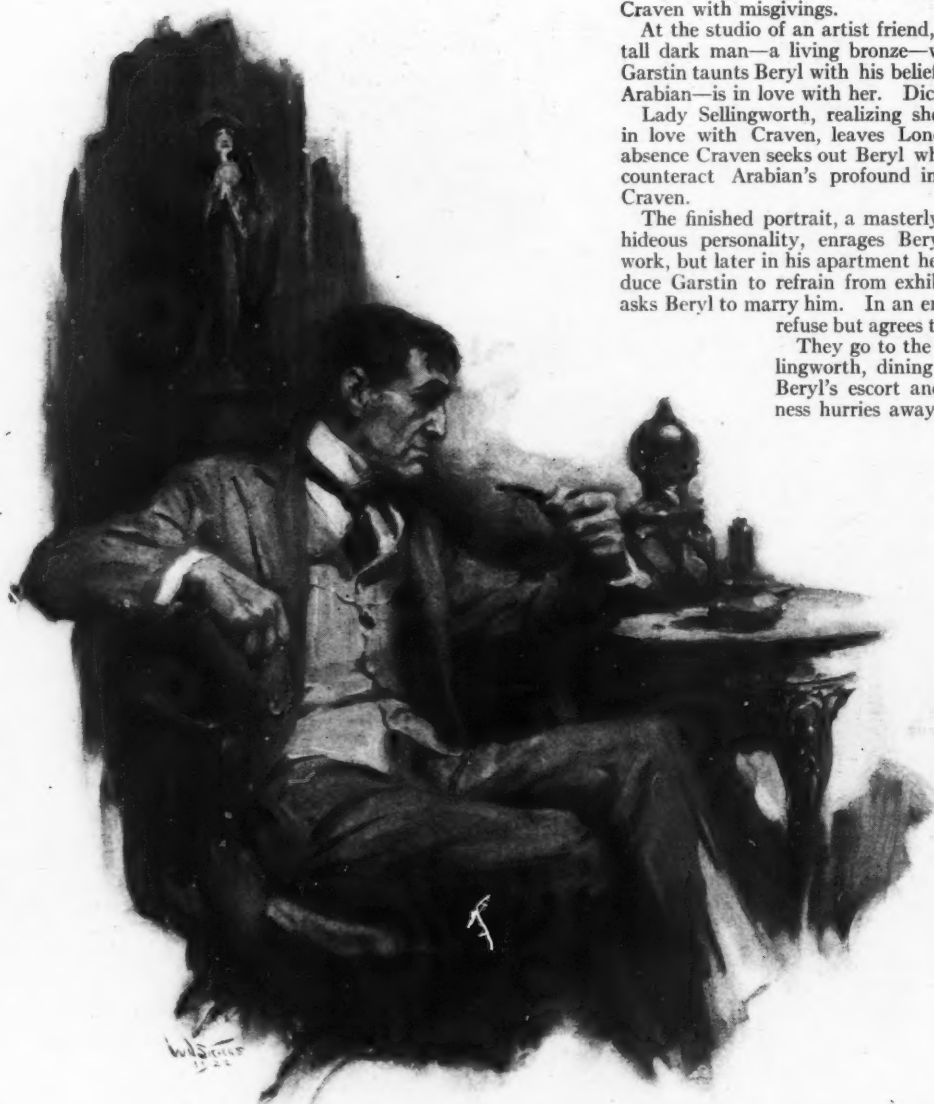


*A Novel  
Which Searches  
a Woman's  
SOUL*

# December

by Robert Hichens

*Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Bella Donna" and "Barbary Sheep"*



## *The story opens:*

LADY SELLINGWORTH, England's reigning beauty, at the age of fifty, suddenly withdrew from society and surrendered to old age. To no one—not even Sir Seymour Portman, her lifelong friend and admirer—did she reveal the reason. London believed it had something to do with a trip to Paris and the disappearance of her famous jewels—and with a mysterious brown man.

Ten years later she meets Alick Craven, a young man in the Foreign Service. Beryl Van Tuyn, a rich young American girl whom Lady Sellingworth has taken up, also a friend of Craven's,

views the growing intimacy between Lady Sellingworth and Craven with misgivings.

At the studio of an artist friend, Dick Garstin, Beryl meets a tall dark man—a living bronze—who strangely fascinates her. Garstin taunts Beryl with his belief that the foreigner—Nicolas Arabian—is in love with her. Dick arranges to do his portrait.

Lady Sellingworth, realizing she is dangerously near falling in love with Craven, leaves London hurriedly. During her absence Craven seeks out Beryl who, in an instinctive effort to counteract Arabian's profound influence over her, encourages Craven.

The finished portrait, a masterly study of a remarkable and hideous personality, enrages Beryl. Arabian praises Dick's work, but later in his apartment he strongly urges Beryl to induce Garstin to refrain from exhibiting the portrait. Arabian asks Beryl to marry him. In an emotional turmoil, she does not refuse but agrees to dine with him that evening.

They go to the Bella Napoli where Lady Sellingworth, dining with Craven, recognizes Beryl's escort and on the plea of sudden illness hurries away. Alone in her library, she is

torn between the pride that bids her conceal a distasteful episode in her past, and a real desire to save from an evil fate one who has been a friend. Finally, partly influenced by what she believes would be the advice of Sir Seymour Portman, her finer nature triumphs and she writes a letter to Beryl in which she brands Arabian as a blackguard in the full acceptance of the word, unfit to be the companion of any decent woman.

Misunderstanding the motive back of the letter, and attributing it mostly to jealousy, Beryl comes to Lady Sellingworth's home on the following evening and tries to force the older woman's confidence with regard to Arabian. A near quarrel ensues and Beryl is about to leave in anger but something in the grasp of Lady Sellingworth's hand, in her eyes, impresses her in spite of herself. She tries to reason it out. But again fear, a

fear mysterious and cold, creeps into her. Garstin had warned her in that way. Now Adela was warning her. And she remembers that other warning whispered by something within herself.

## *The story goes on:*

"I HAVE done all that I can do," said Lady Sellingworth with a sort of despair, taking her hand from the girl's arm. "Very well."

Beryl moved and went slowly towards the door. When the girl was not far from the door, and when Lady Sellingworth was reaching out her hand to touch the bell in order that the footman might know her visitor was leaving her, she turned round.

# LOVE

Illustrations by  
W. D. Stevens

"Adela!" she said.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Perhaps you think that I have been very persistent tonight; that I have almost crossexamined you."

"I don't blame you. It is natural that you wished to know more."

"Yes, it is natural, because Mr. Arabian wants me to marry him."

"To marry him!"

Lady Sellingworth started forward impulsively.

"Marry? He wants—you—you—"

"He loves me. He has asked me to marry him."

"You don't mean to tell me you have ever dreamed of marrying such a man!"

"Don't abuse him! I don't wish to hear him abused. I hate it. I won't have it."

"But—Beryl! But only a few days ago you as good as told me you cared for Alick Craven. You—you gave me to understand that you liked him very much, that you—"

"Oh, this is intolerable!" said Miss Van Tuyn. "Really! Why do you interfere in my life like this? What have I done to set you against me? You talk about being my friend but you do everything you can to upset my happiness. It is enough that I like anyone for you to try to come between us. First it was Alick Craven. Now it is Mr. Arabian. It is unbearable!"

"Beryl!—please!"

"No, I will not bear it. I will not! I admired you. I looked up to you. I thought you far above all the pettinesses that disfigure other women. And now you are trying to do me more harm than any other woman has ever tried to do me."

"I—I will prove to you that it isn't so!" said Lady Sellingworth. "Please shut the door."

Miss Van Tuyn obeyed.

"But—but—first tell me something. Do you care for this—do you care for Mr. Arabian?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean that you are really thinking of doing what he wishes you to do?"

"I haven't told him yet. I know exactly what you are thinking. You are thinking that I am rich now that my father is dead. But he is rich too. He has often told me that he has had too much money and that it has done him harm, made him an idler."

"And you believe all that?"

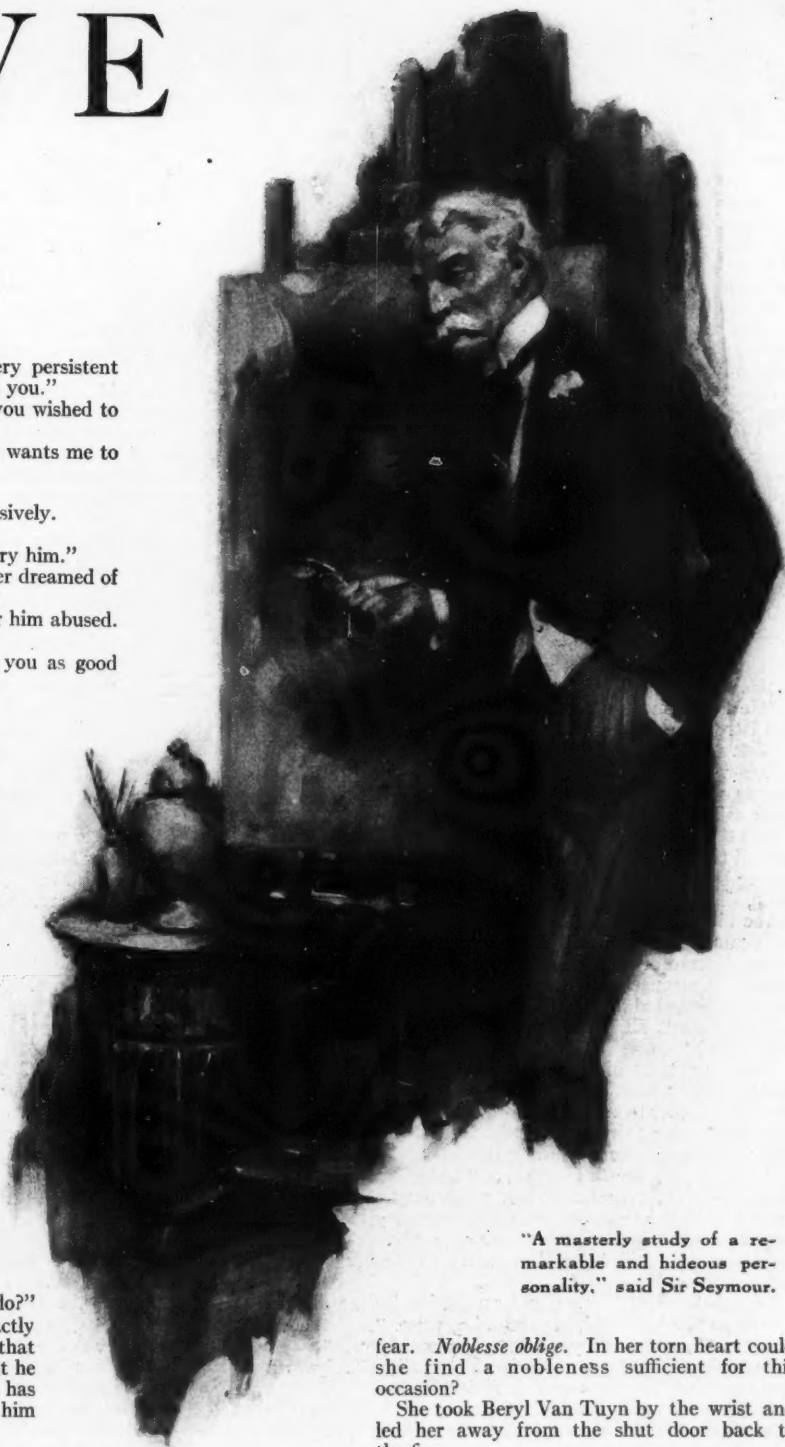
"I believe that he cares for me very much. I know he does. I don't know what I am going to do, what I might do." She looked down, then added in a low voice:

"He fascinates me."

For the first time since she had come into the room there was a helpless sound in Miss Van Tuyn's voice, a sound that was wholly girlish, absolutely, transparently sincere. Lady Sellingworth did not miss it.

"I haven't made up my mind," she said, "but he fascinates me."

And at that moment Lady Sellingworth knew she was speaking the truth. And she felt suddenly a deep sense of pity, a sense that seemed flooded with tears, the pity that age sometimes feels for youth coming on into life, on into the devious ways, with their ambushes, their traps, their pitfalls full of darkness and



"A masterly study of a remarkable and hideous personality," said Sir Seymour.

fear. *Noblesse oblige*. In her torn heart could she find a nobleness sufficient for this occasion?

She took Beryl Van Tuyn by the wrist and led her away from the shut door back to the fire.

"Sit down, Beryl," she said. "I have something I must say to you."

Beryl dropped her muff and sat down. Lady Sellingworth stood near her.

"Beryl," she said, "you think I have been and am your enemy. I must show you I am not. And there's only one way. I don't want to interfere with your happiness, I only want to interfere between you and a very great danger, something which would certainly bring disaster into your life."

She stopped speaking. She was looking grave, indeed almost tragically sad, but calm and resolute. After a long pause she continued, with a sort of strong simplicity in which there was moral power:

"Don't be angry with me, Beryl, when I tell you that you have one of my dominant characteristics."

"What is it?" Miss Van Tuyn asked in a low voice.

"Vanity. You and I—we were both born with great vanity in us. Mine has troubled me, tortured me, been a curse to me, all my life. It led me at last into a very horrible situation, in which the—that man who calls himself Nicolas Arabian was mixed up. You must have heard how, ten years ago, I suddenly gave up everything and began to lead a life of retirement."

"Yes."

"But for that man I should probably never have done that. But for him I might have been going about London now with dyed hair, pretending to be ten or fifteen years younger than I really am."

"But if you never knew him? I can't understand!"

"Did you ever hear that about ten years ago I lost a great quantity of jewels, that they were stolen out of a train at the Gare du Nord in Paris?"

A look of fear, almost of horror, came into Beryl Van Tuyn's eyes. She got up from the sofa on which she was sitting.

"Adela!"

Already she knew what was coming, what Lady Sellingworth was going to tell her. She even knew the very words Lady Sellingworth was about to say, and when she heard them it was as if she herself had spoken them.

"That man stole them."

"Adela!"

"You said that he had money, that he was not obliged to work. Now you know why he has money, and what his work is."

"Adela! But—but why didn't you—"

Her voice faded away.

"I couldn't. My hands were tied."

"How?"

"He caught me in a trap. He laid a bait for my vanity, Beryl, and I took the bait."

"But what was it?"

"He made me believe he had fallen in love with me. I was a woman of fifty and he made me believe that! That is how vanity leads us!"

And then she told the girl all the truth about Arabian and herself, all the truth of ten years ago. Having made up her mind, having begun to do what Seymour would have called the right thing, she did not hesitate, did not spare herself. She went on to the bitter end. She gave the secret which she had kept for ten years to this girl who had treated her cruelly, and in the giving, instead of abject humiliation, she was conscious of liberation. A strange feeling of being at peace with herself came to her and comforted her.

"And that is all, Beryl!" she said at last. "Now, do you forgive me?"

The girl said nothing and did not move. But Lady Sellingworth saw two tears come from under her eyelids and fall down her face. Other tears followed. She did not take out her handkerchief to wipe them away. She did not seem to be aware of them, or of any necessity for trying to stop them from coming.

But as she continued to weep, and as her body went on trembling, Lady Sellingworth at last could not bear it any longer. She felt that she must do something, must try to help her, and she put a hand on the girl's shoulder gently.

"Beryl!" she said. "Beryl! I didn't want to hurt you, but I had to tell you."

The girl suddenly turned and caught her by the arms.

"Oh, Adela!" she said, in a faltering voice. "No other woman would have—how could you? Oh, how could you?"

Her face was distorted. She looked at Lady Sellingworth with eyes that were bloodshot behind their tears.

"I couldn't have done it!" she went on. "I shouldn't have written—I shouldn't have spoken! And I have been alone with him. I have let him—I have let him—"

"Beryl!"

"No, no! It isn't too late! Don't be afraid!"

"Thank God!" said Lady Sellingworth.

She had no feeling of self-pity now. All her compassion for herself was obscured for a moment in compassion for the girl. The years at last were helping her, those years which so often had brought her misery.

"But what am I to do? I'm afraid of him. Oh, do help me!"

"Hush, Beryl! What can he do? There's nothing to be afraid of."

She seemed to make a violent effort to recover her self-control. She dropped her hands, took out a handkerchief and wiped the tears from her eyes. Then she went to the sofa where her muff was lying, drew out the letter that was in it, went over to the fireplace and threw the letter into the flames.

"Adela," she said, "I've been a beast to you. You know—my last visit to you. You're brave. I suppose I always felt there was something fine in you but I didn't know how fine you could be. All I can do in return is this—never to tell. It isn't much, is it?"

"It's quite enough, Beryl."

"There isn't anything else I can do, is there?"

Her eyes were asking a question. Lady Sellingworth met them calmly, earnestly. She knew what the girl was thinking at that moment. She was thinking of Alick Craven.

"No, there isn't anything else."

"Are you quite sure, Adela? I owe you a great deal. I may forget it. One never knows. And I suppose I'm horribly selfish. But if I make you a promise now I'll keep it. If you want me to promise anything tell me now."

"But I don't want anything from you," said Lady Sellingworth.

She said it very quietly, without emotion. There was even a coldness in her voice.

The great effort she had just made seemed to have changed her. By making it she felt as if, unwittingly, she had built up an insurmountable barrier between herself and youth. She had not known, perhaps, what she was doing, but now, suddenly, she knew.

"I am too old a comrade, let us part. Pass thou away!"

The words ran in her mind. How often she had thought of them! How often she had struggled with that wild heart which God had given her, which in a way she clung to desperately, and yet which, as she had long known, she ought to give up. She was too old a comrade for that wild heart, and now surely she was saying farewell to it—this time a final farewell. For she had felt, had really felt as if in her very entrails, for a moment the appeal of youth. And she could never forget that. She could not forget because she had responded to that appeal and, having responded, she knew that she could never struggle against youth again.

Beryl had conquered her without knowing it.

The winter night was dark when Miss Van Tuyn stood in the hall of Lady Sellingworth's house waiting for the footman to find a taxicab for her.

Presently he returned and she asked:

"Can't you find a cab?"

"No, ma'am. I'm very sorry, but there doesn't seem to be one about. Shall I go to the nearest cab stand?"

Miss Van Tuyn hesitated. Then she determined to fight her fear.

"It isn't raining, is it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then I'll walk. It's not far. I shall pick up a cab on the way, probably."

Just before she was out of sight of Lady Sellingworth's house Miss Van Tuyn looked back again. The light was gone. She knew that the door was shut and she shivered. She felt shut out. What was she going to do? She was going back to Claridge's of course. But—after that? She longed to take counsel with some one, with some one who was strong and clear brained, and who really cared for her. A sort of yearning for affection came to her, a wave of self-pity swept over her.

It was frightful to her to think, to be obliged to think, that Arabian all this time had looked upon her as prey, had marked her down as prey. She understood everything now, his fixed gaze at her in the Café Royal when she had seen him for the first time, his coming to Garstin's studio, his subtle acting through the early days of their acquaintance. She understood his careful self-repression, his reticence, his evident reluctance to be painted, overcome no doubt by two desires, the desire to become intimate with her and the desire to possess eventually a piece of work that would be worth a great deal of money.

But perhaps, mingled with his hideous cupidity of the accomplished adventurer, the professional thief, there was something else, the lust, or even the sensual love, of the primitive man. Perhaps—she realized the possibility—he believed he had found in her the great opportunity of his life, the unique chance of combining the satisfaction of his predatory instincts with the satisfaction of his intimate personal desires, those desires which he shared with the men who lived far from the underworld.

If that were so—and suddenly she felt that it was so, that she had hit upon the truth—then she was surely in great danger. For Arabian was not the man to let a unique opportunity slip through his fingers without putting up a tremendous fight.

She heard a step in the darkness and hurried on, almost running. She must gain shelter, must be in the midst of light,

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"I understand Garstin is a brusque sort of fellow," remarked Sir Seymour. "It might be well to add 'Please see him'—underlined."

must be between four walls, must speak to some one who knew her, and who would not do her harm. Claridge's—old Fanny! A few minutes later she entered the hotel almost breathless.

On the following afternoon Craven called on Lady Sellingworth about five o'clock and was told by the new footman in a rather determined manner that she was not at home.

"I hope her ladyship is quite well?"

"I believe so, sir," replied the man. "Her ladyship has been out driving today."

"Please give her that card. Wait one moment."

He penciled on the card, "I hope you are better—A. C.," gave it to the man and walked away, feeling sure that Lady

Sellingworth was in the house but did not choose to see him. In the evening he received the following note from her:

4-A Berkeley Square,  
Thursday

Dear Mr. Craven:

How kind of you to call and to write that little message. I am sorry I could not see you. I'm not at all ill and have been out driving. But between you and me—for I hate to make a fuss about trifling matters of health—I feel rather played out. Perhaps it's partly old age! You know nothing about that. Any variation in my quiet life seems to act as a disturbing influence. And the restaurant the other night really was terribly hot. I mustn't go there again, though it is great fun. I suppose you

didn't see Beryl? She has been to see me but said nothing about it. Be nice to her. I don't think she has many real friends in London.

Yours very sincerely,  
Adela Sellingworth

"What is it? What has happened?" Craven thought as he put down the letter.

He felt that some drama had been played out, or partially played out, within the last days which he didn't understand, which he was not allowed to understand. Lady Sellingworth chose to keep him in the dark. Something had upset her mentally. A physical reason only could not account for her behavior. And again he thought of Arabian.

Instinctively he hated the man. Who was he? Where did he come from? Craven couldn't place him. Beyond feeling sure that he was a wrong 'un Craven had had no very definite opinion about him.

Could Lady Sellingworth know such a man?

That seemed quite impossible. Nevertheless certain things persistently suggested to Craven that at least she had some knowledge of Arabian which she was deliberately concealing from him. On the night of the dinner in Soho she had attempted to persuade him to go back to the restaurant and see Beryl home. And now here in this letter she returned to the matter.

"Be nice to her. I don't think she has many real friends in London."

"Go to see Beryl, don't come to see me."

Between the lines of Lady Sellingworth's letter Craven read those words and wondered at the ways of women. But he did

not mean to obey the unwritten command. And he felt angry with Lady Sellingworth for giving it by implication.

As once more he looked at Lady Sellingworth's letter he was struck by something final in the wording of it. There was nothing explicit in it. On the contrary that seemed to be carefully avoided. But the allusions to old age, to disturbing influences, the decision not to go again to the Bella Napoli—these seemed to hint an intention to return to a former state of being, to abandon a new path of life.

She had allowed him to enter her life for a short time, to enter it almost intimately. But she was surely repenting of that intimacy. He did not know why.

"I don't suppose I shall ever know," he thought.

He locked up her letter in his dispatch box. It would be a souvenir of a friendship which had seemed to promise much and which had ended abruptly in mystery. He did not answer it. Perhaps—probably—he would have done so but for the last two sentences in it.

After Lady Sellingworth had written and sent her note to Craven she felt that she was facing a new phase in life; and she thought of it as the last phase. Her sacrifice of self was surely complete at last. She had exposed her nature naked to Beryl Van Tuyn. She had given up her friendship with Alick Craven. There was nothing more for her to do. Perhaps she would see Craven again. Probably she would. She had no intention of permanently closing her door against him. But she would not encourage him to come. If he came he must come as an ordinary caller at the ordinary caller's hour.

Seymour Portman called on her in the late afternoon of the day when she wrote to Craven. Just before his arrival she was feeling peculiarly blank and almost confusedly dull. She had gone through so much recently, had lived at such high tension, had suffered such intense nervous excitement, in the restaurant of the Bella Napoli and afterwards, that both body and mind refused to function quite normally.

A numbness held her and yet she was nervous.

She heard the drawing room door open and Murgatroyd's voice make the familiar announcement, she saw Seymour's upright, soldierly figure come into the room, she smiled a greeting to her old friend, and the sound of Murgatroyd's voice, the sight of Seymour coming toward her, her own response to sound and sight, did not conquer the sensation of numbness.

"Yes, he is here. He does not forget me. He loves me and will always love me. But what does it matter?"

A voice seemed to be saying that within her. And while he was quietly talking to her, telling her little bits of news which he thought would interest her, letting her in by proxy as it were to the life of the great world, which she had abandoned but in which he still played a part, she was thinking: "If Seymour knew what I have done! If I told him, what would he think, what would he say?"

He would be pleased, no doubt. But would he be surprised?

And she began to wish vaguely that he knew it, that he knew what had happened between her and Beryl. As she looked at his strong, soldier's face, at his faithful eyes, the eyes of the "old dog," she wished that it were possible to let

Seymour know a little bit of the best of her. Not that she was proud of what she had done. She was too much akin to Seymour to be proud of such a thing. But Seymour would be pleased with her. And it would be pleasant to give him pleasure.

"What is it, Adela?" he said.

And a keen, searching look came into his eyes. She smiled vaguely, meeting his gaze. She



When Beryl heard the knock on her door she trembled. "Come in!" she cried.



"That—and I knew I could never tell all this—about myself, I mean—to anyone but you," faltered Lady Sellingworth.

still felt curiously detached, although she was able to think quite connectedly.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I feel you are not as usual today."

"In what way?"

"Something has happened. I don't of course wish to know what it is. But it has changed you, my dear."

"In what way?" she said again.

His reply startled her, set her free from her feeling of numbness, of light detachment.

"I feel as if you were coming into possession of your true self at last," he said very gravely. "But as if perhaps you scarcely knew it yet."

A slow red crept into her cheeks, which would never know again the touch of the artificial red.

"Dear Seymour! My true self! I wonder what sort of self you think that is."

"That's easily told. It is the self I have been loving for so many years. And now——"

He got up, still alert in his movements, out of his chair.

"You are going?"

"Yes. I have to meet 'Better Not' at the Marlborough to talk over His Majesty's visit to Manchester."

"Ah!" she said.

"Better Not" was the nickname given at Court to a certain much valued gentleman about the King.

She did not try to detain Seymour. But when he had gone deep depression overcame her. She was the helpless victim of a tremendous reaction. Seymour had broken the curious spell which for a short time had bound her, and now she realized everything with unnatural acuteness.

What was the good of coming into possession of her true self, what was the good of anything? Life was activity.

Her late close contact with youth, her obligation to do something difficult—and, to her, tremendous—for youth had taught her that anew, and now she must somehow reconcile herself to extinction. For that was really what lay before her now—extinction while still alive. Better surely to be struggling with horrors than to be merely dying away. She even looked back

to the scene with Beryl and thought of it almost with longing. For how she had lived in that scene! At moments during it she had entirely forgotten herself.

"What a monstrous egoist I have been all my life!" she thought, with a sense of despair. "Only once have I acted with a purely unselfish motive and that was with Beryl. Yes, Beryl gave me the one opportunity I took advantage of. And now it is all over. Everything is finished. It is too late to try a new way of living."

That evening she felt loneliness as she had never felt it before. A sort of mental nausea seized her as she finished her solitary dinner.

When some fruit had been put before her, and Murgatroyd and the footman had left the room, she remained—so she thought of it—like a mummy in the tomb which belonged to her. And presently through the profound silence she heard the hoot of a motor horn. Some one going somewhere! Some one who had something to do, somewhere to go! Some one from whom all the activities had not passed away forever!

The motor horn again sounded nearer. The car had stopped somewhere close by, at the next house perhaps.

A moment later Murgatroyd appeared in the room.

"Miss Van Tuyn has called, my lady, and begs you to see her."

"Miss Van Tuyn! Ask her—take her to the drawing room, please. I will come in a minute."

"Yes, my lady."

When she opened the drawing room door she saw Beryl standing by the fire.

"Adela!"

Beryl came forward hurriedly with a nervous manner Lady Sellingworth had never noticed in her before. Her face was very pale. There were dark rings under her eyes. She looked apprehensive, distracted even.

"Do forgive me for bursting in on you like this at such a late hour!"

"Of course."

She took Beryl's hand. It was hot and clasped hers with a closeness that was almost violent.

"What is it? Is anything the matter?"

"I want your advice. I don't—I don't quite know what to do. You see there's nobody but you I can come to. I know



I have no right—I have no claim upon you. You have been so good to me already. No other woman would have done what you have done. But you see I promised never to—I can't speak to anyone else. I might have gone to Dick Garstin perhaps . . . I don't know! But as it is I can't speak to a soul but you."

"Is it something about that man?"

"Yes. I'm afraid of him."

"Why?"

"I'm sure he doesn't mean to—I'm sure he won't give me up easily. I know he won't!"

"Sit down, Beryl."

"Yes—may I?"

"Have you seen him?"

"Oh no—no!"

"Has he written?"

"Yes. And he has called today. Last night directly I got back to the hotel I gave orders at the desk that if he called they were to say not at home."

"Well then—"

"But he got in!"

"How could he?"

"When they said I was out he asked for Fanny—Fanny Cronin, my companion. He sent up his card to her, and as I hadn't spoken to her—you know I promised not to say anything—she told them to let him come up. She likes him!"

"And were you in the hotel?"

"No, thank goodness, I was really out. But I came back while he was still there."

"Then—"

"No, I didn't see him, as I told you. When I was just going up in the lift something—it was almost like second sight, I think—prompted me to go to the desk and ask if anyone was in our rooms. And they told me *he* was with Fanny, had been with her for over an hour."

"What did you do?"

"I went out at once. I called on one or two people. I stayed out till nearly half-past seven. I walked about in the dark. I was afraid to go near the hotel. It was horrible. Finally I thought he must have gone and I ventured to go back. I hurried through the hall. The lift was there. I went into it at once. I didn't look round. I was afraid he might have come down and be waiting about for me. When I got to our apartment I went straight to my bedroom and rang for my maid. She said he was gone. Then I went to Fanny. He had been having tea with her and had stayed two hours. Mr.—he told Fanny that I was—that I had promised to marry him."

"Ah!"

"He told her that I had been to his flat on the very day that I had heard of my father's death, and since. He promised Fanny that—that when we were married she should have a home with us. Isn't it horrible? She thinks—she must think I am in love with him. But that doesn't matter. Only it makes things more horrid and difficult. But of course I'm not afraid of Fanny. It isn't that!"

"Have you ever written to him?"

"No—never!"

"But you say he has written to you."

"Yes. When he left Fanny he wrote a letter in the hotel and had it sent up to my room. Fanny gave it to me just now. Adela I know you will not believe me. I know—you spoke once of my being very vain but—but there are things a girl does know about a man, really there are! They may seem ridiculous, crazy to others, but—"

"What is it, Beryl?"

"I believe besides wanting my money he wants *me*. That's why I'm afraid. If it weren't for that I—perhaps I shouldn't have come tonight. Can you believe it?"

Lady Sellingworth looked at the girl with eyes which in spite of herself were hard. She knew they were hard but she could not help it. Then she said:

"Yes. I can believe it."

"And that means he may persist in spite of all. He may refuse to give it up. I want some one to get him away, to drive him away from me so that I shall never see him, so that he will never come near me again! I might go to Paris. But it would be of no use. He would follow *me* there. I might go to America but that would be just the same. He says so in this letter."

She held up the letter in her hand.

"Does he threaten you?"

"No—not exactly! No, he doesn't! It's worse than that. If he did I think I might find the courage. He's subtle, Adela.

He's horribly subtle! Besides, he doesn't know, he can't know that you have told me what he is."

"He might guess it. He probably has guessed it. He recognized me in the restaurant."

"Yes. He didn't want you to come to our table. But he never spoke of you afterwards. I am sure from this letter that he guesses something has happened, that I may have been set against him, and that he doesn't mean to give me up whatever happens. I feel that in his letter. And I want some one to drive him away from me. Oh, I wish I had never seen him! I wish I had never seen him!"

Again Lady Sellingworth heard the cry of youth, and this time it was piteous, almost despairing. She did not answer it in words. Indeed, instead of showing any pity, any strong instinct of protection, she turned away from Beryl.

"Adela," she said, trying to summon some pride, some courage.

"I understand. You can't do anything more. I oughtn't to have come. It was monstrous, I suppose. But—it's like that in life. So few people will help. And those that do—well, they get asked for more. I'll—I'll manage somehow. It's all my own fault. I must try to—"

Then Lady Sellingworth turned round. Her white face was very grave, almost stern, like the face of one who was thinking with concentration.

"I'm ready to try to do what I can, Beryl," she said. "But there's only one way I can think of. And to take it I shall have to tell you the whole truth."

"About me?"

"About you and myself."

"Oh—but you couldn't do that!"

"I believe that I ought to."

"But—but—to whom?"

"There's only one person I could possibly speak to, and he the finest man I have ever met. He might do something. I'm thinking of Seymour Portman."

"Adela! But you couldn't tell him!"

"Why not?"

"Adela—he loves you. Everyone knows that."

"And that's just why I could tell him—him only."

Miss Van Tuyn looked down. Suddenly she felt that she had tears in her eyes.

"You have kept your cab, haven't you?" said Lady Sellingworth.

"Yes."

"Go home now. I will telephone to Seymour. I'll let you know later, tomorrow morning perhaps, what he thinks had better be done. Now good night, Beryl."

She held out her hand. Beryl took it but did not press it. Somehow she felt awed and at a distance from this pale, quiet woman.

Lady Sellingworth pressed the bell and Beryl Van Tuyn left the room.

As soon as Beryl had gone Lady Sellingworth went downstairs to her writing room. She turned on the electric light as she went into the room and glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. The hands pointed to half-past nine. She wondered where Seymour was dining. If he were at home and alone he would come to her at once; if not perhaps she would have to wait until half-past ten or eleven. She hoped to find him at St. James's Palace. As this thing had to be done—and now she had burned her boats, for she had promised Beryl—she wished to do it quickly.

She inquired through the telephone if Seymour was at home. His servant replied that he was out. She asked where. The servant did not know. His master had dressed and gone out at a quarter to eight without saying where he was dining. Lady Sellingworth frowned as she received this information. She hesitated for a moment; then she said:

"As soon as Sir Seymour comes in, however late it may be, I want to see him on an urgent matter. If you go to bed before he comes back will you please leave a written message in the hall asking him to visit Lady Sellingworth at once in Berkeley Square. It is very important."

"Yes, my lady," said the voice.

"Thank you."

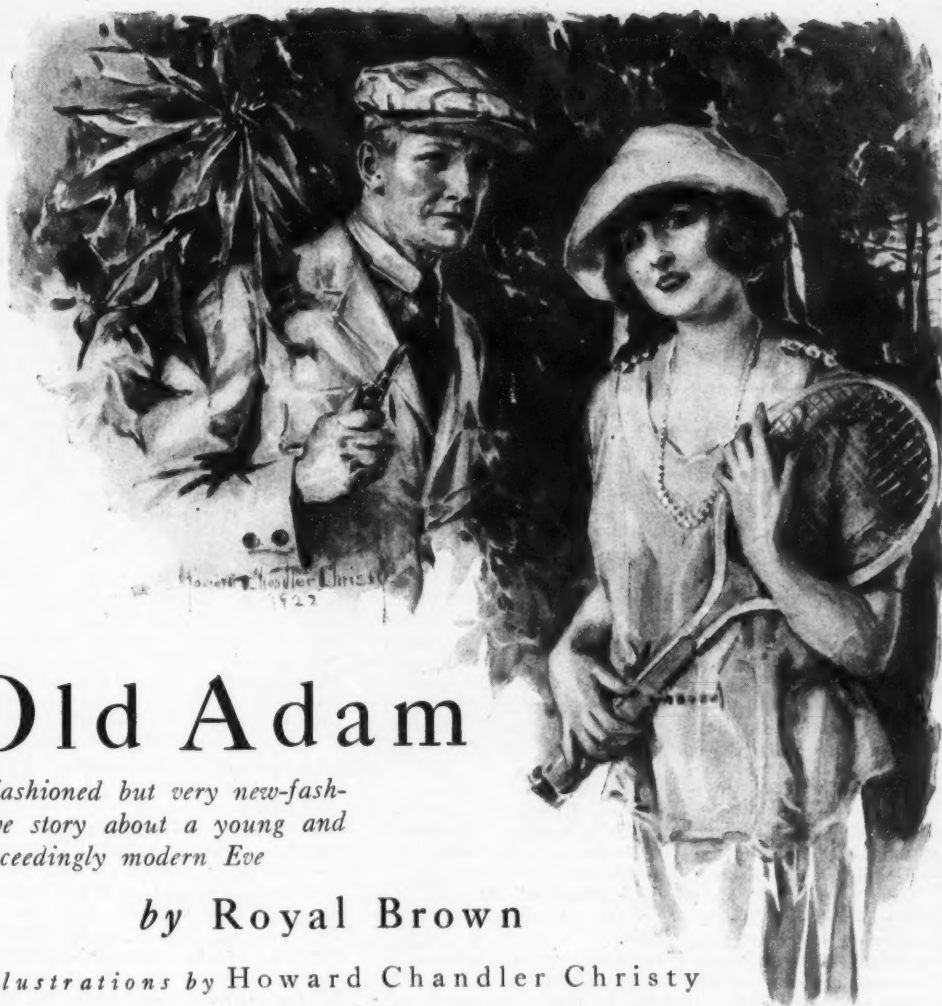
She rang the bell. Murgatroyd came.

"I am expecting Sir Seymour tonight, Murgatroyd," she said, "about some important business. But I can't find out where he is, so he won't know till he goes home. That may be late. But he will come on here directly he gets my message. I'm sorry to keep you up, but I should like you to let him in."

"Certainly, my lady," said Murgatroyd.

"I shall be waiting for him in the (Continued on page 147)

Robert Blair had always got everything he wanted. And now at forty he had Patty. Or had he?



# The Old Adam

*An old-fashioned but very new-fashioned love story about a young and exceedingly modern Eve*

by Royal Brown

Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

**E**VEN those who, self-appointed and duly anointed with divine egotism, act as censors of all things in such communities as their presence lends luster to, could not in Standish find aught to say against the age old desire that lighted the eyes of Robert Blair when they rested on Patience Allen. And that despite the fact that Robert Blair was a widower, with forty years and three children to his credit, while Patty Allen was but twenty—a miraculous twenty as he reminded her, with a curious catch in his voice, on the evening he proposed.

This, however, was a lover's litany. There were those in Standish that summer who would have used another adjective.

Especially Mrs. Sumner Blunt. As is the Chief Justice to the Supreme Court so was she to Standish's court of public opinion. She had three chins, three times as many millions and a vice of which she made a virtue. And though there were those who, behind her ample back, remarked her remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Tim Morrison, who also had three chins but no other distinction than that which comes to a competent and reliable washerwoman—which is considerable these days—there were few who to her face failed to render Mrs. Sumner Blunt lip service, at least.

This because her patent to nobility was beyond question. A certain slatternly and evil smelling craft, ineptly dubbed the *Mayflower*, had borne her ancestors on both sides along that very coast three hundred years ago.

Now Patty, though she too could boast *Mayflower* ancestry if she cared to—which she didn't—was modern to her pretty finger tips. She was a leader among the younger set at the Country Club, which was smart—and swift. As such Mrs. Sumner Blunt must have disapproved of her anyway. Beyond this they had had one historic encounter.

This took place in front of the village postoffice. Patty, swinging from her roadster, had revealed the sheer length of

silk that the prevailing mode demanded. And Mrs. Sumner Blunt, moving majestically toward her limousine, had paused to lift her eyebrows and indulge that vice of which she made a virtue.

"In my day," she announced austerely, "a girl who exposed her limbs like that would be—"

"As much out of style as anybody who said 'limbs' or wore a bustle would be now," interposed Patty very sweetly but with malicious glints in the tawny, beautifully lashed eyes that so marvelously matched her lovely hair.

One would have to see Mrs. Blunt to get the point of that—for of course it wasn't a bustle that she wore.

"Sure," said Mrs. Tim Morrison, who was built the same way, "I'd say it was because I wasn't after sitting down very much if it weren't that me and Mrs. Sumner Blunt could swap petticoats. So it must be God's will. But will you believe it, I only weighed ninety-eight when I was married!"

So much for what may be termed Patty's shot across Mrs. Sumner Blunt's stern. She had won an engagement but made a mortal enemy. Never after that did Mrs. Sumner Blunt refer to her save as "that Allen chit."

Nevertheless she expressed the hope that Robert Blair's wooing would prosper.

"He," she explained grimly, "will rule her with an iron hand in a velvet glove. That is what she needs."

And doubtless Patty did. The weight of the evidence was certainly with Mrs. Sumner Blunt when she said that Patty was impertinent and ill-bred and without the respect due to a woman of her, Mrs. Sumner Blunt's, years. As a matter of fact Patty, true to the type her generation has developed, did not concede respect to people merely because they had years. She was not given to sentimentality of any kind. Quite the opposite.

There were times when she herself doubted if she had a heart

because no one had touched it!—no one, that is, among the young men she had played around with.

Then Robert Blair had appeared on the scene. From the first he had quickened something in her. And even when they were still "Mr. Blair" and "Miss Allen" to each other she had known, with absolute certainty, that sooner or later he would ask a question to which she must answer yes or no.

Even so she was not prepared when, of an August night, he spoke. They were on the brick paved porch that flanked the eastern wing of the Allens' summer home and commanded the sweep of sand dune and sea for which Cape Cod is famous. From the sea a full moon had just risen. The magic of the moment was potent and in his eyes as he looked down at her there was that which no daughter of Eve could have been blind to.

Then, as impulsively as twenty could have, he placed his hand over hers as it rested on the porch rail.

"I'm wondering," he murmured in a voice that blended whimsicality and suppressed eagerness with just a touch of rue, "if you're going to take me, Patty?"

The night was like a Bakst setting of orange and blue. From the way she kept her face turned from his one might have thought her so lost in its beauty that she had not heard him. A younger and more impetuous lover might have rushed on but Robert Blair, having achieved greatly by waiting where fools rushed in, waited now. He knew that she was not studying the color scheme.

Nor was she. "I'm twenty," she was thinking, "and I've been out two whole years. I haven't found anybody I like half so well, and there isn't a girl in Standish that wouldn't give an eye tooth—or even a front tooth if necessary—to get him away from me."

The ghost of a little smile tugged at the corner of her impetuous mouth as she thought of the other girls, but she was blissfully unconscious that Robert would not have cared for such reasoning as this.

"And," her thought ran on, "he is wonderful!"

Of that there could be no question. In Standish, where the summer colony has the attributes of an exclusive club, money alone is but the bare necessity of life and its recent acquirement almost always an insurmountable handicap.

"Wool," people like Mrs. Sumner Blunt will comment with lifted eyebrows—or "Leather" or "Oil" or whatever the auriferous source may have been.

Robert Blair had knowledge of all these commodities. He had started at seven as a newsboy, at forty he had so many millions that the loss of one or the gaining of two in this deal or that left him unmoved. He had that indefinable quality that marks all men born to great things; Mrs. Sumner Blunt could no more have patronized him than she could have condescended to Caesar. He had, indeed, the conqueror's manner; better still, he had the gift of games. He proved a good golf player, a hard man to beat at tennis, and best of all he proved to be the hard hitting, fearless riding number two that the little group who were forming a polo team had prayed for.

It came to pass, accordingly, that Standish not only accepted him but even hoped that the prettiest girl there would accept him too.

"The Allens need the money," Mrs. Sumner Blunt had declared. "John Allen is in a bad way—very bad! Of course it isn't generally known and you mustn't repeat it, but I have the most positive assurance—"

Everybody repeated it, naturally, and everybody knew—save Patty. That at least was not in her mind as she tried to make it up while the moonlight did things to her hair. A minute passed and then he spoke at last.

"Don't let it worry you, Patty," he said ever so gently, his hand, which he had not removed, pressing hers with light reassurance. "I'm forty and then some. And you're twenty—a miraculous twenty!"

In his voice there was a humility that clothed him as a garment and became him even more than the immaculate white flannels he wore. And she felt a sudden unworthiness that he should humble himself to her—and a great tenderness for him that he had.

"Oh, it isn't that," she breathed impetuously. "It's me—will I do?"

The beauty of the night was working on her, she felt an ineffable longing, the need of something undefined—and indefinable. She was stirred too, beneath the surface of light cynicism she and her set affected; she really wondered what she could offer a man such as he. As she spoke, she turned her face toward him, her eyes wide and earnest, her lips slightly parted. And

he, having waited so long and so hungrily, could wait no longer. Yet from her lips he quickly dropped his to her cupped hands and kissed her palms.

"All my life," he promised huskily, "I'll be as good to you as I can!"

No other gesture could have served him so well. As she looked down on his well shaped conqueror's head, with the close cropped hair which showed no sign of thinning and only enough gray to give it distinction, she felt a thrill.

"This," she assured herself, "must be love!"

And so they became engaged, and the courts of public opinion in Standish both high and low approved their decision.

"Sure," said Mrs. Tim Morrison, who might be likened to the police court—in her kitchen was washed more dirty linen than limousines ever deposited at her door—"he's almost old enough to be her father but he's a fine man just the same."

"And did ye find that out about him," derided Mrs. Dineen from next door, "by doing his wash?"

"Laugh if you want to," retorted Mrs. Morrison with the suds gleaming on her ruddy arms, "but ye can't wash a man's unmentionables without learning a deal about him. A good man to his own he is, though they do say that he can be hard with them that crosses him."

In which, in more elegant fashion, the supreme court of Standish concurred.

"I have always been just a little afraid of him, though," confessed one of the mere justices to the supreme justice. "He seems very genial but they say that he simply smashes through everything that gets in his way."

"One can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs," commented Mrs. Sumner Blunt with an air of having originated this truism on the spur of the moment. "I for one can't understand what he sees in that Allen chit but I'm sure of one thing and that is that she won't be able to wind him around her little finger the way she has her father."

From which, it will be perceived, all Standish was quite sure that all was settled and that the next act would have, as incidental music, an organ rendition of *The Voice That Breathed o'er Eden*. But they had skipped an act in their reckoning. The next was to develop a drama that is not quite as old as Eden only because a third actor was lacking there.

East is East and West is—where Price Nichols came from. This may not be significant but it seemed so to Patty. It explained why he was—well, different! They met the very next night at a dinner given by the Ensloes. Robert was there but he was separated from her by the length of the table. And it must be confessed that if he wasn't out of sight he *was* out of mind so far as she was concerned, as soon as the serving of the second course.

In Price Nichols's eyes was that challenge that free, white and masculine ever offers sweet, twenty and feminine.

"Let's experiment. Perhaps—" they suggested even as his voice gave speech to the banalities that mark the first stages of acquaintance.

Patty was engaged, but feminine. . .

"Now," she exclaimed as a waiter insinuated a practiced hand between her and her dinner partner, "I know why you seem so familiar to me. You're Price Nichols of course—I've seen your pictures."

The courts of southern California, where he had developed a certain virtuosity in hitting a tennis ball with great speed and accuracy, had left him so tanned that one wondered that he could blush so. He tried to phrase something whimsical but she did not wait for an answer.

"Are you going to play in the invitation singles here?" she demanded.

He had a charming, crooked grin which appeared when he was embarrassed.

"Mrs. Ensloe seems to think that I might find them good practice for—"

He stopped short, to blush anew. He had been going to say "for the nationals" but there had been so many prophecies about his emerging as the titlist that he felt self-conscious whenever the subject came up.

"For the nationals?" she supplied. "You're going to play in them?"

"That," he confessed, "is why I played hooky from business to come East."

"I think that's wonderful," she breathed—she herself could beat any woman player in Standish and lots of the men but that—as she well knew—was nothing!

Then, half ruefully, she added, "If you play here I'm going





The boy did not realize that he had his arm about her, nor did Patty. And his hold was tightening!

to sit with my eyes glued on you. I want to study that service of yours——"

"I'll show it to you," he offered, "that is, if you care to have me——"

This broke a long established precedent. He did not, one can rest assured, give lessons to any and all young women who professed an interest in that miraculous service of his.

"When?" she demanded instantly.

"Tomorrow morning?"

"Tomorrow morning—at ten!" she assented blithely.

"Thank you," said he.

And in this impetuous young Californian's eyes as he thanked her for the chance to do her a favor there was something almost breath taking. She instinctively looked away and met another pair of eyes. And as she met them memory smote her and her slim shoulders rippled as if a sudden draft had eddied about them.

Nevertheless as Robert smiled at her she smiled too. Price Nichols, his eyes following hers, made swift and shrewd surmise.

"Your father?" he suggested.

The ring of great beauty and corresponding price that she wore on the inevitable finger had utterly escaped him.

"No," she said, "it's Robert Blair. Perhaps you have heard of him—"

Interest kindled his eyes. "Robert Blair? I should say I had. He's a wonder, isn't he!"

This gave her the opening she felt the need of.

"I think so," she replied, drawing designs on the table with a fork she had captured—and that, one may be sure, was something she usually knew better than to do—"but perhaps I'm prejudiced. We're engaged, you see."

She did not look up at Price. As for Price, he gave her one wide-eyed glance and then, reaching for his glass, raised it to his lips, went through all the motions of drinking and set it down again, without being at all aware that it had been empty at the beginning.

"My chief claim to fame," he then said, "is a certain thickness of wit. If I had looked twice before speaking I'd have known, of course, that he—"

It occurred to him then that to repeat his unfortunate remark was no way to make amends and so he stopped short. She, setting aside her fork to the relief of her harassed hostess, looked up at him and smiled.

"He's awfully good at games," she announced clearly, "and that's why I want to improve my tennis."

She believed it, too.

They were as well chaperoned the next morning as even Mrs. Sumner Blunt could have desired, for wherever Price Nichols stepped to a base line a gallery always sprang up like a crowd at an accident. She was very late in arriving and found him ready and waiting, white flanneled and with his tennis shirt open at the throat. She was not diffident naturally, nor was he, but there was an instant of exquisite shyness between them. Then:

"I'm awfully sorry I kept you waiting," she said. "But I—had unexpected visitors."

These, indeed, had appeared just as she was departing for the Country Club—Margot, Ted and Lou, aged twelve, ten and four respectively, bringing from the Blair gardens flowers that Margot had presented to her.

"Father," Margot explained, "says that you are coming to live with us all the time. And I"—shyly—"am awfully glad!"

"I think it's simply corking," announced Ted, who had his father's hair and eyes and conqueror's head. "We'll have plenty of time now to practice the crawl stroke, won't we?"

"We will," Patty promised. "I'll—"

Little Lou, however, was impatient to be heard.

"You can drive my pony *a-n-y time* you want," she promised, in a tone that implied—and correctly—that this was a concession not lightly made. "And," she went on, obviously quoting, "we'll all live happy forever after."

In her little exquisitely embroidered smock, with her blue eyes and tanned dimpled knees, she and her seriousness were adorable. No woman worthy of the name could have resisted her. And Patty had kissed them all, even Ted, who bore up manfully, and then the minutes had passed and so she was very late.

"That's perfectly all right," Price reassured her.

"Shall we play a set or two first?"

"I don't know as I dare," she replied with a quick, breathless smile.

Nevertheless they played and it was as she suspected.

"You," she accused at the end of the first set, "played as poorly as you could—and I didn't get a game!"

"Perhaps you'll have better luck next time," he suggested.

But she didn't. The second set finished, she faced him, gloriously flushed, and said half laughingly, half ruefully:

"Next you'll be offering to play me left hand. If you *do*—"

"I won't," he promised hastily. "But really you play very well—"

"For a woman!" she flashed. "How I hate that! My hope

of heaven is founded on the faith that there'll be no male or female there—"

"I don't know as I care for that!" he retorted.

And then they both blushed beautifully.

"I should think," commented Mrs. Sumner Blunt, who had joined the gallery not to see and admire a ranking tennis player but to observe through eyes narrowed for criticism, "that considering the fact that that Allen chit is just engaged she'd be a



"Poor baby!" Patty crooned. "It was a naughty, naughty ball." To Price it was a breath taking moment.

little more circumspect!"

Of this Patty was blissfully unconscious. Otherwise she might have suggested that being engaged wasn't exactly like entering a harem. As it was she returned home with her conscience quite clear, to find Robert and her father standing on the broad, white pillared porch.

"Hello!" said Robert. "How did it go?"

"I was utterly pulverized," she confessed.

"You haven't given up so soon?" he asked quickly.

Patty, wrinkling her nose up in a little grimace, lost the significance of that. "I might as well but I haven't. He's coming over tomorrow morning to play on our court. There

were too many people standing around at the club for him to give me a lesson."

Robert smiled as he turned to her father. "Don't worry," he advised the latter. "If necessary I'll go West myself." His eyes came back to Patty and he asked abruptly, "Coming for a sail with me this afternoon?" Robert had a catboat, which he sailed as well as he did most things.

Now that she thought of it she recalled that of late he had seemed less his own genial, comfortably humorous self. Conscience stricken that she should have been so blind—those who never missed the chance to say that she wound her father around her finger always failed to add that she adored him—she put her arms around him.

"Oh, daddy—why didn't you tell me!" she cried reproachfully. "I've been hoping that things would take a turn for the better,"

he explained. "I still believe that the company itself is all right but that the men behind it are not"—he hesitated, for he was the sort who finds it hard to think ill of anybody—"exactly honest. Robert says he will handle them—"

"He will," prophesied Patty, and a swift vision of Robert handling them gave her a thrill. "Everything will come out all right, and besides you've almost got your expensive daughter off your hands—"

He sighed. "It seems almost too good to be true," he said.

"I like that!" flashed Patty. "If I had known that was the way you felt I'd have departed long ago. I've had heaps and heaps of chances, although you may not believe it!"

This brought a smile, as she had hoped. "You know what I mean. That you and Robert—" He paused. "You—you are sure you love him, Patty?"

"Why else should I marry the man?" she demanded.

Even as she spoke the thought of what some people might say flashed into her mind and she wondered if some such suspicion troubled her father.

"I think that with the possible exception of you," she went on firmly, "he's the nicest man I ever knew."

And she believed it. Robert must have known all along, yet when he had proposed there had been no suggestion of what he might do for her or her father; he had offered himself only, and that very humbly. Who, she asked herself, could help loving him for that?

The matter filled her mind, she wanted to say something to Robert, yet she did not speak until, with her hand on the tiller, they had tacked out beyond the spar that marked the harbor entrance. He was squatted amidships, smoking a darkened briar. She thought then how glad she was that he was clean shaven. It made him look so much younger, as young almost as—

"I think," she said abruptly, "that you're rather nice!"



"Are you going to let me sail it?" demanded Patty, who sailed as impetuously as she did most things.

He smiled. "That's worse than taking my life in my hands—it's putting it in yours," he retorted. "But if that's your ultimatum—yes."

Then he took his departure and Patty turned to her father. "What," she demanded, "did he mean by telling you not to worry? And what is he going West about—if necessary?"

Her father hesitated. Then: "I've tried to keep it from you and your mother, Patty, but I've—rather made a mess of things. Some investments I made out West have been going badly and I've worried—"



He gave her a quick glance of surprise.

"I mean about father," she explained.

The sun was on her hair and in her eyes. She squinted the latter as she glanced out across the water.

"We'll get more wind when we get beyond the point," she said irrelevantly. Then, reverting, "I think it's fine of you—"

"You flatter me. What else could I do? He is your father, you know—"

This was not the picture she was trying to hold.

"I think," she protested, "that you'd do it anyway—"

"Don't you believe it!" he cut in.

His voice was light yet curiously final. She shot a quick glance at him.

"Supposing," she challenged directly, "I hadn't said yes—"

"No one who knows me has ever accused me of being an altruist," he retorted, holding fast to the light note, "and though the temptation is great I don't want to pose as any better than I am. If you had refused me I—well, I've at least as much of the Old Adam in me as most men, Patty."

He was smiling, but she refused to smile too.

"I know you better than that," she announced flatly.

"Let's be glad," he observed, "that I wasn't put to the test." Abruptly he changed the subject. "Is Nichols going to stay over for the Invitations?"

"Why—I don't know," she replied, surprised. But she nevertheless added the inevitable feminine, "Why?"

"I foresee," he replied easily, "where some of our local stars get their noses out of joint if he does."

He looked off ahead. "You might," he suggested, "ease off your main sheet a bit. There's wind beyond the point—"

"Who," she demanded very pointedly, "is sailing this boat?"

"One," he retorted, "who has yet to learn that discretion is the better part of valor."

From which one might assume that he had learned that lesson. And yet the village censors, who had approved of Robert Blair as a man and as a suitor, began to cavil at his course as an engaged man. Even Mrs. Tim Morrison, pausing from her labors at the tub to push back a wisp of graying hair that tickled the end of her nose, asked what it was that she heard about this young fellow from California being seen so much with Patty Allen.

"Oh, and so it's teaching her his service he is!" she retorted in a tone that dripped scorn for anybody so feeble minded as to accept that at its face value. "Well, it's me who washes Robert Blair's unmentionables who might whisper a thing or two in his ear that would do him no harm anyway."

"They say he's helping her father out of the bad hole he's in," offered Mrs. Dineen from the next door, as if this were relevant. "Thin if I were him," said Mrs. Morrison, "I'd see that her father was still in the hole till they were safe married."

"I thought," observed Mrs. Dineen, "that you liked Patty."

"I do," admitted Mrs. Morrison. "She's not as up in the air with her nose as some. But in other ways she's no better than the rest of them. What with the bathing suits they wear and the times they have at the club and that Martin girl, who's no more than eighteen, rushing over to ask if I found her cigarette case in the wash, I don't know what the world is coming to."

In which Mrs. Sumner Blunt, sitting on the same case as supreme justice of Standish's court of public opinion, unwittingly yet heartily concurred.

"I can't imagine," she added, "what Robert Blair can be thinking of."

This was not surprising. Whatever Robert Blair was thinking he certainly did not confide in Mrs. Sumner Blunt. And outwardly he was the same as ever, smiling, self-assured, radiating conscious power.

"I've heard of you," he assured Price Nichols with impeccable cordiality. "You worked on one of my irrigation projects in California, didn't you?"

Price thought it odd that Blair, to whom the irrigation project was but a minor interest among many more important ones, should ever have heard anything about him, but credited this to the caliber of the man.

"You did a mighty good job, too," added the older man. "It's possible I may have something else to throw your way before long."

Now small minds, always seeking some ulterior motive, might have wondered if Robert Blair was not weaving a web of some sort, if having already placed Patty in his debt he was not making assurance doubly sure by weaving an extra strand for Price. But Patty at least had no such idea.

"He's that way," she assured herself that very night.

As for Price, he needed no restraining strand. He was playing the oldest of games as he played tennis, with that spirit of fine sportsmanship and almost exquisite concern for an opponent that make the taped courts the modern inheritors of the traditions of fields of cloth of gold, where knights displayed their prowess.

"I'm glad," he had assured himself the night of the Ensloe dinner, "that the engagement's duly announced and recorded. Otherwise I'd have been making a bally ass of myself the next thing I knew."

In spite of the engagement, however—or perhaps because of it, human nature being what it is—the next thing he knew he was a bally ass. Men may be self-deceivers ever, but Price freely admitted to himself that he was in love. He had believed this before but that was different. This time it was the real thing.

"I'm in head over heels," he assured himself and considered his condition. The small still voice of conscience insinuated a suggestion, but this he overruled. "I'm not harming anybody but myself," he asserted. "She's too much in love with him to see anybody else in the world."

This he really persuaded himself was so. And that being true there was surely no harm in seeing all of Patty he possibly could. He managed rather well that way, Robert being busy with her father's affairs these days. They played tennis together and they talked, in the moments when tennis did not occupy them, of many things, without ever mentioning ships or shoes or sealing wax but seldom without mentioning Robert Blair. It became their habit to extol him to each other. Neither paused to consider the why of that.

"He's one of those men," Price had explained, "who have a gift for organization. There's nothing really bigger in the world than that. I know all about him because I'm in the way of being an industrial engineer—if you know what that is."

Patty had but a vague idea and so he explained.

"Oh," she summarized, "you take sick companies and make them well again!"

"That's the general idea, although"—he smiled—"some industrial engineers seem more like the doctor who had a working agreement with the undertaker. But they're being weeded out. And that's how I happened to work for Robert Blair."

Even Mrs. Sumner Blunt could not, surely, have taken exception to conversations as innocent as this. And as for tennis, the chief beneficiary of his tuition seemed to be Ted, who, appearing every morning with Margot and Lou, took possession of the other court and with the adaptability of his years managed a more creditable imitation of the inimitable than did Patty.

"I'm only spoiling what service I had," said she ruefully at last.

"Try it again," suggested Price.

Patty obeyed. The ball, meeting the racket's swift impact, veered erratically and, passing beyond the tape, struck fairly on Lou's dimpled knee.

"O-o-h!" she cried and then with a swift intake of breath sobbed, "it hurted me!"

Patty sped to her and knelt beside her.

"Poor baby!" she crooned. "It was a naughty, naughty ball!"

Lou, her little face still puckered, lifted brimming eyes. "Papa," she announced, "kisses hurt places and makes them well!"

"And so will I!" promised Patty.

No one would have called her the Madonna type; she was too modern, too young and impetuous for that. Yet to Price she presented a breath taking picture, so breath taking indeed that when, smiling, she glanced up at him that which had quickened in his heart as she kissed little Lou's dimpled knee was in his eyes. He could not veil it in time and briefly their eyes held. The smile faded from her lips, leaving them half parted, as if she were breathless too. Then little Lou broke the spell.

"My!" she exclaimed, forgetting her injury in a most interesting discovery.

"I feel something beating in you so funny! Is that your heart?"

Patty knew she blushed furiously but she managed to control her voice. "That," she said, "is what comes of playing tennis in the hot sun."

Then the voice of Robert Blair made blessed diversion.

"What's happened?" he demanded.

Little Lou trotted out and displayed the injured knee.

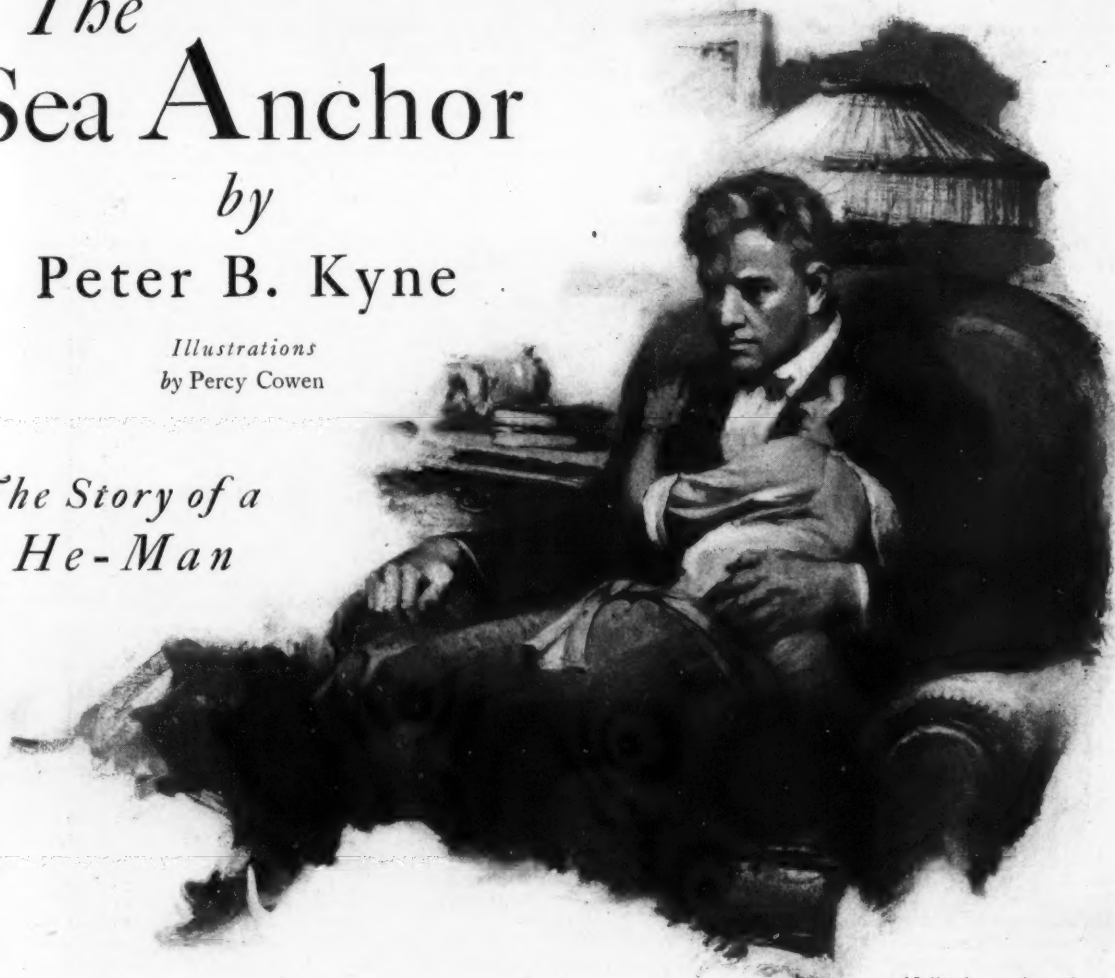
"I foresee casualties among the spectators at the tournament next week if you don't control your service better," Robert Blair told Patty. And then he added (Continued on page 138)

# The Sea Anchor

by  
Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations  
by Percy Cowen

## The Story of a He-Man



Nellie knew that silence  
and understanding are  
the safest cures for the  
bruised heart of a man.

"JOHNNY," declared Old Man Hickman, of Hickman & Son, to the junior member of the firm, "there's only one man for the job and that's my big Thunder God, Valdemar Sigurdson."

"I agree with you, dad. On the other hand, however, Sigurdson's a married man with three youngsters. It seems to me that for this reason a single man should skipper the *Matador* on this run."

"There is no sentiment in the shipping business, Johnny," the old man reminded him. "For men must work and women must weep, though the harbor bar be moaning."

"Well, of course, if Sigurdson didn't come back his family would be well provided for. He's done pretty well with his shipping investments since the war started. His interests with us are worth a quarter of a million dollars, and skippers worth that much generally yield to the temptation to retire and raise chickens."

"Suppose we put it up to Nellie O'Hara," Old Man Hickman suggested. The fact that his former secretary had married Valdemar Sigurdson had not conduced to alter her status with Old Man Hickman. To him she was still Nellie O'Hara and not infrequently Old Man Hickman would condescend to give her advice on how to manage her husband. He reached for the telephone now and ordered the private exchange operator to get Nellie O'Hara on the wire.

Presently she was speaking. "Hello, Nellie," Old Man Hickman piped. "Old Man Hickman speaking. Say, Nellie! Listen! Are you feeling sporty today... Yes?... Bully for you. Nellie, we're going to send one of our big four—the *Matador*—into the war zone with a cargo of food stuff, and somehow, Nellie, I'll feel better if that big, good for nothing husband of yours takes her out. However, before broaching the subject to our Viking we concluded that your wishes ought to be considered—"

"Evidently you have forgotten the motto of the O'Hara tribe,"

Mrs. Sigurdson interrupted. "You knew my father—"

"I did, Nellie, and he was the meanest little Irishman that ever bossed a gang of stevedores. His motto was 'T'ell wid 'em.'"

"Well?" cooed the former Nellie O'Hara.

"Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead—or words to that effect, eh?" Old Man Hickman gasped.

"Rather a free translation, but it will do, Mr. Hickman. My husband knows his own business best and a sailor man who marries a crybaby is out of luck."

"God bless my downy old soul," murmured Old Man Hickman and hung up without the formality of saying good by to Nellie O'Hara.

So the Thunder God took a general cargo to West Coast ports and a jag of nitrate up to New York, where she loaded with beans and bully beef for the British army in France and went snoring boldly out across the Atlantic. She never came back and the British government paid Hickman & Son three times what she had cost to build. In the fullness of time came a cablegram from Valdemar Sigurdson saying:

*Matador* torpedoed sunk following crew saved. (Here followed a list of three men.)

A month later the Thunder God reported in person to Hickman & Son. He was pale and gaunt and his clothing hung loosely on him; there was a look in his sea-blue eyes that had not been there before and the intonation of his deep voice, as he made his verbal report to his owners, hinted of great mental depression.

"They treated you rough, eh?" Old Man Hickman remarked casually.

"Yes, sir, they did. Got me about nine hundred miles off the Atlantic coast. I wasn't expecting them that far west."



"Yes, they paid us a visit and sunk a number of vessels right in our own back yard, so to speak. Tried to bluff us into keeping our fleet at home to patrol our own coastline and protect our own shipping. Go on, Sigurdson."

"They didn't warn us. The first torpedo drove into the engine room and killed the crew on duty. They gave us another forward for luck and we sank in ten minutes. I got the remainder of my crew off in the boats and they shelled the boats. I was in command of the last boat to leave the ship and as we pulled out from the lee of the ship a fog closed in on us and they couldn't see to shell us. We were afloat two weeks and had a tough time of it, sir. Couldn't beat back to the United States so I ran for it across the Western ocean and a P boat picked us up in the Irish Sea. I've made a formal written report in greater detail. Here it is, sir. I want to go home."

He heaved himself wearily to his feet and left the office. When Nellie O'Hara heard some one fumbling with a latchkey at the door of her home, she knew who it was and flew to meet him.

"Nellie, wife," he murmured huskily and appeared to grope for her. She noted the absence of the old, glad, Viking roar of welcome which had always greeted her at the door whenever the Thunder God came home from sea, so she knew now that he had suffered—that he was still suffering. So when he picked her up in his great arms and held her, she merely laid her soft cheek close to his, so rough and red and wind bitten—and said nothing. Silence and understanding are the two safest cures for the bruised heart of a man—and Nellie O'Hara was not surprised when presently the Thunder God shivered slightly and she felt a tear splash from his eye to her cheek. Because she was a wise woman she pretended not to notice this weakness, for she knew that within the minute he would feel ashamed of it. She held him closer.

"The children," he said presently. "In school, eh?"

"Yes, Val."

"I lost my ship, Nellie."

"Never mind, dear. She didn't go down in red ink, you know. Old Man Hickman says it's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody good—and your stock in Hickman & Son is worth a great deal more than it was before the Germans sunk the *Matador*."

"She was a splendid vessel—and money can't heal the hurt when a man's ship is stabbed." He quivered again. "To me a ship is—more than a ship. She's something elemental, banding the nations together—something beautiful, throbbing with energy—and purpose—and—oh, Nellie, wife, the sea is a hard taskmaster! It demands too much—it puts horrible decisions up to a man—it upsets the code and sets up new codes that nobody can see justice and sanity in except the men who have to obey them—"

He carried her into the living room and sat down in the huge chair she had had made to order for him. And there, holding her close to him, where the slow, measured thump, thump, thump of his great heart pounded in her ears, he held her in that silence and complete understanding she knew he had craved for long.

After a while she ruffled his tawny hair and kissed his troubled eyes. "Suppose you tell me what hurts you so, dear love," she whispered.

Whereupon Old Man Hickman's Thunder God unfolded a tale.

When the *Matador* put to sea she carried, in addition to her regular crew, a supercargo representing His Majesty King George IV and a trio of gunners furnished by His Majesty's navy to serve the six inch gun mounted astern. Of six inch guns Valdemar Sigurdson knew nothing and cared less. The sole danger to his ship lay in an attack from ambush on the part of a German submarine; hence he maintained by day a keen lookout for periscopes and by night he ran with every light doused. From time to time, as he approached the submarine zone, his wireless operator brought code messages to the supercargo, who decoded them and furnished the Thunder God with information as to what course to steer in order to avoid submarines operating in certain longitude and latitude. In the event a submarine should come to the surface and attempt to shell him, the Thunder God depended upon the British gun crew and the six inch gun to outrange and outshoot the enemy; in the event of pursuit he could escape, for the *Matador* could do fifteen knots when crowded and few of the submarines, he was informed, could do better than fourteen knots on the surface. So the Viking prowled backward and forward on the bridge of the *Matador*, with something of the restlessness and alertness of a bear in his movements; when he wasn't sweeping the surrounding sea with his glasses he was keeping a sharp lookout on his lookouts; when their attention wandered from their dreary task the Thunder God's stentorian voice reminded them profanely of their lapse.

The fog it was that was at once the undoing of the *Matador* and the salvation of Valdemar Sigurdson and three of his crew. For an hour the horizon astern had been dull and lead-colored, and with the gradual lessening of visibility Sigurdson knew that a fog was catching up with him. He welcomed it, praying only that it would be as thick as mush and last for three days and nights, by which time he would be well down out of the North Sea and close to the rendezvous where he was to pick up his escort.

He decided to "shoot the sun" and work out his exact position before the fog should overtake him; and while he was in his room doing this, his lookouts glanced astern toward the welcome fog longer and more frequently than would have been the case had the Thunder God been on the bridge. At any rate they missed the periscope as it rose out of a choppy sea a quarter of a mile off the starboard bow; there was no opportunity given to swing the ship and present a lessened target to the enemy before the first torpedo crashed into the vitals of the *Matador*.

The shock of the explosion, the violent trembling of the ship, upset Valdemar Sigurdson where he sat at his desk working out his position. For a few seconds he sprawled on his cabin floor; then, with the rapid and continuous clanging of the ship's bell and the cessation of the steady, rhythmic throb of her engines, he realized that his ship had received her death blow, that the mate on watch realized it and was calling the crew to quarters.

The Thunder God had good mates. He knew they were good because he had selected them and trained them himself. So he rose from his sprawling position now, reached for the speaking tube and called the bridge.

"Proceed to clear away the boats, Mr. Howell," he ordered calmly. "As fast as you get each boat ready, lower away without awaiting orders from me. I'm working out the ship's position. I'll be on deck in time to take command of the last boat."

He returned deliberately to his calculations, for it was no part of his plan to be cast adrift in a small boat without knowing his position, provided there still remained time in which to complete his calculations. A second torpedo well up toward the ship's bows interrupted him for a few seconds and caused a change in his plans.

"I've got all my data. I'll complete my figuring in the small boat," he soliloquized. He donned a heavy watchcoat, took his chronometer, sextant, an oilskin slicker and a roll of charts under one arm, slipped a pistol in his hip pocket and stepped out on the deck, which was now inclined at an angle of some forty-five degrees as the *Matador* heeled in her death agony.

He cast a quick glance astern. The fog was less than half a mile distant and coming on briskly before a gentle little ten mile breeze.

"What rotten luck," he murmured and made his way along the canteen deck to Number One lifeboat, which the men were just breaking out of the chocks. "Take your time, lads. Don't jim the boat falls up," he warned as he tucked his charts and instruments in the little space under the stern sheets.

His calm glance checked the contents of the boat—the tin crate of sea biscuit, the water breaker, the oars, the mast and spritsail, the lights, the can of oil and the hempen equipment for spreading oil on the water in case the sea should lump up too dangerously. He had inspected all of the boats that very morning and had noted in Number One boat the absence of a sea anchor, whereupon he had given orders to have one made forthwith and placed in the boat; he noted with irritation now that his order had not been complied with. Well, there was no time to find one now or to seek explanations—

The second mate, who had been following the master's critical glance, suddenly spoke up. "If the fog doesn't reach us quickly, sir, we will never miss the sea anchor. The scoundrels have come up; they're going to shell us—they're sliding off a hatch to let their gun come up—"

"Swing clear and hold the boat until I come back," the Thunder God ordered calmly, and scrambled up the steep slope of the deck just in time to see the chief engineer's boat dip over the high side of the rapidly listing vessel, scrape along the bulwark and hang there, thirty feet above the water. Owing to the listing of the *Matador* the boat could not swing clear and be lowered away.

"Hang on," roared Sigurdson to the two men in the boat. He slashed the falls at the stern of the boat, which dropped away and hung by the falls at the bow. "Drop her, stern first. Maybe she'll stand the drop and fail to fill," he ordered.

She did. "Overboard with you, swim to the boat and climb in quickly. The ship's going to turn turtle. Get away before she drags you under," he ordered.

Without hesitation the boat crew leaped overboard—all but

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That week was one long nightmare. The lifeboat fled like a hunted thing.

one man. "Jump, you!" roared Valdemar Sigurdson, but the man shrank back.

"I can't swim a lick," he whimpered.

"That's your boat. You belong in it. We haven't time to lower all the boats. Jump! Take a chance with those other men who can't swim. Jump or I'll throw you overboard."

As the man still hesitated, the master's great right arm shot out for him. With surprising swiftness the man dodged under the outstretched arm, ran along the deck until he had cleared the end of the house and then slid down the inclined deck to Number One boat. He darted into it as a rabbit darts into its hole.

Sigurdson leaned over the bulwarks and watched all of the struggling men in the water, with the exception of three, reach the side of the boat, clamber in and get her under control. Then he hurried to the port side of his ship and watched the first mate lower safely away.

"I think everybody living is on deck, sir," the first mate called to him. "Remember, we took one through the engine room and another through the bows. That one jimmied up the forecastle and the watch below."

"Keep close to me and I'll give you the course in a couple of minutes," the Thunder God called after him, and hurried away to Number One boat. "Lower away," he ordered calmly, and



As Sigurdson slid down there was a "whoosh," a crashing report and hundreds of

the boat slid gently down to the water a few feet below. Like monkeys the men slid down the falls into the boat, shipped the oars and fended the lifeboat away from the black sides of the *Matador*. As they cast off, Sigurdson slid down the dangling falls and landed neatly in the stern sheets before the boat could slip out from under the lee of the vessel. As he did so there was a "whoosh," a crashing report and hundreds of tiny waterspouts sprang up around the first mate's boat. A shrapnel had burst fairly over it.

"Pull for that fog," the master ordered, "and pull for your lives!"

He looked back. Two men in the mate's boat were still tugging at the oars and Mr. Howell was standing up aft with arms outspread toward the submarine, pleading dumbly for quarter. At the next burst he toppled overboard and the starboard oar went out of action, leaving the port oar to continue work and turn the boat blindly in a circle.

The Thunder God sighed. He was very fond of Mr. Howell and there was something pitifully grotesque about the rattled oarsman who kept turning the boat in such slow circles. Presently a sea struck it amidships and it filled; the succeeding wave rolled over it and it careened and floated mournfully keel up.

The second mate spoke to Sigurdson. "Well," he said dully, "I

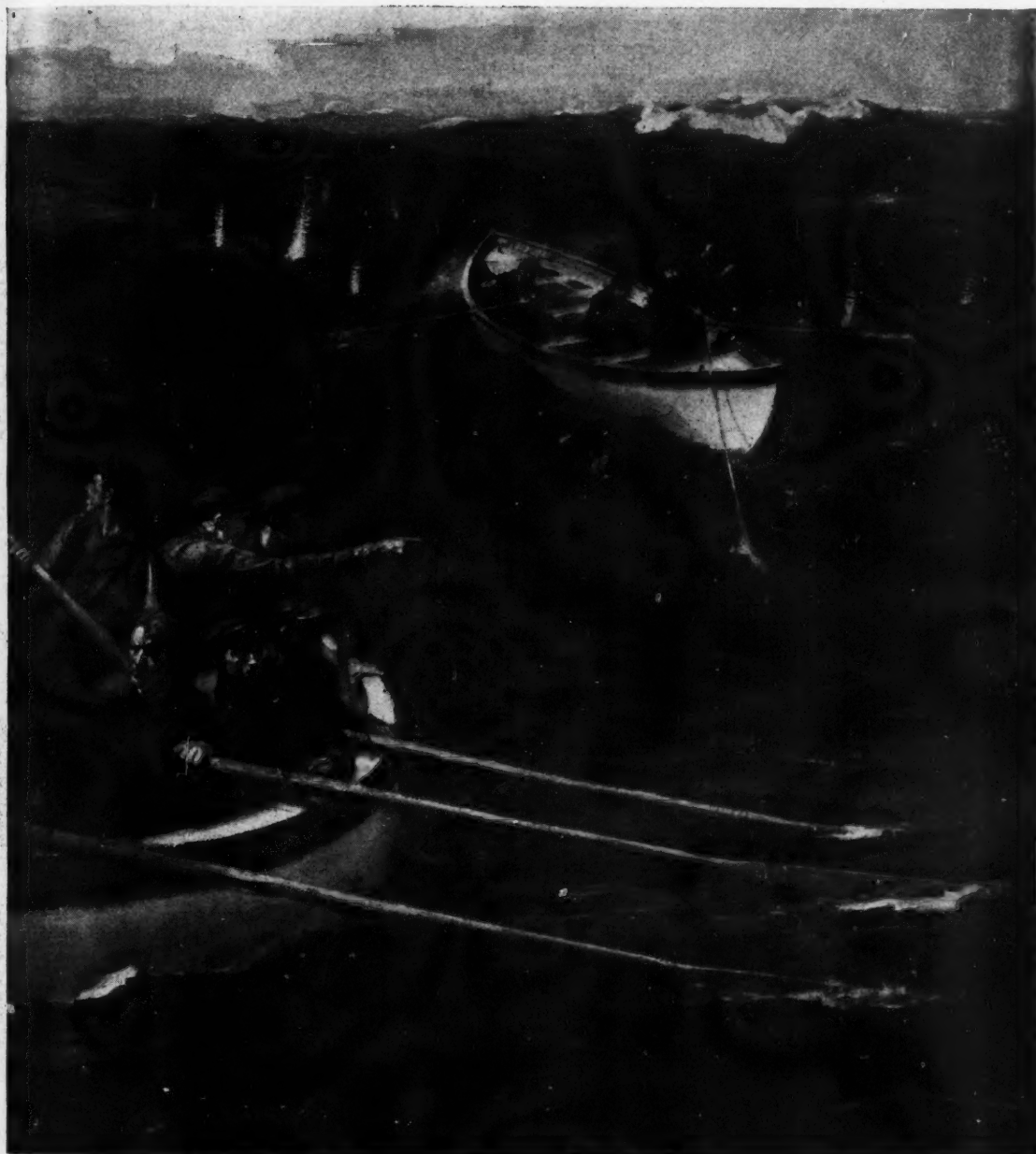
told you we wouldn't need that sea anchor, sir. Here's where we all go to hell together."

The Thunder God reflected, in a queer detached way, that this was precisely the remark that might be expected from a sailor under such circumstances. They never dream of going to heaven individually.

A tongue of flame darted from the U-boat, but the shrapnel burst beyond them and did no damage; steering with an oar, Valdemar Sigurdson shot the ship's boat in under the towering fantail of the *Matador* to temporary safety. There they hovered, while the U-boat shelled the chief engineer who had incautiously pulled clear of the protection of the torpedoed ship. Sigurdson could see them floundering helplessly in the leaden hail; when a fair hit drove her out of control, Sigurdson watched her blanketed by the choppy seas, and presently the chief engineer and Mr. Howell and their bully boys all went to hell together.

"Thank God for a nice, thick, wet fog," said Valdemar Sigurdson as the cold gray vapor closed in around them. "Give way, lads."

They hauled off a couple of hundred yards into the fog and rested, flipping their oars gently to keep the ship's boat head on to the short, choppy sea. While the master got out a notebook and pencil and set to work to figure his position, the second mate shipped the rudder and the mast and rigged the spritsail.



tiny waterspouts sprang up. "Pull for that fog and pull for your lives!" he ordered.

"Nothing but westerly winds, Mr. Gibson," said Valdemar Sigurdson when he looked up from his computations. "We can't beat to windward very well with a boat like this, so we'll have to run before it. We are out of the steamer lanes, even of those steamers that are on the dodge and have turned pretty well north. We're unusually far to the northward, and all things considered our best bet is to run for the coast of Ireland. Got about twelve hundred miles to go and we'll have a lot of dirty weather." He chuckled mirthlessly. "Old Man Hickman calls me his Viking and his Thunder God—and here I am where my ancestors started—in a small boat, beating down to Britain through the North Sea. Well, they did it without sextant, compass or charts; they didn't know a logarithm from a ham or an azimuth from a Pekinese pup, but they got there somehow, and they got there in quantity; so if this fog holds until we clear that murdering German pirate, I'll set up the drinks in Belfast or I'm not Old Man Hickman's Thunder God. Know anything about small boat sailing, Mr. Gibson?"

"Nothing, sir," Gibson admitted. "I've been raised entirely in steam."

"Praise be, I have not. I owned a sailing dory when I was ten years old; in the days before gasoline motors had been heard from, my old man used to sail a Whitehall boat from Frisco

town to the Farallones, to meet incoming ships and beat his competitors to their orders for stores when they got to port. My old man knew all there was to be known about small boat sailing. He wrote the book—and made me read it! However, I'd feel a lot happier starting on this trip if I had a sea anchor."

"Yes," said Mr. Gibson, "I would, too. We may not need a sea anchor but if we should need it we'll need it badly. If the wind should haul to the eastward now we're liable to slam around out here for a couple of weeks; and on short rations, not to mention the exposure, we'll find it a dirty job to keep her head up to the sea with the oars."

The Thunder God nodded. Once, in his windjammer days, he had spent a week in an open boat. He knew! With his charts spread out on the thwart before him he laid off his course with his parallel ruler, took the tiller and ordered his men to give way with a will. With the little vessel on her course, he ran up the spritsail, the oars were shipped and the survivors of the *S. S. Matador* breezed blithely away at a four knot clip. The fog was thick and getting thicker, a typical North Atlantic fog, driving down before a breeze that carried with it a hint of approaching winter.

Suddenly a man in the bow of the boat shouted: "Starboard your helm! Hard-a-starboard!" Sigurdson jammed his tiller



hard over as a gray shape loomed out of the mist. It was the U-boat, under a dead slow bell, cruising around in the vicinity of her kill.

The Thunder God's boat slid by like a wraith, not twenty feet from her. On the U-boat's deck stood an officer superintending the replacing of the hatch over the gun; in the window of the conning tower appeared the head and shoulders of another officer, peering out into the mist.

The Thunder God pulled his pistol on the instant and fired at this man. He saw a red splotch break out on the man's face and then the face disappeared as the body sagged back from the window. Gibson, who in the emergency had possessed himself of a similar means to force obedience if need be, opened fire on the group on deck. From eleven bullets three visible casualties resulted—and then the fog had swallowed the Thunder God and his Number One boat.

"I feel better," said Mr. Gibson.

The Thunder God smiled. "Yes," he agreed, "little incidents like that do help to uplift a man. Damnation. We haven't much freeboard, have we. Eighteen men in this boat and she's only certified for sixteen."

"Nineteen's the crew, sir," Mr. Gibson corrected him. "One of the engine room force volunteered his company just before we lowered away."

"Oh, yes! The cowardly little rat who wouldn't jump it for the chief's boat. I was going to throw him overboard and make him take his chance with the others in the boat where he belonged, but he dodged out from under me. Which one is he, Mr. Gibson?"

"This article here," the second mate replied and indicated a man who huddled dejectedly in the bottom of the boat with his back against the thwart immediately in front of the Thunder God. "The mess that Hun made out of the other two boats has taken the tuck out of him, I think." He took a small memorandum from one pocket, fished up a stub of a pencil from another and bawled, "Any of you men familiar with small boat sailing?"

"Here!" came the reply and around the edge of the mast peered a broad, untrifled Scandinavian face. "When the captain needs a rest I'll spell him."

"Thank you, Larsen." He turned to the master. "When the wind fails we'll have to row, or if it shifts we'll have to have at least four oars to hold up her head. I'll form four watches of four men each, eh, sir?"

"Good," the Thunder God assented. "Lucky devil, that fellow, to have dodged the passage with the chief engineer. Nevertheless, I do not wish him luck. He's without guts. Hey, you—the man from the engine room force! What's your name?"

The man murmured inaudibly and without turning his head, so Mr. Gibson, a sturdy soul and loyal, reached for his ear and savagely turned it for him. "When the captain speaks to you, my man," he said, "answer in a voice he can hear and understand, say 'sir' and do him the courtesy to look at him. He's master here."

Under Mr. Gibson's gentle rebuke the man from the engine room force turned a white and sickly face toward the Thunder God. The latter whistled shrilly in amazement.

"So it's you, eh?" he roared. "I haven't seen you for a few years, but your rat face hasn't changed, Frenchy." He turned to the second mate. "Mr. Gibson, do you recall the day the *Viking* had completed her trial trip and I was about to take her over to Oakland Long Wharf to load cargo? We were just pulling out from the pier when her low pressure turbine went out. This is the dirty red who slipped a nut through the hand inspection hole and when the steam came through that nut was blown down through the blades and ripped them out like grain before a scythe."

"I recall the incident very clearly, sir. I was quartermaster on the *Matador* at the time and we were lying at the same pier. It required half the crew of the *Viking* to keep you from killing this bird."

"My wife stopped me," the Thunder God explained. "Thou shalt not kill" stuff, you know. He needed killing, Mr. Gibson, but nevertheless my wife was right—as usual. I'd have been held for murder; everything would have been spoiled forever—Frenchy, what the devil possessed you to sign on in the same ship with me?"

"The bonus, of course," Frenchy snarled. "But while I knew the *Matador* was a Hickman ship, I thought you were skipping their *Viking*. The chance came in New York and I took things for granted; I should have asked who the skipper was before signing on."

"Well, that's all right," Sigurdson growled. "You're safe

unless you forget your place. What in the fiend's name possessed you to come into my boat? You knew you didn't belong here, didn't you?"

"I thought you were going in the chief's boat. I can swim, but I didn't want to go in the chief's boat because I thought you were going with him also. So I beat it for this boat—and here we are together, after all."

Mr. Gibson forgot the dreadful events of the past half hour and laughed long and heartily. "If that isn't a fine maritime joke," he declared, "I hope I may never see the back of my neck." Even the grim Sigurdson smiled at the hapless Frenchy until, not knowing what else to do, Frenchy grinned sheepishly and said, "You're not holding a grudge against me still, are you, captain?"

"I am," the master answered. "You're not welcome here. You're an uninvited guest in a boat that's certified for sixteen men and you make the nineteenth. You help to crowd us to the point where we haven't room to do any bailing if bailing becomes necessary. We haven't more than six inches freeboard and my natural impulse is to chuck you overboard to make the going easier for better men than yourself. Go forward where I can't look at you and make room for Larsen to come aft."

The direct actionist grinned another grin, as twisted as his mentality, and crawled gingerly forward over the thwarts and the backs of the men crouched in the bottom of the boat. He was as happy to leave the immediate vicinity of his Nemesis as Valdemar Sigurdson was to see him go.

"It sort of looks as if fate intended I should get that man," the skipper murmured to Mr. Gibson. "Damn him! I don't want him, either. He's a temptation to me. There are too many men in this boat, I tell you, and if the sea lumps up much more—ah, well, what of it? We'll cross our bridges when we come to them. Gibson, you take charge of the water and the biscuit and do not issue either without an order from me. Larsen, you sail the boat for awhile. I haven't had any sleep in ages."

They fled into the east all day and all night. Next morning the fog lifted and the sun came out for a couple of hours to warm the cold occupants of the boat. The Thunder God doled out to his crew a meager ration of water and sea biscuit and alternated his watches at the oars in order that the exercise might help to keep them warm. He worked out his position again at noon, laid out his course and sighed as the wind hauled around until he was forced to take in his tiny sail and depend entirely upon the oars to make meager headway. The men were drenched with spray; they looked blue and miserable. About dusk a cold rain commenced falling and kept up all night; when the gray dawnlight crept over the sea the Thunder God stood up in his boat and counted his men. They numbered eighteen.

"Did somebody get sick of this mess and take a short cut out last night?" he shouted.

A chill, famished figure up in the bow nodded. "Old man McLaurie, the steward, sir. He had terrible pains in his chest last night and went a bit out of his head. Told me he couldn't live anyhow with pneumonia and besides there were three too many in the boat; so he just stood up, sir, and listed overboard, quiet like."

"Peace to old man McLaurie," Mr. Gibson murmured through chattering teeth. "Unless the sun comes out to warm us, that mess boy will not last the day. Glad I had the sense to take my oilskin slicker. I'm cold but I'm not wet."

The sun did not shine that dreary day and, true to Mr. Gibson's prediction, the mess boy died of exposure in the middle of the afternoon. The Thunder God ordered his body tossed overboard and noted with satisfaction that the life boat rode higher now. "Now if that animal, Frenchy, will only die," he confided to Mr. Gibson, "I'll begin to think Providence has not forgotten us."

"No fear, sir. He and one of the quartermasters have been rowing all night—like sensible men. Look at the rotter. Lots of fight left in him. He's managed to keep half warm, at any rate."

Thanks to his foresight in bringing his heavy watchcoat and oilskin slicker, the Thunder God, while cold and miserable, was not particularly affected by the exposure. His heart ached, however, for the wretched men under him who had had no opportunity to prepare, however meagerly, for this dreadful voyage. At dusk the rain ceased and the weather turned colder; the wind hauled from east to southwest, and to run before it with the spritsail merely meant that they would make more northing. They were already too far north for safety, so the Thunder God kept his weary men at the oars, not with any hope of making headway but with the hope that they would not make

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"You love your fellow man so much," roared Sigurdson. "I've decided you shall die for him!"

leeway and would at least keep the boat's head up to the seas and carry on. During the night he and Mr. Gibson did some rowing in order to keep warm.

At daylight two sailors lay dead in the bottom of the boat. "More freeboard," murmured Sigurdson as the bodies were cast overboard. "Poor devils!" His glance roved forward to Frenchy, huddled in the bow. The man's face was blue but his eyes were bright with life and the skipper saw that Frenchy had been rummaging in the tiny locker in the eyes of the boat and had discovered an old peajacket there.

During the week that followed five men went insane and leaped overboard while three died where they crouched in the bottom of the boat. That week was one long nightmare of squalls, unfavorable winds, cold sleet and colder spray; the last three days of it were memorable because of a northwest gale that kicked up a furious sea. The lifeboat, riding far higher now than at the beginning of this voyage through indescribable misery, fled like a hunted thing before it, under the mere wisp of canvas Valdemar Sigurdson would risk her with. She shipped a great deal of water and in order to keep in his men sufficient strength to continue bailing, he was forced to issue them a heavy ration of sea biscuit and water. With Larsen at the tiller, he and Mr. Gibson bailed steadily hour after hour; when the second mate dropped exhausted, the tremendous reserve strength and stamina of Old Man Hickman's Viking came into play and he bailed alone.

Came a time, however, when he realized that this sort of thing could not endure indefinitely. His feet were so badly swollen that he could not stand upon them; he had sat on the thwarts

swaying with the heave and pitch of the boat until the steady grinding of muscle on bone had become unendurable; his body was one vast sore. Mr. Gibson, sturdy, uncomplaining fellow that he was, had gone the limit of his endurance and lay helpless in the bottom of the boat, oblivious to the wash of the seawater they shipped every few minutes. Larsen, at the tiller, kept looking at the Thunder God with a puzzled, patient query in his eyes, and finally Sigurdson could no longer ignore the man. He crawled into the stern sheets beside Larsen.

"Yes," he said, "I know we can't go on this way. If we cease bailing for fifteen minutes we'll fill and finish. I know that the thing to do would be to heave the oil bags over and ride to it with a sea anchor. This following sea will get us, but we can't head into it; we're all too weak to row any longer."

"Too bad we haven't half a dozen blankets," Larsen replied sadly. I've ridden out a gale with a sea anchor made from half a dozen blankets rolled lengthwise. We just brailed about fifteen fathom of inch Manila line to the center of the roll; when the blankets were soaked they sank a little and we lay to nicely under the oil bags and never shipped a drop."

"Well, we haven't any sea anchor and we haven't anything to fashion a sea anchor from, so we'll have to get along without it and test our luck."

At that moment Frenchy came crawling painfully aft. "Say," he demanded, addressing the skipper, "I can't do no more bailing or rowin' unless I get more to eat and drink."

"I'm sorry, Frenchy, but I've got to ration all you poor devils. At that all the water and biscuit will be gone within twenty-four hours."

(Continued on page 122)

*The Last and  
Crowning Instalment  
of*  
Edwin Balmer's  
*Great Novel*  
**The  
Breath of  
Scandal**

*A story about  
real people that is  
making real people  
THINK*

*Illustrations by*  
James Montgomery Flagg

XVIII

**H**ALE intended to sleep late into the next morning, which was Sunday, but he roused shortly after seven o'clock and remained unsatisfactorily awake, gazing at the ceiling and the walls and out of the windows of his room at the club. In part the heat and the breathlessness of the day was to blame, for little or no air was stirring above Michigan Boulevard. The emptiness of Grant Park, across the avenue, was hazy under the slanting orange sunlight, and beyond, the deserted lake lay mirrorlike, gleaming with a long, dazzling distortion of the sun; and the city seemed unnaturally hushed, for the air smelled of streets, and you felt about you the oppression of enormous, crowding buildings; but the streets were almost silent.

"Sunday," Hale reminded himself aloud when he felt this; and he turned over, shut his eyes and tried to sleep but did not.

He sat up in bed and stared out of his window. Sunday, and Sybil wanted him to spend such days as Sunday with her; she wanted themselves alone, far away out in the country, a long, peaceful, happy day. He swore at the thought of it. Sunday; he dropped back on his pillow and again closed his eyes. Sunday in that little flat where Marjorie was born; he could not afford a servant so Sunday was a day he helped about the apartment and played with the baby; hmm, how he could hear her, almost feel her, warm and quick—he always was proud of the quickness of her and her laugh and her straight look into his eyes. Hmm; he opened his eyes to stop seeing that. Sunday; now he was in a little clapboard house in Irving Park where he used to cut the lawn and do odd jobs about the place; now in Evanston on Sunday where he began lying in bed longer and there came Marjorie's little, quick rap at his door. "Hello, Margy; come in!" Her



little cry in response and her rush to have her arms about him and her kiss—"Oh, father you're so fine!" And she thought that, felt that down to the night he went away and she came and found him at that flat.

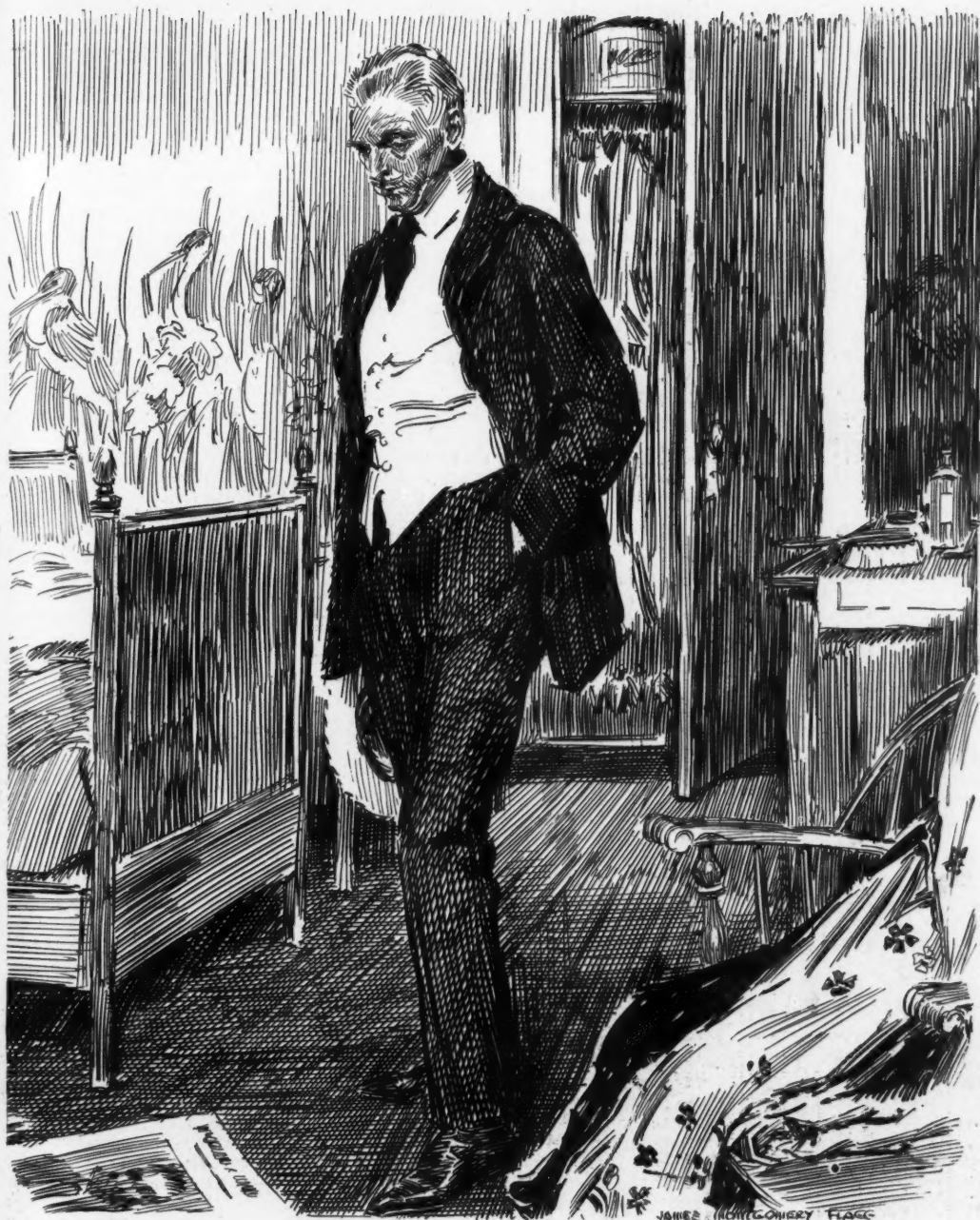
Well, this Sunday here he was in his club and Marjorie was up there on Clearedge Street—a decent enough street, as he had said to Billy. Because it was generally decent Sybil and he had chosen it for their flat and somebody else, who also passed as a husband, had chosen it for his home with that girl who had taken poison.

Hale had her street number, having traced it through the newspaper mention of the poison case, but he had not visited the place. If he did, and she was home, how could he answer what she was sure to ask?

Whittaker of course was looking out for her; Whittaker, indeed, appeared to be occupied with nothing else. And knowledge of that was reassuring and comforting to Charles Hale and it gave him time he needed to consider his course in respect to his daughter and that girl, not married to him nor wanting to be married, but who had no idea of giving him up. Obviously Marjorie could not be in real danger with Billy about.

It was perhaps twenty minutes later that he opened his door





Clara did not let go of the front page when Marjorie seized it but held it between them.

to see if the hallboy had brought his paper and in the dim light he read the headline spread across the front page: **LAWYER SLAIN AT ROADHOUSE.**

Hale picked up the paper and carried it into his room without special thought of this sensation; indeed, he was attracted to glance at a column which had no connection with it, when his eye caught "William Whittaker."

That brought him up; could that be Billy? There it was; no doubt about it. "With the well known law firm of Kempfill, James, Jones and Stern."

Billy Whittaker at Cragero's roadhouse and killed in a brawl—Billy! What was Billy doing there? And with this, fright shot a film before Hale's sight; Billy was Marjorie's protector; he had just been thinking of him as Marjorie's protector and as making Marjorie safe.

Now he could read again. "Whittaker seems to have rushed into the roadhouse convinced that a friend of his was held there. He—"

Sight, or at least ability to focus on type, went from Hale and returned to him only intermittently; and so, now a few lines and now a few lines more, he read the account—the careful, guarded half account or less than half account of what had

occurred at Cragero's—all confused with "allegeds" and "it was said" and the concealment of names which a newspaper employs in its first record of a sudden event likely to involve important people and not clearly understood. But the main fact was perfectly clear; William Whittaker had gone there because he had followed some one else and he had got into trouble there because he had tried to "save" her; and, if he was not too late anyway, he had failed. That was obvious and undeniable, because he had been killed.

And Hale, having read all that the newspaper told, dropped it and his hands went limp; his whole body went limp, even his lips as he tried to cry to himself his daughter's name, "Marjorie."

Where she was now, what had happened to her, the paper did not say; it did not actually print her name at all. It just told of a girl who was there and of a man who was with her.

"Rinderfeld!" Hale cried, his lips strong now. "Rinderfeld, the cover-up!" Of course; and now Rinderfeld had covered up for himself; he was on the ground, right there, before anyone from the police or papers arrived. Rinderfeld with Marjorie!

Hale was at the phone on his wall. "Have a cab at the door for me at once!"

As he got into clothes, he thought: "I could telephone that

place where she is. I could get the number; I could find out whether she's there; but if she is—what of it? I don't think she's dead; or gone away."

His telephone rang and he jumped; but it was only the doorman to say, "Cab is waiting, Mr. Hale."

He went down and gave the cabman the number on Clearedge Street from which the police had taken the poison case; then he sat back and told himself not to think; not to try to think. Billy dead; and Marjorie—Marjorie?

Clearedge; nearer and nearer he was drawing to Clearedge. How well he knew the turns, the names of the nearby places and streets. Ah, now he was near the number. Quiet about there; most curtains down; nobody up. A few girls and boys on the street going toward the lake for early morning bathing.

"Wait!" he cried to the driver when the taxi was before the number of that poison case. He was in the vestibule, ringing and knocking at the entrance door. A drowsy man opened who knew no Miss Hale; so Hale shook him and described. "Oh, Miss Conway in number twelve!"

Hale reached the door and knocked.

A voice answered—Marjorie's. "Who is it?"

"Marjorie, your father!"

"What?"

"Open the door!"

She opened it a few inches; and there she stood, rousing from sleep. Rousing; that meant, until he knocked, she had slept!

"Why, father; what's the matter? Something happened to mother? You had a cable? You—"

But her father stared and clung to the door casing. "She doesn't even know," he realized within himself. "She doesn't even know." And then, because he must tell her something, he said:

"No, not your mother, Marjorie. Billy!"

She jerked and drew the door farther open. "What's happened to him?"

"He's been hurt, Margy."

"Hurt? You mean, father, he's been—badly hurt!"

"Margy, he's dead."

"Dead," she repeated. "Billy dead." Of course it could not come to her; and what held it from reaching her as nearly as it otherwise might was that her father, upon seeing her, had become so queerly let down. "He's dead," he said in strange, dull words, almost as if just remembering his news.

"Margy," he said her name again; and she stepped back into the room. "Come in here, father," she said, forgetting Clara in bed beside her.

He entered, ignoring that strange, dark haired girl sitting up in the farther of the two beds; or rather, he saw her and accepted her as his daughter's companion. "Here is where Marjorie has been living," he thought as he glanced about the room. "There is that girl from the slums—who Billy told me was from the slums—with whom Marjorie's been rooming." And his mind went blank about that girl; went blank now even about Marjorie, for about her he had made a mistake; and he jumped in his thought to his room at the club two mornings ago when Billy—big and red and violent in his strength—had told him of his daughter living here with this girl; and for the first time Hale himself realized that Billy was dead.

"How is Billy dead?" Marjorie was saying to him; she had shut the door. "Father, what is it?"

He stared at her, for the instant unable to speak. His mind—no, not his mind but something driving his mind—was accusing him and he had first to reply to it. A moment ago it had let up on him after seizing him there in his room where he had had the newspaper in his hand; there it had cried to him that he had done to his daughter what he had feared and then denied, he had done to her the frightful and irremediable; but here she was in her nightdress before him and it was—almost—as though she was at home in her own room, only alarmed. She was thinner; Billy had told him that; but, expecting that she would be yet thinner, her father found her well and sound; yes, sound! Her eyes? Just the alarm in them; her hair and her clear, soft skin seemed as they always were. So he had not hurt her so much; but Billy—Billy was dead.

"He was killed," Hale said.

"Killed. How?"

"At a roadhouse; at Cragero's."

"Billy at Cragero's?"

"Yes; he—went there."

What had he told her in that tone he could not control? You must have been to blame for his going there; I was to blame back of you; this was in that driver of his tongue.

"When did he go there? When was it, father?"

"Last night."

"What time?"

"Before midnight. It's in the paper this morning, Marjorie."

"Let me see. Let me see!"

"I didn't bring the paper."

The door opened; the girl who had been in the farther bed was at it; how she got there, kimono on over nightdress and with her feet in slippers, Hale did not know. She had the door open and she went out; she was back with a newspaper in her hand. That newspaper! He could not see the headlines, for she held them before her. She shut the door and looked, not at him, but at Marjorie. "Here it is, kid," she said; but she did not let go of the paper when Marjorie seized it but held it between them, that front page, while the rest of the sheets—the colored comic section, the thick, black-printed folds of advertisements, slid down to the floor about their feet.

"Kid," said the black-haired girl again, that girl from the slums, "he made a pick-up last night after you left him; that's what happened, kid; and he—he"—this was another he now—"he thought it was you and he didn't care what happened to himself; what happened to himself, why, he didn't care a damn."

Then Hale, standing there, learned how it had occurred; his daughter had been with Rinderfeld at a restaurant early in the evening; Billy must have heard of that. But she had gone home and Rinderfeld almost immediately had taken another companion; Billy had missed that; he must have supposed, as this black-haired girl said, that Rinderfeld had Marjorie at Cragero's and, so supposing, Billy had not cared what happened to himself.

Hale went from the room. Marjorie, his daughter, was safe; that is, at least Rinderfeld had not harmed her; she had never been at Cragero's at all. That was what he had come to know; and, having ascertained it, there was nothing for him to wait for Billy was dead; he had brought the news and he had nothing useful to say to his daughter about it. Billy was dead.

Leaving the building, Hale walked down Clearedge Street without conscious choice of destination except that he was avoiding the direction of 4689, and he forgot the taxi he had waiting until the man drove after him and called.

"Oh, yes," Hale recollected. "Thanks." And he got in.

"Where to, sir?"

Where to? That was it; where to, this Sunday morning? Not to Sybil Russell; the plan of spending this day with her had set him swearing hardly an hour ago and that was before that newspaper had come. Now the idea made him sick as if with hollowness and heaviness—contradictory, how could that be, hollow heaviness?—but here he had it within him. He had other contradictions, too; he was hungry; at least, the habit of eating before he went about in the morning was on him; but he could not feel himself stomaching food. Where to? He had to answer that or pay off the man and walk; and then, where to? That was only putting the question back to himself.

"Just drive me about awhile," Hale said.

"North?" suggested the man; he meant nothing by it, nothing more than that north along the lake lie the most attractive roads on a summer Sunday morning. But north Evanston lay.

"No," said Hale. "The west side parks; just drive me through those."

He lighted a cigarette as the cab turned from Clearedge; Sunday, quiet and calm; a few bathers in bathrobes, coats or mackintoshes over bathing suits and barefooted or in slippers, bound for the beaches; except for the cabs and street cars and here and there an opening refreshment place, no business activity. But the newspapers today would be busy; what had happened at Cragero's had occurred so late at night that they had been obliged to publish the few evident facts without investigating what lay behind them; but today gave time for that. Kemphill, James, Jones and Stern; from the cards in Billy's pockets they had learned his business association; by this time the reporters would be interviewing the members of the firm, who would be sure to mention Billy's personal friends. Yes; for awhile, until Hale could put his thoughts in shape, the west side parks would prove useful this morning.

In room number twelve at Jen Cordeen's, Marjorie sat on her bed with the newspaper before her; but she no longer read it. Sometimes she stared at the headlines and at Billy's name printed below—William Whittaker, followed by those words which said that he was dead; sometimes she stared at Clara, who was dressing now, saying nothing to her.

So she had killed Billy; she had killed Billy. It ran as a sort of dull, undownable refrain through her thoughts; she had killed

Billy. Of result of a he was ou by violenc had chose all his sou account to was dead considering for all she with Billy bility in h For she undoubted dwelt upon she could sin." And scandal and





"No," said Marjorie. "I'll not wait, Gregg. Because we needn't; we mustn't."

Billy. Of course not meaning to, never dreaming that, as a result of anything she chose or did, Billy must die. But there he was out in the country somewhere in strangers' hands, dead by violence as a direct result of a course of conduct which she had chosen and which he had opposed from the first and with all his soul; and, if she had to account to no one else, she had to account to Billy for that. Mentally she could believe that Billy was dead but she could not yet feel that fact; so here she was, considering his death while she still held the sensation that, for all she had done, she must yet complete a physical accounting with Billy; and to that accounting was now added her responsibility in his own death.

For she was certain that he must be holding her responsible; undoubtedly, too, he must be accusing her father; but Marjorie dwelt upon her own guilt. "It is just what I always told you," she could imagine him saying, "you can't live with concealed sin." And she had said she could live with sin better than with scandal and so she had killed him.

And you could not cry over a result like that; to be able to cry, to convulse yourself in sobs and wet your face with tears, that would be a too easy, too merciful relief. No; here you were; before you on the bed was the record of what you had done; you had killed Billy. And at how many turning points, when he had first ordered you and then pleaded with you and begged you to go one way, you had always gone the other leading to—"Lawyer Slain at Roadhouse"—Billy.

Here was the night you had come to Mrs. Russell's and your father's flat and you had made Billy give you the name of the lawyer whom Gregg suggested, Rinderfeld. There, at the very first, Billy protested but you went ahead. You went, against Billy's pleading to you, to visit Rinderfeld and you took Rinderfeld's advice against Billy's. Then there was the afternoon on which Mr. Stanway called and you lied to him and, when Billy came, you told Billy of your lie and defended it and he cried out that he could bear no longer your degrading yourself and he would tell the whole truth and have it out and you—you seized





Hale realized all his baby wanted of him was to stand with her when Gregg stood on the other side before the minister.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Billy's big, strong body and you shook him and told him he should not, he should not; and you used yourself up so that he got frightened about you and gave you your way again and let you go upon it; on your way which led to this at the end—Billy Slain at Roadhouse.

"Better get dressed," Clara was saying to her; Clara, now dressed herself, had brought Marjorie's clothes, clean underwear and a plain black and white gingham which Marjorie had bought a few days before.

"Where are you going, Clara?"

"Out," said Clara, cutting the short word very short. "Unless I can do something for you, kid."

"You can't," said Marjorie and Clara went and Marjorie did not even wonder about Clara's errand. As she made definite moves in dressing, Marjorie discovered her own purpose was to go to Billy; that gave her something to do for him. Cragero's; she had never visited the place, though she had heard of it often; she picked up the paper to learn more exactly where it was.

The telephone bell below was ringing; and soon some one knocked at the door. Jen Cordeen, it was. "On the phone, for you," Jen announced; and Marjorie was sure that Clara,

on her way out, had spoken to Jen; for Jen said not even good morning; that was Jen's way, never to butt into others' affairs and, when something was the matter, to say even less than usual. "Mowbry, he gave his name."

It obliged Marjorie to reckon in Gregg on her accounting and, ever since she had heard, she had been keeping herself from that. But now here he was in it; you couldn't escape thought of him, though it was thought of Gregg now forever without Billy; it was thought of Billy lost to Gregg not in any metaphorical manner but lost, dead and gone, with Gregg never to speak to Billy again or even to speak of Billy, except as dead.

She followed Jen downstairs to the office and she thought: Did Gregg know? Had that paper which had reached her father at his club reached also that top floor of the Ontario Street rooming house? For the moment when she entered the office and Jen Cordeen stayed out and shut the door, Marjorie wanted still to imagine Gregg as he had been, not knowing; and then she realized that, if he were so, she would have to tell him.

But he knew; his first tone, "Hello, Marjorie," made it perfectly plain to her as hers—"Oh, Gregg, where are you?" made it plain to him that she knew.

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a little color always in his scarfs; so she realized and said, "You heard before you went out."

"Yes; they got our old address—my old address—from the telephone book and tried to call somebody there by phone last night. Early this morning they got about and finally knocked up Dora, who was with her mother on the floor below; she gave them my address. I heard about seven o'clock."

And bit by bit, as she could best bear it, he continued telling her.

"I got that car from Jim Cuncliffe and went out. What do you know, Marjorie? Just what's in the paper?"

"Yes." And then she told him. "Father brought it to me. He thought I—I'd been at Cragero's with Mr. Rinderfeld! He thought that was why Billy was there; and that was why Billy was there, because I was with Mr. Rinderfeld last night."

"Not at Cragero's!" Gregg denied almost sharply.

"No; but in town; we had dinner together or at least we started dinner together. We were talking and he asked me to marry him; I mean he started—I all at once understood that all along he meant—he had the idea I might marry him. I got up from the table; we'd just got our order and he was only telling me some things about himself but you see—"

"I see," said Gregg. "You went home; and he didn't."

"It's perfectly clear to me what happened then, Gregg. He'd been telling me, admitting to me frankly that girls—women like Mrs. Russell—had formed his life; but he had stopped going with them after he got to know me. He was trying to make himself fit, he said, for me; and when I got up because I couldn't sit there with him after I realized that he planned, he expected . . . I went home and he—he went back to the girls he'd given up; or to one of them." She stopped again.

"To one physically like you," Gregg continued, breathing very deep. "When the reporters described her, they gave me an awful minute, Marjorie; then they went on—and I knew she wasn't you. But of course Bill didn't know that last night. He came into Cragero's sure you were there; it was just a frightful mistake all around. Rinderfeld—of course I had my time when I wanted to get him; but not a newspaperman blamed him. Not one; no, they were fair; they said nobody wanted to kill Bill or even hurt him." Gregg looked down, cleared his throat and looked at her again.

"People who were there—lots of them decent people—gave their names and agreed that nothing was going on that was wrong when Bill came in and tried to smash into a private dining room. Cragero tried to argue with him; then they tried to put him out; that was all; so he went for the bouncer and—it happened, Marjorie."

"I've just come from there, you know. That's the truth of the end of Bill. He died all at once,

just as he was; and he knows now, Marjorie, if he knows anything, that you weren't there; that'd be the one thing he'd want to know. He's found it out; so he's happy and not—not bucking life, not just forever hopelessly fighting and trying to make over life, Marjorie. That's what he'd always have to do; that's what he always did, from the first day I met him at the U. of M. he was always wanting to make over—make over things and people no matter how impossible it was. He never wanted people—even you and me, whom he loved, Marjorie, he didn't want either of us as we have to be."

A few moments later he said: "So when you think about Bill out there at the roadhouse, think of him not having to go on bucking life, fighting life with all his strength and will, and simply refusing to have life as—as it's got to be. You see, Marjorie, when you think it over that way, you see he had to come to something like that; nothing and no one could have stopped him. He was strong, you see; he thought you were there and you weren't and he wouldn't have it that you weren't there when he believed you were; so he fought them all and killed himself. And I guess, with him the way he was, there wasn't any other way out for Bill."



"I'm with Bill, Marjorie," he told her then.

"Gregg, I want to come there."

"I'm coming back to town now; I want to come to you. No one can do any good here, Marjorie; the authorities—you understand they have to keep him where he is for awhile. I've learned how it all happened; let me come there and tell you, Marjorie. I've got a car and I'll be right in; you'll wait there for me, won't you?"

"Oh, Gregg," she cried, "Gregg—Gregg . . ." And she understood after a moment when his voice was gone that it was because he was coming; and she ran up to her room where she threw herself on her bed and received, at last, a merciful relief.

She was by her window when he arrived and she went down to the inner door as he entered; she seized his hands, cold and damp as her own were; his eyes came to hers. "He's not marked," Gregg told her first. "He lies as if he was asleep."

"Yes," she said. "Yes; I wanted to know that."

Jen Cordeen had left the office open for them and empty; and the day bed upon which she slept had been made up as a couch. Marjorie and Gregg went in and closed the door.

He had on his blue suit and with it a black tie; he had worn



She said nothing to him; nor did she try to; for he had brought her comfort beyond any hope she could have held. And not once did he empty reassure her by "it wasn't your fault," or by "you've nothing to blame yourself for" or by "you always acted for the best" or by any of the other idle denials and protestations of such a time. He simply told her the truth as it was with him; and when again she cried, tears ran down his face, too. And thus, there together, he kissed her with a gentleness she had never known before and she clung to him, for each needed the other so.

"He has to stay out there," Gregg told her then, "till this afternoon. There's an inquest, you see. I've wired his brother in Bay City who'll tell his parents; some one's sure to come down. They'll probably reply to Pearson Street; Dora'll get it. I'll have Bill brought there tonight."

She asked him about his own need of money for what he must do; and he told her, "I got fifty dollars from Jim Cuncliffe when I got his car."

She ran up to her room and brought down twenty-four dollars she had there. "You must use this for expenses, Gregg." And he took it from her without argument; but he said:

"I'll take you home now."

Home! "Home, for it's all over," that was what his "home" said. And she knew he meant "home" not to his own home in Muskegon, as Billy had meant to take her to his home in Bay City; he meant to take her to her own home in Evanston; for it was over, her adventure here; it was over and she knew it. So she went out with him to Jim Cuncliffe's car and he took her home; then he left her to return, himself, to East Pearson Street.

### XIX

Home. What was this new difference in the big, quiet, clean, cool, perfectly kept halls and rooms? Not in the walls and furnishings nor in any single item of decoration or arrangement; everything was precisely as it always had been in summer; yet what a strange place, her home! How could one house become in a few short months so profoundly different from what it had been before that night of the Lovells' dance and then wholly alter again?

For it had been one place up to that morning which finally dawned with March sunshine on the snow and sparrows and pigeons hopping about as Marjorie looked out of her window on the day after her visit to Mrs. Russell's flat on Clearedge Street; on that day and thereafter as long as Marjorie remained at the house, life in her home had been wholly altered; and here it was something strange again.

It had not swung back to what originally it had been; no, nothing like that; it seemed, instead, to have swung beyond the point to which it had dropped and reached another point of poise. Something like the pendulum in the big clock in the hall, which had two situations in which it halted and paused. Now up here to the left it swung to its highest point, stopped and stood; that was life here as it first had been. Now it dropped; bottom, but no stop there; just a swing through. That was the second situation in her home; that was the March morning. Now the swing up to the next point of pause. Here we were now; here her life was, for the time, standing still. You could not see the pendulum actually stand; yet you knew it must; it was obliged to be for some instant at rest. So now must come to the Hales a moment of rest.

Marjorie was in her own room, which was clean and fresh as always it had been kept for her. She had spoken to Sarah and Martin, both of whom knew about Billy; and Sarah had followed her to her room with offers to "help"; but Marjorie only thanked her and sent her away.

No change in Marjorie Hale's bright, pleasant room; nothing different; no surprise until, opening a drawer in her desk, she came upon a pile of unopened letters to her from her mother. Some one, her father probably, had arranged them in order by postmarks and one had arrived for each week her mother had been away. Marjorie noticed the postmarks: London, Winchester, Bath and the other English towns and cities visited exactly on the schedule which her mother had made long before. Beyond doubt her mother had received, on schedule, the letters which Marjorie had written weekly in care of the Pall Mall office of the trust company which was always her mother's forwarding agent; and Marjorie was sure that, unless some extraordinary upset had occurred, there was nothing in all this pile of letters which would have required from her more concrete reply than she had made in her letters written without seeing these. She looked through them and found that her presumption had proved correct.

These were thoughtful, excellently expressed letters which her mother wrote, appreciative of the beauties, the serenities, the dignities of the sea, of the shore, of moor and downs, of Parliament buildings with the moon above them, of St. Paul's, Westminster, the Roman remains at Bath. What a world removed her mother lived in, how far from Mrs. Russell's flat on Clearedge Street and from Cragero's; and yet how closely were those worlds connected today, opposite though they were, when for her father to resort to one was an outcome of her mother's inhabiting the other.

Church bells were ringing—so many bells in Evanston—and booming with no wondering appeal; for people were going to church, and as they passed, suddenly it was not Marjorie Hale but Marjorie Conway, roommate of Clara Seeley, who watched them from the window. There they passed, men and women, young and older; and just now Marjorie was thinking particularly of the women, good and respectable by any ordinary reckoning. That is, they maintained honesty, verbal and financial integrity, agreeable manners; and professed faith, hope and charity; and practiced giving to the poor. But what gave they for what they gave away? What gave they for the far greater sums they lavished directly or indirectly upon themselves?

They had given, or they meant to give sometime, under conditions which would cost them as little as possible, the pain and inconvenience of motherhood; some of them once and that once for all; some of them twice. Then afterwards these had lived or they meant to live, by what?

Marjorie imagined Clara Seeley beside her knowing what she did about some of these people; and she seemed to hear Clara say: "Kept wives!"

And to possess a mansion, to build for yourself the housing for a family with many rooms and with wide lawn and to fill it with servants enough to minister to many; to buy with your husband's money the display of appurtenances of a home for many children; and for the woman to bear a single child for her justification for ease all her life—that became to Marjorie base and despicable.

Still the church bells booming.

A car turned in at the house and Marjorie saw her father on the rear seat; in the silence she heard his voice speaking to Martin; now he was on the stairs. She arose and went to the middle of her room when he rapped and called to her in a low tone.

She said, "Please come in, father."

"So you're still here; Martin telephoned forty minutes ago that you had come home. He reached me at the club."

"Yes," she said. "I've been reading mother's letters." Then: "We all had our part in killing Billy, didn't we, father? And of course he had his part in killing himself; nobody meant to. That's what Gregg said even about them out there, at Cragero's; nobody meant to."

He gazed at her straight without speaking until, after a few moments, he asked: "You've come home to stay, Margy?"

"Have you, father?"

His eyes remained on hers, straight; they gained distance, gazing through her, and lost the distance again. He did not speak.

"That's not fair; I know it now, father," she said, catching breath quickly. "I haven't asked mother to come home. I'll stay here now; of course I'll stay near you, if you want me to. I want to be near you, father. But about coming home—me; of course I've not done that."

Yet he waited.

"Home, father; home's a sort of fairy place, isn't it? It's not like any other house in the world when it's—home; your father's not like any other man; nor your mother like any other woman. When they are, it's gone like that, home; and you can't come back to it just by opening a door of a house and stepping in, can you?"

He cleared his throat and after a moment said: "No. This isn't—home, Marjorie; of course I know I can never make a home home for you again."

It caught her up with eyes suddenly filled and she seized his hands. "Father, oh father! I'd like to have it back! I'd come back home if I could . . . But it wasn't fair to you, home, our home you made; it wasn't right to you, even long ago . . ."

When he left her, he entered his own room and there he stood by that chair of his—"father's chair"—which belonged to the days when Marjorie was born; and he thought that he would give anything to begin back there again when he first sat in that chair holding her. Then (Continued on page 114)



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(114)



**PHOEBE FOSTER** plays  
the enchanting heroine of  
"Captain Applejack."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO 65



**M**AY McAVOY is a New York girl, but her brunelle beauty is shining in California, where she is at work on a new Paramount picture.



**MARY BETH MILFORD**  
*contributes something more  
than beauty to Irving Berlin's  
"Music Box Revue."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARPENTERS STUDIO



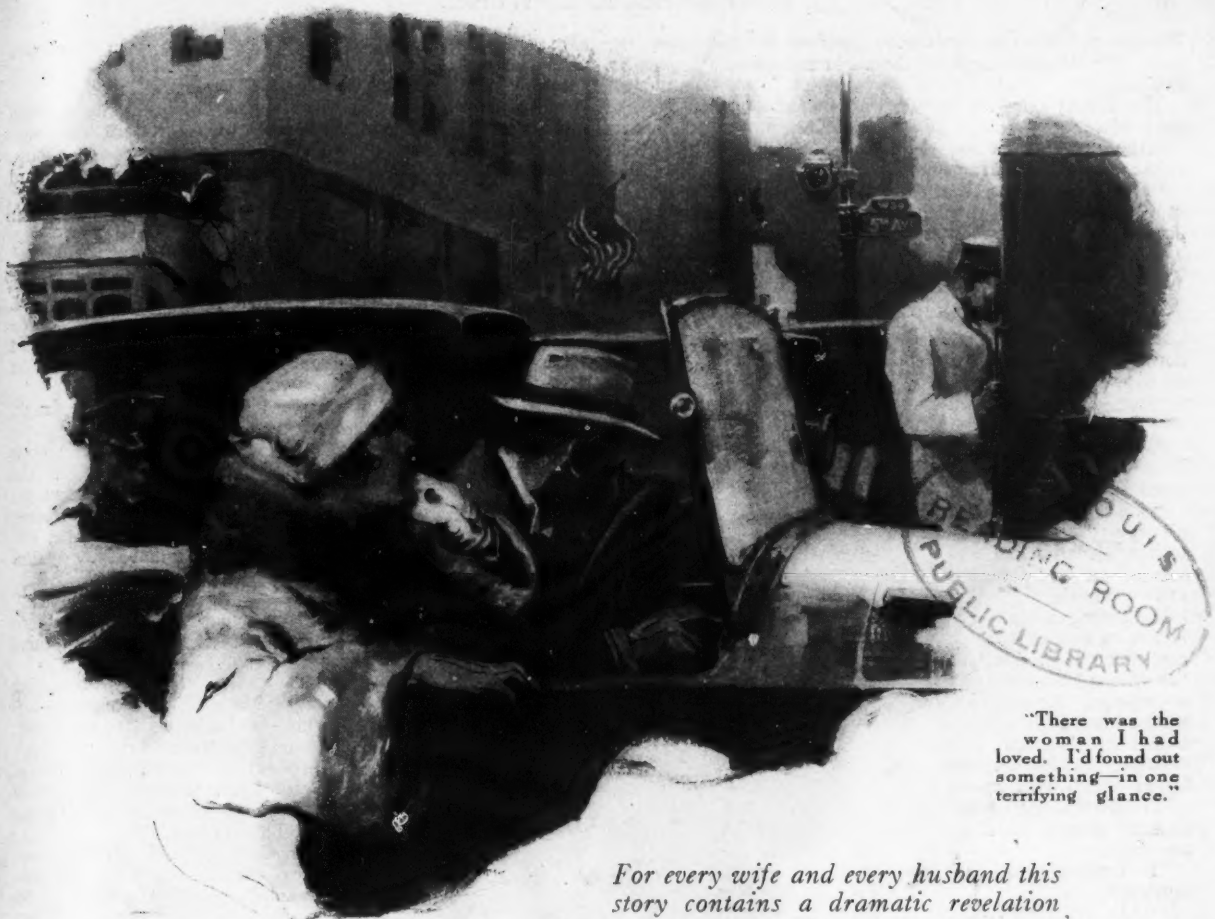


**T**HE FAIRBANKS TWINS—Madeleine and Marion—danced their way to fame on Broadway, and are now gracing Cosmopolitan Productions' screen version of "The Beauty Shop."

OR

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE STUDIO

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"There was the woman I had loved. I'd found out something—in one terrifying glance."

*For every wife and every husband this story contains a dramatic revelation.*

# For Better or Worse

by Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrations by H. M. Stoops

IT WAS almost dark when Dr. Tiffany, the famous surgeon entered his office and switching on the desk light picked up his favorite medical journal and began to read. After a long day over the operating table he was congratulating himself upon a quiet hour alone. He had just become interested in an account of some new experiments in bone grafting when the roar of a motor outside the windows drew his attention, followed by the quick ringing of a bell. The doctor frowned, flicked off his eyeglasses and glanced impatiently toward the door. A maid opened it, said a few words.

"All right," the doctor snapped, laying his magazine aside. Quiet hours, in his busy life, were few and far between.

The man who came in was quivering with excitement. Tall, straight, clean limbed, his rugged, handsome face was gray as a storm cloud, his fingers twitched incessantly along the brim of his hat.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, striding up to the desk, "I want you to come to the Central Hospital at once!"

"What for?" questioned the surgeon imperturbably. Long experience had rendered him immune to the hysteria of others.

"To see a woman. She's been badly hurt. Knocked down by an automobile at Thirty-fourth Street. They rushed her to the hospital in an ambulance at once. Wanted to operate, but I wouldn't let them do anything until I got hold of you. Money's no object. I want the best." He dragged a bit of pasteboard from his pocket. "My car's outside. If we hurry we can be there inside of ten minutes."

Dr. Tiffany glanced at the card the man handed him. "William Barton," he read. "Investment Securities."

"You'll come?" the man pleaded, his voice shaking. "It—it means so much to me—"

"Your wife?" asked the doctor, taking his instrument case from the table.

"No!" The reply came almost defiantly. "A—a friend. What difference does it make?"

"None so far as I am concerned." They passed into the hall, where Dr. Tiffany secured his hat and coat. "In our profession it is the injury, not the individual, that counts. You say the woman is badly hurt?"

"Yes. Her skull is fractured, I'm afraid. Internal injuries too, very likely. They were examining her when I left—I didn't wait to hear. I wanted you because I know you can save her, if anybody can." He sprang to the wheel of his car and drove off at furious speed the moment the doctor had taken his place beside him. "She's unconscious, of course."

Dr. Tiffany made no comment. His thoughts were still with the bone grafting experiments from which he had been so unceremoniously torn. The man beside him, with set jaws, eyes fixed on the street ahead, did not speak again until they swept up to the hospital gates. A moment later they were at the woman's bedside.

The doctors, the nurses in the room silently made way for the famous surgeon as he bent over the injured woman, asking meanwhile a few rapid questions. The man who had brought him, William Barton, stood breathing heavily near the door.

His eyes were fixed in horror upon the immovable figure upon the bed; slight, fragile, exquisite, she might have been a broken bit of alabaster.

Dr. Tiffany's fingers moved with incredible swiftness, like those of a prestidigitator. For several moments only the hoarse breathing of the man near the door disturbed the silence of the room. Suddenly the surgeon straightened up.

"I'll operate at once, Austen," he said to the physician beside him. "Have Hirshberg up if he's about." He turned to the door.

Barton sprang toward him.

"Will she live?" he asked, his voice breaking.

"We'll do our best," the doctor replied without pausing. Then as the other followed him into the corridor: "You'd best wait in the reception room downstairs. I'll see you there—afterwards."

"But—I—can't you tell me—"

"Nothing, now. See you later." He shrugged his shoulders and was gone.

William Barton groped his way rather unsteadily to the elevator and descended to the reception room. Several anxious looking persons sat about. Snatching a cigar from his pocket he went out into the street. Scarcely had he reached the sidewalk when a woman sprang from a cab at the curb and swept up to him, her eyes bright with excitement, vivid color flaming in her cheeks. Barton stared at her dully.

"I—I thought you had gone," he muttered.

"Will! How can you? Is this fair to me? Is it just?"

His hands moved in an unconscious gesture of protest.

"When I left you I—I asked you to go home."

"Without you! Tonight, of all nights! Will—do you realize what you are saying?"

"Nina," he whispered, "can't you understand? She—she is terribly hurt. She—" he paused vacantly as though unable to put his thoughts into words. "Terribly hurt."

"I know. But—should that mean so much to you—now? Will, dear"—her voice suddenly became pleading—"come along with me. It isn't any good, your staying here. You can't do anything. You know that. And it isn't fair to me. It isn't right. Oh—can't you see how you are hurting me?" She put her hand on his arm, her eyes seeking his. "Please come won't you, dear?"

The man shuddered as he took her hand from his sleeve.

"I must stay. I don't expect you to understand. You couldn't ever. No woman could, I guess." He moved toward the waiting cab. "You must get in. I insist on it."

There was a moment's hesitation as the woman's eyes met his; then, sobbing convulsively, she obeyed. Barton gave a desperate glance at her slender figure, huddled in one corner of the seat, and seemed about to speak but checked himself. Instead, he drew a bill from his pocket and crushed it into the chauffeur's hand.

"Drive this lady to the Wiltshire Apartments—Sixty-eighth Street," he commanded.

"But—Will—" the woman in the cab made one last appeal. Barton closed the door.

"Nina—Nina," he said hoarsely, "can't you see this is a matter of life and death? I—I'll come to you later. Good by." He waved to the chauffeur to go ahead. Then, chewing savagely upon his unlighted cigar, he went back to the reception room.

Dr. Tiffany, coming down from the operating room, found him pacing restlessly up and down the floor.

"Will she live, doctor?" Barton questioned.

"It is impossible to say definitely. The injury to the skull was not so extensive as I had feared, but—there are other complications—the question of shock, of internal lesions, of the spine. We cannot tell definitely yet. We must wait." He went toward the door.

"I'll drive you home," said Barton, following him.

"It isn't necessary. I'll find a taxi."

"But—I—I'd be glad to. I can't stay here."

"No. Not much use in that. The patient won't be conscious for some time, at best, and you couldn't see her if she were. And they'd put you out anyway at nine-thirty. Rules, you know. Why don't you go home and have something to eat—rest? You look tired out."

Barton gave a queer little laugh, almost derisive in its quality.

"Get in," he said, throwing open the door of his machine. "I'll take you back. And maybe, when we get there, you wouldn't mind my coming in for a while—talking to you a bit. Got to talk to somebody. I—I'm pretty well upset."

"If you want to talk about the case," the doctor remarked as he climbed into the car, "there really isn't anything I can say until—"

"It's more than that. Something else. Something astonishing—terrible—that happened to me today. I don't understand it yet—don't understand myself—anything. Don't know what to do. I'm all in." He bent over the steering wheel and groaned.

Dr. Tiffany searched the haggard face of the man beside him with professional eyes, then glanced at his watch.

"Quarter to seven," he said. "I'm going home for dinner. If you don't mind taking pot luck, join me."

"But—your family—"

"I haven't any. My wife died ten years ago. Glad to have you. Tire-some at times, eating alone. I'll give you something to pull you together and then you can go ahead and talk all you want to while we eat." He laughed with a certain grimness. "We surgeons, you know, can't afford to have nerves. I'm as hungry as a bear."

When, later, they were seated at table, the doctor regarded his guest critically.

"Curious your never having been married," he remarked.

"I'd have supposed you the sort of man who would."

"I didn't say I'd never been married," Barton replied. "You asked me if the woman who was hurt was my wife, and I told you she wasn't. As a matter of fact, I was married almost six years ago." He rested his head on his hands for a moment, gazed blankly at the opposite wall. "God! It seems six centuries. Married to a woman I loved—who loved me, too, I guess—a splendid woman, high bred, sensitive, fine—oh, fine! We were happy for a time—sounds commonplace, doesn't it—for a time? So many men say that—and then get tired of a thing just because it's theirs—tired of what they have—looking for something new. That's human nature—life. I'm no different from the rest. Fools, all of us, in a way. 'Each man kills the thing he loves,' you know. And women too. My wife and I did that—just sort of drifted apart—not her fault—maybe not mine either. People can't help changing as the years go by."



Barton's eyes were fixed in horror upon the immobile figure. "Will she live?" he asked.



Get interested in different things—people. See that currents are sweeping them apart, yet make no effort to resist them.

That's how it was with us. I had my friends—men mostly—she hers. We got to seeing less and less of each other—she'd be away in the mountains, at the shore, summers—I'd stay in town. Had to more or less on account of business, but—I didn't seem to care. Funny, isn't it, the stock attitude people have toward marriage? They make comic strips—songs out of it. 'My wife's gone to the country—hurray—hurray.'

better than I how selfish people get who won't have children. People who consider nothing but their personal comfort—unwilling to make sacrifices for the children they've never known. Turns them into selfish beasts. I know. Bound to. How many men or women of your acquaintance, if it came to a choice between another child or a new car, would give up the car? Not many, I'll bet.

"Well, we went on that way for four years. Not always the same, of course. There would be times when we seemed very close to each other, and then again we would drift so far apart that it looked as if we'd never come together again. Back and forth like a pendulum, and never getting anywhere. Just drifting.

"Finally we quarreled. About some stupid thing I'd done—just what it was I don't even remember now. Not very important but enough to cause an explosion, like a spark in a powder magazine. I'd been thoughtless, the way men are, and it made her angry. We

might have made it up, but our cursed pride wouldn't let us. We came very near it once—some mutual friends got us together for a talk, but we each demanded too much, wouldn't give in—and in the end we parted. Arranged to get a divorce.

I went along pretty much the same after that—moved to my club—spent my time with men—business. Not quite the same of course. There'd be times I'd think about her—wish I had it all to do over again—but—I went on. Until I met another woman.

"It's usually that way, don't you think? A man gets—lonely. I met her, fell in love with her. Beautiful, clever, charming. There was an empty place in my life, you see, and—well, she filled it. Maybe it's easier for a woman to do that—to

attract a man—make herself necessary to him—if he's been married before. It was with me. She was eager to give me the happiness I lacked, and I was eager to take it. When I asked her to marry me, she consented—said she cared for me with all her heart." Barton stared moodily down at the untasted food on his plate. "I said I cared for her."

The doctor gave him a frosty smile.

"Well—what then?" he asked. "So far your experience seems ordinary enough."

"Ordinary!" Barton leaned forward, his muscular fingers crushing to powder the roll he held in his hand. "Ordinary! God! Wait until I tell you what happened—today. I was driving uptown about half-past five, and somewhere around Thirty-ninth Street—I don't remember exactly—I got caught in a traffic jam—held up for several minutes. Suddenly I heard

Oughtn't to be like that, I suppose, but it is. Men and women breaking their necks to get married, to be with each other, and then sitting up nights figuring out ways to get away from each other. Queer. We might have done a lot, both of us, to make life together worth while, but somehow we didn't. Too much trouble to make the effort, I guess. Selfish.

"I suppose things might have been different if we'd had any children, but we didn't. That was selfishness too. I never wanted any—thought I didn't at least, and I got my wife to thinking that way as well. We decided children were a nuisance—that they would spoil our freedom, keep us poor, rob her of her good looks—all that. Ha! Being a doctor I guess you know





Will shuddered. "I don't expect you to understand. No woman could, I guess."

an ambulance bell behind me, ringing for a clear way, and then almost before I knew it the machine drew up alongside me and stopped. I looked in. What I saw shocked me so I almost wrecked the car. There was a woman lying on a stretcher—so close I could almost have reached out and touched her—her face like ashes—a blood-stained bandage about her head! God!"

"The woman you were to marry!" exclaimed the doctor feelingly.

"No! She was sitting beside me in my car! The woman in the ambulance was my former wife!"

"Incredible!" the doctor whispered.

"Incredible—yes—but true! I cried out aloud. 'It's my wife!' The woman beside me took one glance at that ghastly white face, then turned away, shuddering. Sympathy? I don't know.

72

Perhaps. Women, even the best of them, aren't superhuman. You couldn't expect it in those circumstances. 'This way,' she said, pointing to the side street. And the ambulance was going north. You see, she wanted to get away—to get me away—from that terrifying sight. But I didn't turn. I went on. When she saw that, she took hold of my arm. 'What are you going to do?' she asked.

"That was the question. That was the thing that has torn me to bits ever since the moment I saw her—my wife—lying there. I'd found out something—found it out in one terrifying glance! Between two people who have been married there exists—always exists—an intangible bond. You can't destroy it. Call it what you like, it's there. Nothing ever destroys it. All the tenderness I'd ever had for her came back,

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swept over me, gripped at my heart. Can you understand?" The doctor slowly nodded. His eyes were fixed on the portrait of a sweet faced woman which hung over the mantel.

"Yes. I quite understand. What did you do then?" "I followed that ambulance, of course. I had to. There wasn't anything else I could do—or wanted to do. There was the woman I had loved—the woman I'd sworn to stick to, for better or worse, lying there hurt—dying, perhaps—with no one to help her. It seemed to me that it was my duty to go to her—do what I could for her in spite of all that had happened—in spite even of the woman who sat beside me—of her protests. For she tried to stop me, of course. I suppose any woman, placed as she was, would. I looked at her—saw anger in her eyes—anger and hurt pride and fear, too—fear that she might in some way lose me. She tried persuasion at first, and when I would not listen she tried tears. I said nothing. It was brutal, I suppose, but there wasn't anything I could say (except that the woman who was hurt needed me.) Finally we got to the hospital.

"I told them there that the injured woman was a dear friend of mine and that I was coming to get you. The girl I was with waited outside in my car. She thought when she saw me come back that I'd finished—was ready to take her away. When I told her about getting you she began to cry, but I felt I couldn't endure her reproaches—not then—there was no time to spare for such things, so I called a cab for her and begged her to go home. She didn't go. Waited outside in the cab while you operated. I went out to smoke and saw her, talked with her. She couldn't understand why I wouldn't leave. You see, we had made certain plans."

Barton thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a folded document. "I haven't told you, doctor, where that girl and I had been when we met the ambulance. We'd been down town, getting the marriage license! We were to be married tonight! Think of it!" He stared dully at the paper in his hands. "She's waiting for me now—waiting for me to come to her—marry her! God!" He rose with a gesture of finality. "I—what am I going to do?"

The doctor also rose. His manner was as imperturbable as ever. He lighted a cigar, offered one to his guest.

"I'll be going back to the hospital presently," he said. "I imagine you'll want to know how the patient is before you do—anything." Barton shuddered, made a gesture of acquiescence. "If you will leave me your telephone number, I'll call you up as soon as we are in a position to know. Where will you be?"

"At my club. I'll wait there. Here's the number." He hastily wrote it on a card. "I'll wait there in my room until I hear from you. No matter how late. You won't forget?"

"No. I don't forget such things." He extended his hand. "Glad to have had this talk with you. I understand what you're going through. You have my sympathy. You haven't asked me for advice, and I shouldn't give it to you if you had. I confine myself to my profession in that respect. More in my line. Such problems as yours a man has got to work out himself. Queer, isn't it, the tricks fate plays? If you'd been a minute or two earlier or later this afternoon, I suppose you'd have been married by now. Well, it isn't too late yet. I'll let you hear from me as soon as possible. Good night."

When Barton reached his club a letter awaited him—a note delivered by messenger. He did not open it until he was alone in his room.

Will, dear (the letter said) I've been half mad, trying to get you on the telephone. After what you did this afternoon—after what you have done since, leaving me to sit here alone on what was to have been our wedding night—I feel as though you really did not care—that your heart is with some one else—some one whose welfare is more to you than mine is. You have been very cruel to me. I can understand the shock you must have felt. I can understand your desire to do what you could for that poor woman. But I cannot understand why, having done all you could do, you have not come to me. Have I no claim on your consideration? Am I to be thrust aside, my feelings bruised, battered, a thing of no importance, just because of this unfortunate accident? God knows I don't wish her any harm. You must know that. But I am only human and I love you, and loving you I am jealous—bitterly jealous and resentful that she or any other woman could have the power to come between us, to make our love for each other a thing so unimportant that I must sit here in silence and wait just because something has happened to her. It is not fair. You gave each other up. It should be final, complete. Your regret for her misfortune should not cause you to hurt me. I pray with all my heart that she may live, but whether she lives or dies, it should not affect us any more than would the death of a stranger, beyond your natural and understandable regret. If it does—if it has the power to keep you from me, then I can only conclude that you do not love me.

I shall not call you again. When you get this letter, come to me at once. If you do not, I will know that I am right—that our love, so far as you are concerned, is not big enough to stand its first real test. But oh, my dear, I do so hope you will come so that we may bear whatever happens together! I shall be waiting.

Nina

Barton allowed the letter to flutter from his trembling fingers unheeded. His face was like a tragic mask cut in stone. Motionless he sat watching the hands crawl around the face of the clock which stood upon his desk top. Nine, ten, eleven passed with no word from the hospital, yet he did not move. Suddenly the ringing of the telephone bell snapped his nerves to rigid tension. The voice of Dr. Tiffany came, cool and impersonal, over the wire.

"Mr. Barton? This is Dr. Tiffany. I think I can safely say that the patient will live. She stood the effects of the shock, the operation, remarkably. But as I feared there were certain injuries to the spine which may result in her being an invalid—a cripple, I regret to say—for life. It is too early, of course, to speak definitely, but that is my present opinion. We will do our best, of course. If you will come to my office in the morning I will explain the case to you in greater detail."

"My God!" Barton whispered. "A cripple!"

"At present she is resting comfortably," the doctor went on. "Should there be any change, I will of course let you know at once. And by the way—it may interest you to know that during her delirium she kept calling constantly for you—at least I presume it was you, since she used your first name. If you look in, in the morning, please do so before ten. Good night."

Barton hung up the receiver. With shaking fingers he drew from the pocket of his coat the marriage license he had shown the doctor earlier in the evening and stared unseeingly at it.

"For better or worse," he muttered, over and over. "For better or worse."

Then he slowly tore the license to shreds.



"The wildest of them all!" old lawyer Pepperill warned young Maitland. "Clever, reckless—between ourselves, very likely a wrong 'un. She's really dangerous, that girl! If you meet her, give her plenty of room."

But when Maitland met Diana—"he looked down into a face like a white jungle flower shot with scarlet. Something drew him to her—yet she had not even raised those eyes which glinted like luminous pieces of Chinese jade."

You will meet Diana in Arthur Train's startling study of the younger generation, "His Children's Children"—beginning in July Cosmopolitan.



# A Gesture of No Importance

A New Story of the  
ORIENT

by

Achmed Abdullah

Illustrations by  
A. I. Keller



"Girl," Calderon whispered, "can you resist its call?"

**H**ALF an hour earlier she had heard about Ibrahim Khan's Road and the *mehchacha*, the native tavern which gave to it a spice of special significance, from Don Sigismondo Calderon, the drunken Spanish painter whom she had met at the Tugurt hotel. He had taken a fancy to her, with reservations; had told her about both in an access of brutal directness.

"You are very beautiful," he had said, "only you are incomplete. You are like a charming sketch, but without highlights, without distinction. You are—oh—too cold, too self-centered."

"What do you want me to do? Fall in love?"

"If you can. At all events—take a look at life."

"I've seen a lot of it, Don Sigismondo."

"Not life's worth while things, my dear!" And when, a little irritated, she had quoted some of her experiences as a reporter, he had called them second hand thrills; and when she had continued more and more heatedly that she had "done" Tunis thoroughly, that her notebooks were crammed with impressions and little adventures, he had made a slurring allusion to tourist twaddle.

74

"I suppose you're going to write a book when you get home?" he had asked, causing her to blush self-consciously. "All about Arab life, eh? Why, you know nothing of life—life's vital aspects!"

"Hard to find what you call vital, and our definitions of the term may differ!" She had bowed stiffly, about to walk away.

"Don't be a silly little cat!" Immediately his frank laugh had disarmed her. "It's easy enough to find life's essence, its real meaning, here in Tunis amongst the Arabs. Because these Arabs—they are not like us—they do not think when they feel. They do not consider emotion a problem in abstract dynamics as we do. Life—yes—it's easy to find it here!"

"Is it?"

"Yes. If you have two qualities, my dear. Curiosity—and pluck."

"One and the same thing in a woman's philosophy!"

"You are bright!"

He had poured himself another drink of cognac, had pointed from the hotel balcony at the little Arab town squatted below. She had looked; and the scent, the inexpressible feel of it, had crept through her.

And then the Spaniard who had spent here a lifetime had told her tales of Arab Africa, grim, grotesque, true—and there they had been at her feet, the witnesses, the actors and villains and heroes of these tales, Jews and Arabs and negroes of a dozen tribes, ambling along in a never-ending procession, a vast panorama of Africa's races.

Dirt and splendor! Rags and silks! Color of blood—color of gold—and color of pestilence!

Momentarily he had been silent and from the street had rushed up a maze of sounds; voices in many languages, the shouts of itinerant vendors, the tinkle of a woman's bracelets, a dervish's fanatic incantations: "By the Horns of the Archangel Gabriel! By the Secret of Abdel-Kader the Saint! Come, all ye Faithful . . ."; and other sounds, leaping up like the jiggling fragments of some ironic melody, again like the chorus of some world-old, world-sad rune.

"Girl"—Calderon had whispered—"can you resist its call?"

Something had tugged at her soul. She had wanted to fly from the balcony, to launch herself across the purple haze, to alight on the flat roof tops and look into the lives, the

gaieties, the sorrows and mysteries of this colorful burnoused town.

"But where—where—?" she had stammered.

"You really want to know?"

"Yes."

And then he had told about Ibrahim Khan's Road and the *mehchacha* of Sidi Mustaffa. He had pointed east where on the horizon a deep gray smudge lay across the belt of glimmer and glisten. "See that patch of darkness?" he had asked in accents that were getting more and more unsteady. "That's the road, and Sidi Mustaffa's place is square in the center. You can't miss it. Why, girl, you'll find everything there—your heart's desire and your soul's and your body's! I know it. I"—he had touched the ragged scar across his face—"I got this down there!"

"A fight? Did a man give you the wound?"

"No!" He had laughed. "A woman!" And then with utter suddenness he had fallen into snoring, alcoholic sleep, while she had stepped up to the balcony rail.

Tugurt was at her feet, cruel, leering, mysterious, fascinating; and all at once she had made up her mind, had stepped out of the hotel—into the smoky, purple evening.

She walked along.

Beyond the screen of feathery carob trees that edged Tugurt's main market square she saw the desert wavering in a silvered line.

Day was dying.

She walked past the mosque of Sidi'l-Halwi the Bonbon-Seller that rose to the evening and was taken by the West in a steel-gray cloak of clouds which held a measure of gold, through the spider's web of little Arab houses, oppressively intimate with their dead white walls but blossoming toward the inner patios with olive and rosebush and tinkly fountain. She felt keenly alive, keenly happy. There was freedom in the air, she thought, and the intoxication of the perfumed African night, and she was far from home and glad of it. Home!—it was all expressed in that tight, boxlike house in Boston's Back Bay, the

gray-haired lawyer who was her uncle and guardian, the walnut furniture, the russet bound sets of Emerson and Longfellow; and what a fuss there had been when on leaving college she had gone into newspaper work—what a fret of dire prophecies when a few weeks ago she had taken ship for Tunis on a roving assignment for a New York daily! She thought of it, smiling reminiscently, as she passed an old Kabyle woman who wrinkled the wasted flesh of her tiny, berry-brown face into a grimace of contempt, shrieking:

"*Feringhee*—foreigner!"

Ellen Rutherford did not care. She hardly heard.

Here was what she had always longed for: the Orient, detached, imponderable, seated—the simile came to her—on its own thoughts like a yellow-robed priest of a far land, yet noisy, highly spiced, highly scented and colored. This, she thought, was life opening before her like a pit filled with strange and motley things: a sidewise, greenish flicker showing improbable wares; a black alley grim with coiling shadows, cut suddenly by the brutal flare of a torch; the gleam of a waterpipe daubing a gloomy hole with ochre and lemon; a tangle of streets painted with a gliding, indistinct crowd; an odor of perfume, stagnant, strong as the beat of a temple gong.

An Arab, statuesque in earth-brown burnoose, came from a bazaar that was a turmoil of haggling traders and buyers mixed with their goods as bees are with their honey. She could not see his face. It was deep in the batlike, grotesque shadow of an overhanging balcony. She only saw his hands that toyed with a wooden rosary. She liked those hands. They were strong hairy, high-veined, nervous.

She asked him the way.

"Ibrahim Khan's Road?" he echoed surprised.

"Please."

"Don't you know that—?"

"Yes."

"Very well!" He told her the direction.

She thanked him with some of the Arab words that she had picked up. "*Sühile, vah hbibi*—thanks, O my friend!"



Tugurt was at her feet, cruel, leering, mysterious, fascinating.

"There is always a new delight in the Mehchacha of Sidi Mustafa," came the sneering voice. "And tonight——"



He bowed courteously. "*Sahile sahile'i, yah jaghzal*—thanks for the thanks, O my gazelle!"

He looked at her speculatively. She could feel his eyes staring out of the wiped-over shadows and probing her face as if with delicate, sensitive fingers. He saw her young and very lovely; her eyes were intensely blue and curiously innocent; only the powerful molding of her chin and the curved slope of her throat gave an indication of slumbering passions.

"You are seeking romance, mademoiselle?" he asked in French with disconcerting suddenness.

He stepped to one side, away from the shadows, so that he came into the full glare of the street lamp; and she choked an exclamation of surprise as she saw that his face, all but the eyes, was covered by a heavy veil. It gave him an eerie expression, yet somehow she was not afraid. The curious thought came to her that this man's body was but an empty shell, a passing dream of the tinkly, odorous Arab night, that his eyes alone existed and mattered, that they held the essential soul of him—and that this soul was trying to peer into hers.

Very sudden, the impression, very ludicrous; and she dismissed it with a laugh, replied with a laugh to his question as he repeated it:

"You are seeking romance, mademoiselle?"

"No. I am seeking life."

"But—Ibrahim Khan's Road——?"

"I have been told—things."

"And yet——?"

"That's just exactly why!"

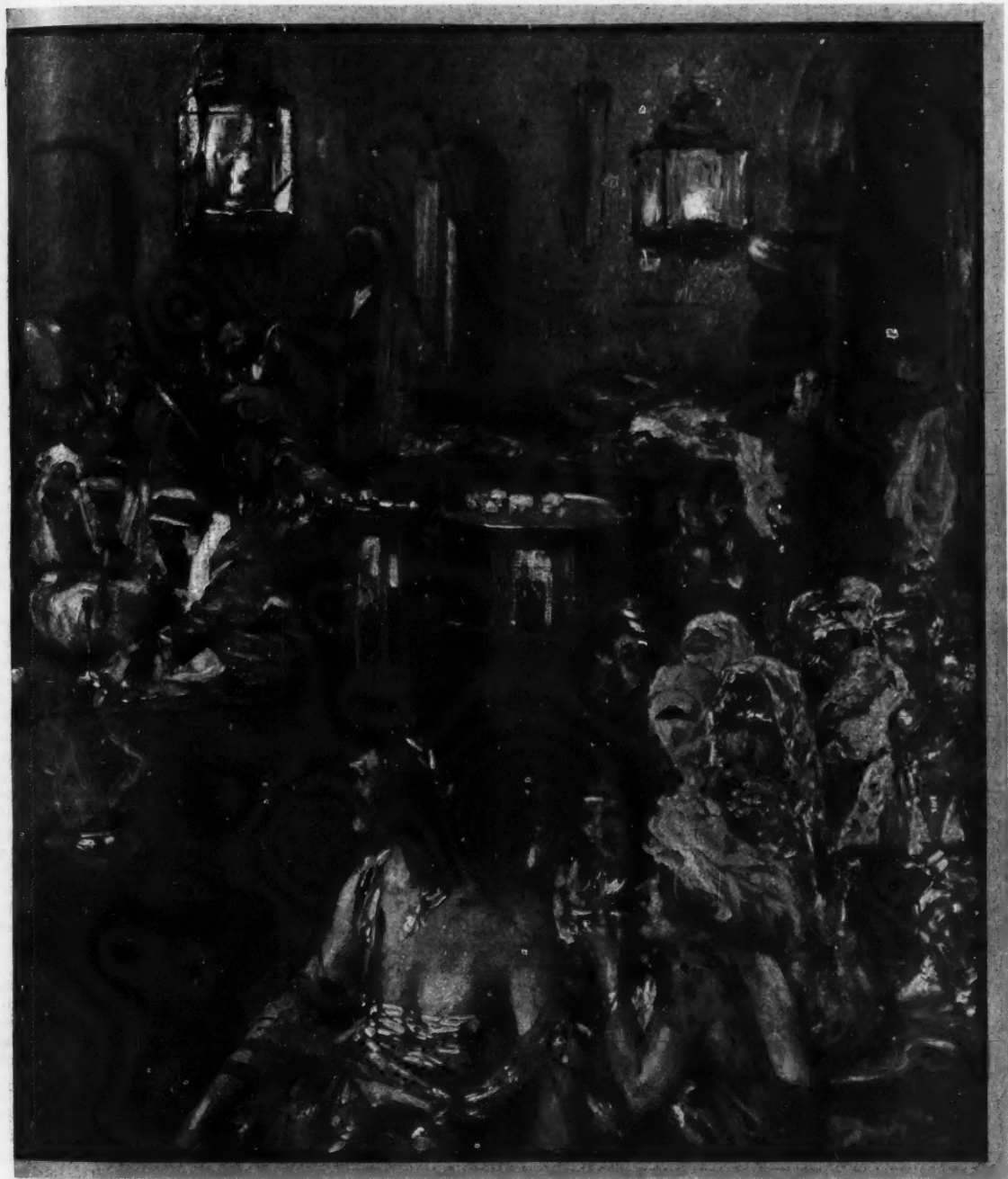
He shrugged his shoulders. "Can you cover a kettledrum with the skin of a little, little mouse?" he asked. "Can you argue with a woman? *Bismillah!*"

And he walked away with a swish of his burnoose while she looked after him, rather nervous, her curiosity rising in waves, telling her that here a strange glimpse of an alien life had come to her out of the dark, the mere fragment of an alien soul, and it had passed back into the dark, leaving no trace, typically Arab.

There was regret in the thought and—yes! she said to herself—a certain longing.

Then resolutely she shook her head. She continued on her way. It was getting darker, with only here and there an insincere oil lamp that flickered above some carved gate. Yet were the streets still crowded with burnooseed figures, yet were there still





the voices of the streets as the pedlars called out their wares, cheaper now with day sinking to its close:

"*Malah ouh bnin*—salty and savourous! *Aiaou zatur—arma bazzoudi!*—here is mint, only five centimes!"

"*Aiaou aljaoui! Innfah ouh idaoui!*—here is incense! It protects and cures! *Aiaou alfassoukh!*"

And the pious singsong of the water carrier, the curses of the donkey boys belaboring their tiny animals with pointed palm cudgels, the vituperative insults at the slightest provocation:

"Ho! Bath servant!"

"Ho! Seller of pig's tripe!"

"May Allah cut out thy heart and feed it to the mangy dogs of Al-Maghreb!"

A scuffle, shrieks, a Moslim priest's trying to restore order with sonorous, "Peace, O ye spawn of unthinkable begetting!" and Ellen Rutherford laughed, listened, enjoyed the tumult, the shameless, riotous life of it.

This was freedom, she thought. There were no fetters here, no galls of restraint, no blighting inhibitions; and she walked along fearlessly, drinking in the sounds, the sights, the scents. At the corner of the Nahassim Street, remembering the veiled

Arab's directions, she turned into a welter of alleys where life had already sunk to the purr and drone of gathering night, a packed, rickety wilderness of houses with overhead just a glimpse of sky above the roofs that revealed scarcely three yards of breadth. At times the copings met and the projecting cornices and balconies of fantastic, fretted woodwork seemed to interlace like the outriggings of native craft in a Malay harbor.

At the end of a crooked lane she found Ibrahim Khan's Road spreading far and wide with a free vista of the nighting sky in which feathery, moonlit clouds were trooping together like oxen on a summer's day, and square in the center she saw Sidi Mustaffa's *mehchacha*—it seemed incongruously respectable with its plain door and knocker, its striped awnings and whitewashed façade, the whole lighted by a single lantern above the gate. The road was deserted. There was hardly a sound except the rustling of the wind in the stiff palm fronds and, far up, the melancholy cry of a tired desert bird dropping through the air like a spent bullet.

She was undecided what to do, wondered what she might find beyond the threshold: some high adventure or perhaps only the salt dregs of disillusion—

She trembled with apprehension when suddenly a symphony of sounds stabbed through the door of the *mehchacha* as if in an unbridled display of Africa's passions: a shriek of laughter, a woman's high-pitched cry—"ma thchemeh kif!"—other voices joining in the Arab gutturals, and a scraping of stringed instruments, the portentous staccato of a tomtom.

Fascinated, she stared and listened. Some nameless desire was being traced with a hot iron upon the plastic deeps of her young soul—and it frightened her.

"Back to Boston, little fool!" she said to herself. "Back to the sane life, the safe and sure and timid!"

But the feeling passed and, standing there beneath the rushing of the night, it seemed to her as if the cosmic magic of other suns were sweeping through her, with the pageantry of other skies flashing vividly, irresistibly; and she raised the knocker, balanced it for a moment, dropped it thuddingly.

She did it impulsively with a careless gesture in the direction of Fate. Perhaps it was logical enough; simply a question of inherited instincts. For, in spite of Boston's Back Bay and Boston's antimacassars, is there anything more romantic than a typical American whose great-grandfather, rifle in arm and bowie knife in boot, had come out of Virginia into Kentucky in the days when Kentucky was the farthest wilderness; whose grandfather, following the shifting frontier, had drifted into Kansas when it was "Bloody Kansas" and thence, before settling in Boston, via Panama to California to the tune of "Oh my darling Clementine"? American she was to the core, thus romantic, adventurous beneath her layer of pale, self-centered restraint; and so she raised the knocker again, dropped it again.

And the door opened.

The interior of the house jumped at her with a brutal massing of colors and sounds and scents—perfume, rose and sandalwood, and the acrid aroma of Oriental drugs, seeghly balls of opium and honey, amber-flavored tobacco, Turkish *sebsi* paste and *hashish* and *kif*. From swinging lamps gleamed lights, clouded by lazy streams of many-colored incense smoke, wavering and glimmering, blazing with the deep yellows of topaz, trembling through a crimson incandescence into jasper and opal flames. Up swirled the smoke, tearing into tatters, while from the mass of humanity that squatted about a circular space in the center rose a chanting that blended with the instruments—*zitar* and *zaringhee* and tomtom and little *djaouq* reed pipes—of the blind Jewish musicians who were seated on a *mastabah*, an earthen platform, in a corner. First a wail of haunting cadences, more fleeting than the shadow of a leaf through summer dusk, then a gathering and bloating, gradually shaping into the full swing of the love song:

"Yah Rammanna, yah Raminnia!  
Yah zaqoor lasmar ma rijjina"

The words flamed with a great, sensuous magic, the lamps flickered and gleamed; and it seemed minutes before Ellen's eyes became used to the light and her ears to the sounds, before she had a clear impression of the woman who had opened the door—a huge, half-caste Kabyle in bright yellow gauze that gave a generous glimpse of brown flesh—and heard her speak in halting French but with an unmistakable tang of contempt:

"Money, Christian!"

"How much?"

"Twenty francs!"

Ellen Rutherford dropped a coin into the grimy hand, heard again the other's sneering voice:

"Perhaps you will not regret the bargain! *Zuban ullah!*—there is always a new delight in the *mehchacha* of Sidi Mustaffa! And tonight—ahée!" She sucked in her breath.

"What?" asked the girl, opening her purse and offering another gold coin.

The woman took it, bit it, slipped it into a mysterious hiding place of her gauze robe.

"That other gold piece!" she begged. "That big one! Give it to me—and I'll tell you!"

"All right. Here you are." She paid once more, waiting for the reply.

It came in a flat whisper. "Tonight is the night of Hajji Yar!" The Kabyle looked over her shoulder, wary of listeners. "Tonight he and his friends will honor this *mehchacha* with their presence. I received word but a few minutes ago."

She pointed at a large couch buried under silken pillows a few feet to one side of the musician's *mastabah*, raised a little higher than the latter so that it commanded a complete view of the room. The space here, deserted but for a giant, plum colored Sudanese servant, the number of taborets in front of the couch, laden

with sweetmeats and flowers, with pipes and drugs and bottles of perfume, showed that distinguished visitors were expected.

The woman screamed like an enraged parrot as she saw the Sudanese help himself to a handful of candied rose leaves. "What manners be these, O illegitimate son of seventeen devils?" she shouted. "*Yah hazrat! Yah nidamat!*—O thou calamity! O thou enormous shame!"

She turned again to the girl.

"Every night we entertain here the followers of some *Shareef*, some descendant of the Prophet—Peace on Him!—versed in the exquisite mysteries of dervish lodges. That much is known to all the world. But tonight come the young dervishes who follow the footsteps of Hajji Yar. And this is known to none except to the servants of the *mehchacha*—and to you, little Christian, because you paid for it." She smirked. "Ahée! Perhaps the iron of passion will at last enter the soul of one of them—tonight! Perhaps your eyes will be the ones to pierce the veil of chastity! Allah alone knows!" She fingered her rosary with fervent hypocrisy. "*Djat tetell, khordoy elqell!*—she enters to bow, and remains to—' aughrr!" She swallowed the rest of the shameless Arab proverb in a gurgle of laughter and waddled away, leaving Ellen to her own devices, nervous, rather ill at ease.

Life's worth while aspects, the Spaniard had told her; and, looking about, she knew instinctively what the *mehchacha* was: if not exactly a house of assignation, then—the trite newspaper term came to her—a dive, and if there were flowers here and drugs and stringed instruments instead of whisky and the raucous belchings of a phonograph, the difference was one of geography rather than of ethics.

At first she was conscious of a feeling of disgust that gripped her almost physically. But she was determined to see it through. For the Kabyle woman's allusion to the followers of Hajji Yar who would come here tonight had aroused her interest, her curiosity—the most salient trait in the welter of developed and half developed characteristics which made up her nature. Also, she was young enough to be fearless, modern enough to be over-secure of herself, and there was in her that adventurous strain, some driving element, subtly strong if subtly base, which persuaded her that the whole thing might turn out to be—her own words these—a "bully lark"; and incongruously, paradoxically she felt a little ashamed when she realized that her disgust was passing and was giving way to eagerness. There was even a spice of humor as she imagined, tried to, what her old uncle back in Boston would think—if he knew. He did not know. Here was the sum total. Nobody knew. She was herself, unfettered, untrammelled, freely roaming down the riotous ways of a strange world!

She looked.

On one side of the central space squatted a number of men, Asians as well as North Africans: patent-leathered, tarbushed, supercilious Turks; statuesque Arabs; wild-eyed Maghrabis; soft-stepping Tunisian dandies; a few Berbers from the Atlas Range, big-boned, gray-eyed men who looked about with an odd mixture of wonder and contempt and who, though weaponless, this being the law of the French, carried with them somehow the scent of naked steel. Across from them sat the women, mostly unveiled, smoking or eating drugs as were the men, Moroccan Jewesses and Arab girls from the Sus tribes, but with a sprinkling of Europeans—young and middle-aged, some beautiful, some faded, but all tawdry, laden with offcolor diamonds, and all with the red rimmed eyes, the yellow complexions of the hashish eater.

The music stopped momentarily, and Ellen was amused as she listened to the love making of these people, in a jumble of Arabic and French, naïve, direct and effective.

For the man would, after teasing his mustaches to the fine point of a single well waxed hair, tilt tarbush or turban rakishly to one side, and stalk up to the woman whose eyes had rolled at him invitingly—behind her veil or without it. After which, if he knew her name or nickname, he would use it: "*Yah Janina—O Madame Little-Garden!*"; "*Yah Nouktett el-Misk—O Musk Drop!*"; "*Yah Fifi Dagdag—O Fifi the Trembler!*"—a Frenchwoman trembling presumably through over-indulgence in hashish—or, if she was a stranger to him, he would address her as "Bride," "Breaker of Hearts," or "Blood of My Liver!" Then a clapping of hands, a rushing of servants with laden trays, an amorous purr of words—and the couple would rise and pass out.

Nobody paid attention to Ellen as she neared the central space except, a few minutes later, a big, ruffianly Afghan, a Red Sea trader who had drifted to Tunis, a lawless mountaineer who talked with an affectedly gruff voice, picked fights wherever he went and behaved generally like those of his breed.



"Come," he said, wiping his dagger, "what is one dead dog more or less in a house of dogs?"

"Ho, Pearl Tree!" he shouted, walking up to her with a heavy swagger and bestowing the nickname upon her with easy familiarity. He spoke in a mixture of Arabic, English and his native tongue of which Ellen understood the drift if not every word. "There are secrets in your blue, blue eyes which I feel inclined to read—tonight—now—immediately!"

He clutched her shoulder. She tore herself away. Her state of mind would have puzzled her Boston relatives and friends. She should have been disposed to faint. But she was not. Of course she was indignant and, too, excited. But her excitement was not altogether unpleasant, and the realization of it baffled her.

The man was now quite close. She could feel his hot breath, could see his black eyes glistening with an enormous, pagan resolution.

"No!" she cried, thinly, ineffectually, while the people laughed, and he stumbled after her, swearing extravagantly that life without her love was like a pilgrim wandering through the night and looking for moon rays that never came.

"Come, Pearl Tree! I shall find your love sweet, and you shall find mine strong!"

"No, no!"

She was flushed. Her eyes were bright and angry. Her breath came sobbing. But even at that moment she was not



exactly afraid, hardly disliked the man, had in fact an unaccountable glimpse of sympathy with him. Why, she thought, he too was free, savagely free! And what had the Spaniard told her—something about these Orientals not thinking when they feel? She tripped over a squatting woman's waist shawl, heard the sleazy silk rip as she disengaged herself with a jerk.

"I want you, and—by the Prophet—I take you!" came the Afghan's raucous accents. "Free am I! I brook no master except my whim! No master at all—not even Allah's will!"

Again he stumbled after her; and Ellen, seeing that nobody, perpsue through fear of the rough mountaineer, came to her rescue, had already steeled her body to struggle with him, when his progress was stopped suddenly and disastrously by the Kabyle woman who had rushed up. Her capable fist shot out and struck him a great blow on the side of the head that sent him reeling.

"No will dost thou brook, grandson of a cockroach? Not even Almighty Allah's?" she shrieked. "Thou wilt obey me—me! Back to thy place, Afghan dog! Thou knowest the rules of this *mehchacha*! A respectable place! No brawls are permitted here! Back, loathly beast! Thou hast pig's ears!"

"Pig's ears thyself, O thou—" He started to push past her, and she smiled as a mother might at a prattling babe.

"Listen!" she said, in a minatory purr. "If thou dost not obey, O assassin from the far hills, I know of a certain Frankish merchant found murdered in a certain house—in the Street of the Silversmiths—"

He turned pale; sucked in his breath. "Thou—wouldst not sell my head—why—soul of a thousand and three roses—" he lamely coined the tender words.

"Soul of a thousand and three devils!" she interrupted mockingly. "I would sell thy head as a Christian butcher sells unclean tripe! Back to thy sty, father of piglings!"

"Listen is obey!" The Afghan collapsed, salaaming deeply.

He returned to his place, while the Kabyle waddled triumphantly away and while Ellen, who was in a perplexed state of mind, a mingling of wrath and excitement and frank amusement, heard a voice below her feet, speaking in English:

"Sit beside me. You're upset—"

She looked down. The speaker, crosslegged on a pillow, was evidently an Englishwoman, still attractive with her oval face and vividly red lips. But there was a haunting fear in her violet eyes; and Ellen wondered—and pitied. The other must have sensed both the wonder and the pity. She pointed at the room and then, with a stabbing, dramatic finger, at the platter of drugged *seagully* balls before her.

"This!" she said laconically as Ellen sat down by her side, "and that!"

"You are English?" Somehow Ellen felt ashamed, racially ashamed.

"Rather! And you—?"

"American."

"New here, what?"

"I just came to take a look."

"So did I. And I stayed a night, a year—a whole blooming eternity—my word, old dear!" The British slang jarred with tawdry, incongruous pathos. "I—oh—"

She interrupted herself as a farther door was flung open and, preceded by salaaming servants, seven men filed in with leisurely dignity, while the crowd broke into full-throated welcome:

"*Saha! Saha!*"

"*Fli na arfak khasrak!*"

"Who are they?" asked Ellen.

"Dervishes," replied the Englishwoman, "members of some Moslim secret lodge." And, seeing the interrogation in Ellen's eyes: "Don't you know?"

"Just what I heard at the hotel—that they are dangerous politically—"

"Some, but not all. Others are religious nuts—mystic stuff, y'know. Others as gay as London johnnies—and they're the lads who're all the riot here. My word, they know how to spend the tin! Then there are some as straight-laced as Mrs. Grundy. Take the followers of Hajji Yar"—Ellen looked up at the name, remembering what the Kabyle woman had told her—"heard of them, haven't you?"

"Interesting, are they?" asked the girl, evading a direct answer.

"To some. Not to me, old dear. Though they do say Hajji Yar is rich and young and handsome—no end of a local swell."

"What's wrong with him, then?"

"The lodge of which he's the—oh—high-muckamuck believes in temptation—all the temptation of the five senses—and then some!"

"Oh?"

"Right-o! But only so as to be able to avoid them!"

"What do you mean?" asked Ellen.

"They surround themselves with women and flowers and drugs and everything, and then they turn their sainted backs on the lot. Chastity—that's their middle name!"

"Regular monks, are they?"

"No. Only until lasting desire, lasting love, the real thing y'know, trots their way. But while they're waiting for that particular miracle to happen, they walk the straight and narrow. Silly blighters, I call them!"

"Do they ever come here?"

"Who can tell?"

"Why not?"

"Because so many dervishes veil their faces—like those chaps who came in just now. Look!"

Ellen looked, and she saw that the seven men who in the meantime had sat down on the couch had heavy, white face veils. Above them the eyes stared out. They were dressed with austere simplicity in earth-brown burnouses. Their turbans, too, were brown, except that of the one in the middle, a narrow-hipped, broad-shouldered man who, in sign that he was a descendant of the Prophet, wore a voluminous turban of green silk.

"Hajji Yar!" thought Ellen, conscious of a certain bewilderment; and the bewilderment grew as the idea, almost the conviction, came to her that he was the Arab whom she had asked to direct her to Ibrahim Khan's Road. She saw only his eyes—why, she tried to persuade herself, all Arab eyes are alike, there was no proof in them—and yet she knew, positively, as if by some strange alchemy of understanding; knew furthermore, as if with a passionate current of anticipation, that he had come here because of her, to see her, to—

It had no connection with the analytical cells of her brain. She wondered if it was the clogging aroma of the drugs working on her nerves; but somehow she felt as if a released projection of the man's consciousness were flowing out to meet hers. She sensed more than saw him looking at her. Immediately he turned his head away, was once more impassive, almost stolid. His fingers—and with a start she recognized them, strong, high-veined, nervous—reached out and touched the drugs and flowers on the taboret; they gave a curious impression of thinking, pondering, then rejecting. He was not even interested—in anything. Silent he sat, stoical, supine, as did his comrades. They hardly looked up as, suddenly, the Jewish musicians blared out into savage melody and a moment later a door was flung open and a young girl whirled in, fair-skinned, unveiled, charmingly perfect in the harmony of every limb.

She stopped in front of the dervishes, salaamed deeply, while a hush fell over the crowd, a silence more telling than boisterous shouts of welcome.

"Khokhdjia the Gypsy!" whispered the Englishwoman in answer to Ellen's question. "She hardly ever dances in public—nobody's ever as much as kissed her hand! My word—this is a gala night! Wonder who those dervishes are!"

A young Tunisian rose, trembling with desire. "Allah!" he cried. "*Ghazla Sahara djaat linah ouh qsefna chbabana*—a gazelle of the Sahara has come amongst us and—lo!—she has blighted our youth!"

He tossed a purse filled with gold at her feet. She kicked it away contemptuously. Again she salaamed before the dervishes who sat uninterested, impassive, silent but for a few words from the *Shareef's* mouth that gently billowed his face veil as he pronounced them passionless as Fate:

"*Ouaa Robbi elli rmani lalkaffar*—"

"What's he saying?" asked Ellen.

The Englishwoman laughed. "He's complaining that God's destiny has thrown him amongst the profane. Why doesn't he clear out if he doesn't like it here?"

The gypsy girl could hardly have been more than fourteen, but her graceful body, her finished movements were those of a woman, proud of her womanhood. She wore a long shawl of pale rose gold-embroidered silk shot with orange and purple and bordered with seed pearls. The delicately formed feet and calves were perfect; they did not have the bunched, muscular coarseness of the European dancers'. Anklets and armlets jingled with every step; flowers and jewels were mingled in her hair; a perfume, sweet, pungent, mysterious, hovered about her like a butterfly. The music wailed up and she began her dance with a gliding movement, her hands stretched out, keeping time with her feet, then suddenly moving down the curve of pointed breasts and narrow hips, again beckoning, wavering, sometimes bent back until they touched the arms. (Continued on page 102)



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## *I Meet Royalty* by Lillian Russell

*The story of an emperor who was only human, and of a prince who wasn't—  
a new chapter in the most fascinating feminine autobiography ever written.*

**W**ITH a premonition of dissatisfaction ahead of me, I started for Germany after a most enjoyable two weeks spent en route in London, to fill my engagement at the Winter Garden in Berlin.

I will never forget that trip. We were stopped at every station on the way and were compelled not only to have my German maid—born in America—open every trunk and expose all of my lovely new gowns to the motley crowd, but she was obliged to open the blue velvet-lined case that contained the gold-plated bicycle presented to me by a bicycle firm in New York. I knew it had been given to advertise their firm, but I never thought that bicycle would be the cause of quite so much consternation.

I have seen numerous depot crowds in small towns in America that assemble at the stations just at train time with no other object than to see the train pass through; but in Germany it looked as if all of the inhabitants of every town through which we passed gathered at the station, and they all had to see

my bicycle and then its owner. However, it was no "ill wind" as the name, Lillian Russell, was painted all over the case.

After a trip of a night and a day, we arrived in Berlin. That was long before the United States ever dreamed of Germany as an enemy. Mr. Gustave Amberg of the German Theater in New York had made the contract for me with Dorn and Baron of the Winter Garden, and he met me in Berlin on my arrival.

The innocent illusions about Germany's naïveté, her friendliness and her staunch honesty received a succession of disillusionments that started when I first set foot on German soil and ended only when I was safely on board my train to England. My sister, Mrs. Colburne, went to Germany with me. We had a fine suite of rooms at the Hotel Bristol, Unter den Linden, and expected a delightful engagement as I was to sing only at night. So far as the singing was concerned, it was a success. As to the theater: well, it was a garden—a German garden, which means a conglomeration of tables, beer, wine and all classes of people.

## I Meet Royalty

For three nights I innocently thought I was having a good time. Then the "*chef de clique*"—that is, the professional leader of the applause, an official who is unknown in our country—came to tell me that he could kill any applause if I did not pay him twenty marks a night—which was five dollars. I knew I was not obliged to depend upon him and his *clique* for applause, but I had to pay him to get rid of a nuisance. Then came the conductor of the orchestra, who advised me in a friendly way to give the stage manager a tip of about five gulden each week—twenty-five dollars—as he said it was customary for every star to do so. Next came the stage manager to advise me to give the orchestra conductor about five gulden a week for conducting my music.

With a few lady-like imprecations upon the German brand of tact for such delicate matters, I did all they asked me to do obediently, thinking I was now on smooth ice. But one evening a few nights later a bill was presented to me for twenty-five dollars a night from the music publishers who owned the German rights to a song by Offenbach I was using with great success—*Fortunio's Song*, which I sang in German, French and English, and had sung in *The Brigands* at the Casino in America hundreds of times. I paid up but deplored the fact that I had to discontinue singing one of my favorite songs.

The pest of the place was the old flower woman who brought me bouquets of wilted flowers which she carried around in a basket, sent by sports and vulgar bankers with requests that I accompany them to restaurants after the performance. I had these insults thrust upon me every night, and the horrible old woman was backed by the manager, who attempted to reprimand me for refusing to accept at least some of the bankers' invitations. He said that if I did not it would keep them away from his theater. What I told the manager would not look so forceful in print as it really sounded.

There was one amusing admirer, and he was a royal one, Prince Henry of Pless. He was evidently in the Royal Box at my opening performance, for the following night there arrived at the Winter Garden an immense floral piece of passion flowers, purple and white, which stood seven feet high and looked like a funeral piece. The card accompanying it said, "Admiration. Prince Henry of Pless." I

took no notice of that and the next night there came the same sort of an affair made of white violets. Of this, too, I took no notice. Then came a larger basket of red roses, and a messenger with a box in which was a large dragonfly of jewels. This was given in charge of my maid while I was singing on the stage. I appealed to my lawyer, Herr Haalo, to return the jewels, but he too was German and said he would not dare to have anything to do with the affair.

These floral offerings continued for about five nights. Then one morning when my sister and I were enjoying our breakfast and reading our beloved American mail, a loud knock came on the door of the drawing room. I called "*Herein*," and two soldiers stalked in. They stood on either side of the door and bowed low before a most pompous looking man in full dress, wearing a high hat and many decorations—a most amusing sight to a democratic American. He came forward, clicked his heels together, bowed low and asked in German:

"Is this the celebrated and most high born and beautiful Miss Lillian Russell?"

My hair was not dressed, I had just slipped into a negligee and had not a vestige of powder on my shiny nose. Shamelessly I turned to him and said:

"Ja, mein Herr."

He bowed once more and made his little speech:

"Prince Henry of Pless presents his esteemed compliments to Miss Lillian Russell and desires her company in Parlor L at twelve o'clock this evening to take supper with him."

"Tell the gentleman," I said, "that I do not know him, and I never take supper with anyone whom I do not know!"

The much decorated gentleman turned red, bowed low and made a stage exit with his two soldiers. All I missed was the band!

I thought I had heard the last of Prince Henry, but that night came more flowers and the next morning the same military performance was repeated. The two soldiers arrived with the major-domo whom, by this time, I had been told by the

hotel clerks was no other than Count Hohnlau, a sort of master of ceremonies for the royal families. The gentleman handed me a beautifully written note containing orders in bad English as follows:

"Miss Russell should take her golden bicycle. She should ride out to the Grunewald at eight o'clock tomorrow morning.



Lillian Russell in *La Belle Helene* at the New York Casino

FROM THE RESERVE COLLECTION





Our party included Anna Held and Flo Ziegfeld. We all attended the Fete des Fleurs at Nice.

She should ride the North Drive, and she will see an officer in a green uniform on a white horse. That will be Prince Henry of Pless, who, if she descends from her bicycle when she sees him, will dismount from his horse and speak to her." Signed "Henry."

I could not help laughing although I shocked the messenger, Count Hohnlau, and the two soldiers. I told the Count to tell the Prince that I would not get up at eight o'clock in the morning to see George Washington cross the Delaware, and that I never spoke to strange men. I also added that I was an American and did not have to obey any royal orders in Germany or anywhere else. I handed him the jeweled dragonfly and said, "Give this to the Prince." But he pushed it away and looking frightened to death bowed with hurt dignity and departed. Thus ended the delicate advances of Prince Henry of Pless!

Many years later when I was at luncheon with Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill with my husband, Mr. Alexander P. Moore, I told this story because I knew that the Colonel knew Prince Henry of Pless and enjoyed a joke. He enjoyed the story so much that he asked me to repeat it and he referred to it many times afterwards.

As I found little to interest me in the daytime during that German engagement, my sister, Mrs. Colburne, and I looked about to discover the American students in Berlin. I found forty girls at the different *pensions*, and asked them all to meet us at the Tiergarten, where we could enjoy a *Kaffee-klatch* and get acquainted. I told them I wanted to give them an American luncheon at the Bristol Hotel, and asked them to tell me what they desired most. The consensus of opinion rested on green corn and pork and beans! I made the engagement for two weeks ahead so that I might secure both the green corn



FROM THE DAVIS COLLECTION

Anna Held had the four qualities that make for good companionship.

and the pork and beans, even if I had to send to America for them. I consulted the head waiter of the Bristol Hotel and learned that I could get the corn from Budapest, Hungary, and the pork and beans from London, as Buzzards in Oxford Street knew just how to prepare them.

Finally the date of our "American luncheon" arrived. I had ordered three ears of corn for each of the forty girls. I had about fifteen pounds of pork and beans, and with the other dishes which Maxim, the *Ober-kellner* at the Bristol, prepared for our luncheon we managed to have a very nice time and the party gave the girls a great deal of pleasure. There was no question about their enjoyment of the food. I did not even begrudge the price Maxim charged me for the corn—one mark, twenty-five cents, for each ear! We repeated this party with some slight changes twice before I left Germany, and I can sincerely and truthfully confess that those were the only days of real enjoyment I had during that engagement!

The night before I opened at the Winter Garden my sister and I were invited to a banquet given by the owner of the *Tageblatt*—the famous Berlin morning paper—and all the prominent newspapermen of Berlin and their wives attended. My lawyer, Herr Haalo, and his wife, who was an American woman, and Mr. Jackson, first secretary of the American Legation, accompanied my sister and me to the dinner, which was given out at the Indian Exposition.

When we arrived at the grounds, we passed through the Midway Plaisance on the way to Dressel's Restaurant. I heard a wild yell and turned to see what looked like a Zulu in native costume standing in front of one of the side shows of the exposition yelling loudly. I remarked to Mr. Jackson, "That wild man sounds and looks more like an (Continued on page 98)

*The*  
Meredith Nicholson  
*Novel*  
*That is Causing a*  
*Lot of Talk*



*BROKEN*

Grace dreaded to launch  
her thunderbolt upon  
the tranquil scene.

# Barriers

*The story begins:*

GRACE DURLAND faces a problem that thousands of American girls of today are trying to solve. At twenty-one, with an apparently normal and well ordered future before her, she is forced by her father's business reverses to leave college and return to her Indianapolis home. Though reluctant to do this, she makes the sacrifice gladly in order that her brother Roy may finish his law course at the university.

Mrs. Durland, Grace's mother, urges the girl to get a "respectable" position in some office, but Grace goes to her friend Irene Kirby and through her influence secures a position in Shipley's department store, where Irene is assistant manager of a department. Mrs. Durland feels that Grace has lowered herself socially, as does Ethel, Grace's sister, who is a prim narrow-minded girl of twenty-four. Stephen Durland, Grace's father, is a likable but reticent and unaggressive inventor, recently squeezed out of the company which bore his name.

Her first day at the store, Grace makes a large sale to Beulah Reynolds, a rich spinster of social distinction and Mrs. Durland and Ethel feel that Grace has now become a social outcast.

Irene Kirby is both clever and worldly-wise. She induces Grace to accompany her on "a party" with two men, one of

whom proves to be Thomas Kemp—a married man with two grown children—whose relations with Irene are pretty obvious, and the other Ward Trenton, a successful mechanical engineer. He, too, is married but practically separated from his wife, a woman of independent mind and means.

Trenton's attitude toward Grace is above criticism. He asks if he may see her next time he is in Indianapolis.

Then Grace accidentally meets her childhood friend and companion, Bob Cummings, the son of her father's former partner, and he is delighted to see her. They meet again at the home of Miss Reynolds, where Bob drops in that evening in neighborly fashion. While driving Grace home in his car, Bob confides in her that he and his wife are out of sympathy. He urges her to see him again, but she instinctively discourages this attempt.

Trenton returns and takes Grace to dinner and to the theater. Their conversation is impersonal—yet Grace knows she is more than interested in this man, and hopes in her heart that he is more than interested in her. Two days later they have dinner together. On their walk home they declare their love for each other, but Trenton urges her to consider everything and wire him when she is sure of herself.



*Illustrations by Pruett Carter*

Bob Cummings appears one evening while Grace is waiting for a car and urges her to go to dinner with him, admitting that he has pleaded a business engagement to his wife. Grace remonstrates with him, but they finally go to McGovern's Tavern, some miles out of the city. Here, later, Cummings's wife and a friend of theirs appear and Bob clumsily tries to explain. Grace asks Bob to take her home. On the ride to the city Grace scolds Bob for his craven behavior, and while he is in a garage, she boards a street car and goes home.

Before retiring that night Grace decides that in the morning she will send the telegram for which Trenton is waiting. But no letter comes from him, and Grace becomes discouraged.

At lunch Irene tells Grace she has given up Kemp for good. John Moore, a college friend and admirer of Grace's, comes over to the table, and all three decide to go to the pictures that evening. Grace invites John to supper at her home. During the meal a religious question comes up and Ethel is shocked to learn that John terms himself an agnostic; but her feeling is tempered the next morning when she learns that John has been coaching her brother Roy in his law work.

Bob Cummings's wife visits Grace at Shipley's and apolo-

gizes for her actions at McGovern's, passing the whole affair off humorously.

Grace has given up all hope of hearing from Trenton when on the tenth day she receives an endearing letter, explaining that he has been ill. She immediately sends him a telegram and writes a longer letter than usual that night.

In the meantime, Irene has patched up her quarrel with Kemp.

Christmas day—and Trenton arrives in Indianapolis. Grace realizes that she is reaching a crisis in her life, but she stands free and self-assured, confidently seeing in life a great adventure.

Grace and Irene are to meet Trenton and Kemp at The Shack, and the latter's car carries them to the entrance of the farm where Ward unexpectedly meets them. While Irene drives on, Grace and Ward decide to walk to the house. During the walk Grace tells Ward she loves him. As they embrace, a man passes them in the road, and Grace recognizes him as John Moore.

### *The story continues:*

GRACE and Trenton had sprung apart as Moore passed in the highway and they stared at each other in silence until the sound of his even step over the hard macadam died away. The romp through the cornfield had loosened her hair and she began thrusting it back under her hat. Trenton, straightening his tie, looked the least bit crestfallen.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"John Moore, an awfully nice fellow I knew in college. He's just moving to Indianapolis to go into the law."

"There's no question but he saw us. I hope his seeing us won't embarrass you."

"Oh, John's all right!" she replied. "The only embarrassment is that I fibbed to him about this afternoon. He asked me to go walking—we did a lot of tramping at college—and I told him I was going to a *matinée*."

"Well, you were!" laughed Trenton; then with an attempt at carelessness, "Is he a suitor?"

"Heavens, no! But I admire John as everyone does who knows him. He's a mighty good friend, and the kindest soul in the world."

As they resumed their walk toward The Shack she continued talking of John, Trenton manifesting a sympathetic interest and asking questions to elicit further anecdotes of Moore's varied activities at the university.

"He may be in love with you," he suggested. "You see I can't help being just a little jealous of every man you knew before you knew me."

"If John's in love with me he's very successful in concealing it!" she laughed. "No; strange as it may seem, he likes to talk to me and I'm proud of his friendship. He does a lot of reading and thinking. He's a fine character and you'd be sure to like him. He's leaving the law school to go into Judge Sanders's office; the Judge has picked him for a winner."

"I know Sanders; he's Kemp's lawyer. I see I'll have to keep an eye on Moore," he went on teasingly. "I'm not sure he isn't likely to become a dangerous rival!"

"I wish I were sure you could be jealous! Maybe I'm jealous too! Hasn't that ever occurred to you?"



She was a little frightened at her temerity in asking a question that was the crystallization of her constant speculation as to his attitude toward his wife. There flashed through her mind everything he had said of Mrs. Trenton, which, to be sure, was very little though that little required clarifying. She recalled the apology in his St. Louis letter for having spoken of Mrs. Trenton at all. In their first talk at The Shack he had led her to believe that his wife gave him wide liberty to do as he pleased; but it was conceivable that a woman might indulge her husband's acquaintance with women she didn't know and wasn't likely to meet without sanctioning infidelity. Grace had persuaded herself that there was a distinct difference between entering into a liaison with a man who still maintained marital relations with his wife and one who did not. She was vastly pleased with the moral perception that showed her this. And she was confident that she had the will to dismiss him if his explanation of the *modus vivendi* that existed between him and Mrs. Trenton should prove to be unsatisfactory.

The cowpath they were traversing made it necessary for them to walk singly and he went ahead, holding back the boughs that hung over the trail. For a few minutes she thought he meant to ignore her question but suddenly he stopped and swung round.

"I know what you're thinking of," he said quietly. "You're thinking of Mrs. Trenton."

He pulled a twig from a young maple and broke it into tiny bits which he flung away. Grace wondered whether this trifling unconscious act might not symbolize the casting aside of whatever ties might have bound him to his wife.

"Yes, I've thought of her a great deal. You couldn't blame me for that."

"No; that's wholly natural," he said quickly. "You wouldn't be the woman I know you to be if you didn't. You have a right to know just what my relations are with my wife. I'll be frank about it. I loved her when I married her and I believe she loved me."

There was an appeal for sympathy in his eyes, a wistfulness in his tone that was new to her knowledge of him. It was as though the thought of Mrs. Trenton brought a crushing depression upon him. Jealousy yielded to pity in her heart; she was touched with something akin to maternal solicitude for his happiness. But she wished to know more; the time had come for an understanding of his attitude toward his wife and of Mrs. Trenton's toward him.

"Does love really die?" she asked almost in a whisper. "If you two loved each other once how can you tell whether the love is dead or not?"

"It's the saddest thing in the world," he said, smiling in his tolerance of her ignorance, "that love can and does die. Mrs. Trenton and I meet rarely now; but our estrangement came about gradually. I admit that the fault has been more than half mine. In every such case there's always fault on both sides. When I saw that her interests were carrying her away from me, and particularly after she began to be a public character through her writing and lecturing, I might have asserted myself a little more strongly—let her know that I wanted her and needed her even if the first passion was gone. But—you may laugh at this—I had old-fashioned ideas that didn't square with her new notions of things. I wanted children and a home of the traditional kind. Possibly it was in my mind"—he smiled wanly—"that I expected my wife to bring my slippers and mother me when I was tired. All men are babies, you know; but all women don't understand that. Probably there's where the trouble began. And I found myself more and more alone as Mrs. Trenton got into her reform work. She likes the excitement of stirring people up. I think she even enjoys the newspaper criticism. I'm a peaceful person and can't quite understand that or sympathize with it. We still keep a house in Pittsburgh but I haven't seen Mrs. Trenton there for a long time. I doubt whether she any longer considers it her domicile. When we've met it's been by accident or where I've made the opportunity by going to some place where she was lecturing. The breach has widened until we're hardly more than acquaintances. She's said that if I ever found a woman I thought I could be happy with to be frank about it. It may be in her mind to free me if I ask it. I don't know. And that's the situation."

"You don't—you're sure you don't—love her any more?" Grace asked, uttering the words slowly and diffidently.

"No," he answered, meeting her direct gaze with a candor that was a part of his charm for her. "That's all over. It was over before I met you. But I suppose, after a fashion, I'm still fond of her; she was always interesting and amusing.

Even as a girl she'd been a great hand to take up with new ideas. When the suffrage movement developed she found she could write and speak and I saw less of her to a point where we began an existence quite independently of each other. I want you to be satisfied about this, if there's anything you want to know—"

"No; I believe you, and I think I understand. And I'm sorry—very sorry for your unhappy times. I wish—"

"Yes, dear—"

"Oh, you're so fine; so kind; so deserving of happiness! I want so much to help you find it. I want to be of real use to you. You deserve so much of life."

"But—do I deserve you?"

She answered with a look so eloquent of her love for him that he drew his arm about her and they went on to The Shack.

As they entered the living room they found Irene and Kemp in a heated argument over the girl's preemption of a bottle of whisky which she had seized to prevent his further consumption of the contents.

"Take it, Ward!" Irene cried, flinging off Kemp's hold upon her arm and handing the bottle to Trenton. "Tommy's had too much. I'm going to take him home."

"Gimme tha' bottle; gotta have another drink," muttered Kemp, lunging toward Trenton.

"Not another drop!" said Trenton, passing the bottle to Grace who ran with it to the dining room and told Jerry to hide it. Kemp, caught in Trenton's arms, drew back and stared, grinning in his befuddlement at the legerdemain by which the bottle had eluded him.

"Tommy's a naughty boy," said Irene. "He's nasty when he's drunk. Hands off!" she cried as Kemp again menaced her. "Don't you dare touch me!"

"Not goin' home. Never goin' home. Goin' to shtay right here," declared Kemp, tottering as he attempted to assume an attitude of defiance.

The Japanese boy had brought in the tea tray and was lighting the kettle lamp.

"You've spoiled everything by getting drunk," said Irene angrily. "You're going home. You know what you told me the other night at Minnie's. Your doctor's warned you to cut out the booze or you'll die. Your heart won't stand it."

Kemp turned toward her slowly, opening and closing his eyes in the effort to comprehend this statement. He was very white; Trenton was watching him with deep concern.

"He's got a dinner engagement in town at seven and I've got a date myself," said Irene. "I'll take him home. The chauffeur will look after him. There's no use letting him spoil the day for you and Grace. You came out in the runabout, didn't you, Jerry? Jerry can walk over to the interurban when he's ready to go and you two can take your time about going in. You can manage the runabout, can't you, Ward?"

"That's easy enough," Trenton replied, frowning in his perplexity as he eyed Kemp, who had stumbled to a chair where he sat breathing heavily. "But I don't like your going in alone with Tommy."

Irene bent over Kemp and drew a phial from his pocket. She shook out a tablet and placed it in his mouth. The vigilant Japanese boy was ready with a glass of water.

"Strych-ni-a-ah," explained Kemp with a drunken grin. When Trenton tried to take his pulse he good naturedly resisted.

"His heart's certainly doing queer things," said Trenton. "It would be better for us all to go in."

"Oh, he'll come out of it! It's nearly dark and I'll open the car windows and give him air. Craig's driven him for years and he'll look after him at home. I'm sick of this business. If he wants to kill himself let him go ahead."

"He oughtn't to be left alone at home," said Grace. "You'd better go in with him, Ward, and see that he has the doctor."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Irene decisively. "I've been through this before and his heart kicking up that way doesn't mean anything. Alcohol hits him quick but it doesn't last long. He really didn't have enough to make a baby tipsy. But he never learns that he can't stand it. You two just forget all about him."

Craig, the chauffeur, came in with Kemp's coat and they got him into it; but Kemp played for delay. His engagement to dine was at the Isaac Cummings', and the fact that he was asked there called for an elaborate explanation which he insisted on delivering from the door.

He warmed to the work of abusing Cummings; it was an impertinence on the part of his business competitor to invite him to his house. Cummings was hard up; he had sunk a lot of money in oil ventures. Kemp recited a list of Cummings's



"Every step has been so dear," Grace said contentedly. "I haven't forgotten a word you've ever said to me."

liabilities, tracing imaginary tables of figures on the walls with his finger and turning to his auditors for their concurrence in his opinion that Cummings was on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Playin' up to me; thinks Tom Kemp's goin' help him out! Poor boob'd like to merge—merge his business with me—me! No, ye don't, Mr. Cummings!" he bowed mockingly to an imaginary Cummings. The bow would have landed him on the floor if Trenton hadn't caught him.

Irene steadied him to the car, and after Craig had lifted him in he waved his hand to Trenton and Grace with an effort at nonchalance.

"House all yours, Ward; make ye present ole Shack. Burn it down; do's ye please. Jerry'll give ye anything ye want—wine 'neverthin'."

## II

GRACE and Trenton watched the car turn the long bend toward the highway and hurried back to the fire of hickory logs that crackled merrily in the living room fireplace.

"Now for tea!" said Grace. "I ate a huge dinner but our tramp's given me a new appetite."

Roy, in a sullen mood, wanted to drop the law course and go West.



She sat down before the tray while he stood by the hearth, resting his elbow on the mantel shelf, watching her. Jerry asked if he should turn on the lights.

"Thank you, no, Jerry; the fire gives light enough. You needn't wait."

The boy indicated the bell by which he could be summoned and withdrew.

There was a broad smile on Trenton's face as he took his cup and sat down near her.

"What's the joke, Ward?" she asked. She was now finding it easy to call him Ward.

"It's not a joke; I was just admiring your manner of addressing Jerry. It was quite perfect. He was greatly impressed by it."

"Oh, was that it! What did you expect me to do—snap at him?"

"No; I was only thinking how charming you'd be as the lady of a great house. Your slaves would worship you. Jerry caught the idea too; I never saw him bow so low."

"Jerry's adorable!" she murmured, her eyes flashing her appreciation of Trenton's compliment. "But really I must look awful; my hair's in a mess. I'll run upstairs and give it a smoothing as soon as we've had tea."

"Please don't! I like it that way. The dark frame for your face adds a charm that's bewildering!"

"What did Tommy mean about Cummings?" she asked presently. "Isn't the Cummings' business prospering?"

"Tommy must know what he's talking about. He never quite loses his head even when he's drunk. These are anxious times and it's quite possible that Cummings is hard up. Tommy can afford to feel easy because he's well off even without his manufacturing business. I've got to do something about Tommy, though," he went on thoughtfully. "His New York doctor told me he'd have to stop his monkeyshines or something unpleasant will happen to him. While I'm here I'm going to try to get him to submit to treatment. But he's not easy to manage—frankly says he prefers a short life and a merry one. We've got to save Tommy if we can."

He smiled a little ruefully. Grace liked the way he talked of Kemp and listened attentively while he gave many instances of Tommy's kindness and generosity.

"About your father's improvements on the motor," Trenton continued, "I'll go into that while I'm here. From the claims of the new patent it would appear that he's got something of real value; but we'll have to give it a tryout. We can do that

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Grace marveled at her mother's courage and forbearance in the most poignant sorrow of her life.

at Kemp's shop. Of course Tommy will be anxious to get the new ideas if they're practical."

"Even a small success just now will mean so much to father," said Grace. "He was greatly excited by your letter and had to be convinced that you weren't acting for Cummings. He pretends to mother that there was nothing unfair in Cummings's treatment of him, but deep down in his heart he's terribly bitter."

A fire makes for intimacy and their concord was now so complete that silence had all the felicity of golden speech. The perfect expression of love may be conveyed in a glance and from time to time their eyes met in communications too precious for words. After these mute periods the talk would ripple on again unhurriedly as though they were the inheritors of immeasurable time.

In moments of animation when her dark eyes flashed and she smilingly invited his response she disclosed new and beguiling charms. In its disorder her hair emphasized what Irene liked to call her gypsy look.

The tea disposed of she sent away the tray and as his cigarette case was empty she filled it from a box Jerry found for her.

"It seems funny to be using other people's things this way," she remarked. "It's like finding a house in perfect running order on a desert island."

"You don't know what a joy it is to be waited on in this fashion."

He looked up at her fondly as she stood beside him. When she returned the case he drew her upon his knees, took her hand and scrutinized it closely. He pressed a kiss upon the palm and closed her fingers upon it.

"How long will you keep it?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't need to keep that, do I? Won't there be some more?"

"Millions!" he replied and clasped her tight.

"Your hands are finely shaped and interesting, Ward. It's plain enough why music affects you so. You really might have been an artist of some kind yourself."

This called for an argument in the course of which she got illuminative glimpses of him as a boy who was always interested in machinery. He had been predestined to the calling he had chosen but confessed that sometimes he wished that he had tried his hand at executive work.

"I may do it yet," he said. "I have opportunities occasionally that I'm probably foolish to let pass, to take hold of big concerns. But I've liked my freedom to roam. It's helped me a lot to be able to wander."

"Yes, I understand, dear," she said softly, stroking his hair. She knew that he meant his wife. Though she had accepted as sincere his explanation of his relations with Mrs. Trenton, she resented in spite of herself even this remote reference to the woman whom she had never seen but had constantly tried to visualize.

"I might even move to Indianapolis one of these days," he was saying. "I have a standing offer from Tommy to come and help him run his plant. I tell him it's his game to wish his job on me so he can have more time to play. And Tommy doesn't need that!"

She drew from his waistcoat pocket the locket that had so aroused her curiosity at their first meeting.

"What's in this, Ward?" she asked, holding up the round silver trinket.

"Oh, *that*!" he said, frowning at it.

"Don't look so cross! Must I tease you to show me what's inside?"

As she dangled it at arm's length he encouraged the idea that its contents were secret by snatching it away.

"It's the darkest of mysteries. What will you give me for a peep?"

"I might give you one kiss," she said, deliberating, "if I like what's inside."

"Oh, I must have three!"

"Agreed. But don't show me if you don't want to."

"Well, it's a great concession, a privilege reserved only for royalty."

He gave it to her, laughing at her disappointment at finding it empty.

"Fraud!" she exclaimed. "How long has it been empty?"

"I can't give the exact date, but you can approximate it for yourself. Do you remember the first time I wrote you from St. Louis? It seems æons ago!"

"Yes; I'll never forget that."

"Well, that night I took out and destroyed a little photograph I'd carried there for a good many years. I'll leave you to guess why I didn't care for it any more."

"Your wife's picture?"

"Yes; I bought the locket right after we were engaged and the picture had been there until I took it out that night in St. Louis."

"Tell me more about how you came to take it out," she asked with the insistence of a child demanding the continuation of a story. "Didn't it have any kind of meaning for you any more—not even little associations—memories you wouldn't lose?"

"No; it was as though something had died in me and utterly ceased to be. I was wondering about a lot of things that night. After I had written to you I wrote a letter to Mrs. Trenton. She had said from time to time that if I ever found myself interested in another woman not to be afraid to tell her. I don't know how seriously she meant that. Odd as it may seem, I don't know Mrs. Trenton! I used to think I did but that was sheer conceit on my part. As long as she had made that suggestion about telling her if I met a woman who really appealed to me more than she did I thought I'd tell her about you. Oh, I didn't tell your name or where you live!" he exclaimed, seeing the look of consternation on Grace's face. "My agreement with her was half a joke; in later years I've never quite known when to take her seriously. I suppose I wrote her more to feel her out as to whether she might not have reached the point where it would be a good thing to quit altogether."

"Well," Grace asked, "and what did she say?"

"Oh, so far her only answer has been a magnificent silence! The philosophers agree, don't they, that a woman doesn't always mean what she says? But a silence is even more baffling. What would you say about it?"

"A little ominous—perhaps—"

"Contempt, disdain, indifference? Maybe she's just awaiting further advices, as we say in business."

"Possibly she never got the letter."

"That's conceivable; she's a fast traveler. The mails have hard work to catch up with her."

"You don't really know whether she got the letter or what she would have written if she'd received it. Maybe she's just waiting for a chance to talk to you about it."

"Well, in any event we needn't worry about it," said Trenton.

"I'd like to have seen your letter," said Grace musingly.

"I told her you kissed me. Like a brave man I put the responsibility on you!"

"Oh, that wasn't fair! It would be sure to give her a bad impression of me."

"I think I intimated that it was only such a kiss as a daughter might bestow upon a father she didn't think so badly of! I shall always be glad that our first kiss was like that; we've traveled a long way since then."

"Every step has been so dear," she said contentedly. "I think I could never forget one single thing. I don't believe I've forgotten a word you've ever said to me. And when you were away I lived our times all over again. And I like to imagine that we talk to each other by our own private wireless even when you are miles away. I think I can imagine just what you would say and how you would look when you say it. Oh—" she bent forward quickly and grasped his hand in both of hers; her lips quivered and there was a mist in her eyes. "Oh!—I wish I didn't love you so much!"

### III

"Has it occurred to you," he asked, "that we're alone away out here in the woods?"

"I'd never be lonesome anywhere with you!"

The fire had burned low and she watched admiringly his manner of replenishing it. He used the shovel to push back the ashes and bring the coals together in a neat bed in the center of which he dropped a fresh log with calculated accuracy.

"You do everything just right! I love to see you use your hands," she said. "They're so strong and skillful."

"I ought to know how to make a fire; I've made enough of them. As a youngster I did a lot of jobs that took me into queer places, surveying and construction gangs; and I've camped a bit—hunting and fishing."

She established him before the fire in the most comfortable chair in the room and sat at his feet. With her arms folded upon his knees to make a resting place for her head she listened with the rapt attention a child gives to a beguiling chronicler as he told how he was lost for three days in the Canadian wilds, and of a flight by canoe on a stormy night to fetch a doctor for one of his party who had fallen ill. He had given her from the first a sense of remote horizons, and tonight her fancy perfected every picture his narratives suggested of hills and woodlands and streams. They constituted a new background against which she saw in him an heroic figure equal to any demand that might be made upon his strength and courage.

"One of these days," he went on, "we must do the Canadian Rockies together; and then I'd like to take you to some places I know in Maine—just guides and canoes and us; and I want to do India before I die, but not without you. You're in all my future! I want to live a long time to enjoy life with you. Does that appall you?"

She was gazing wide-eyed into the fire, her dark eyes the harbor of dreams, and he laughed and bent forward to touch her cheek and break the spell that bound her.

"I should love it *all*, dear!" she said with a happy sigh. "To be with you, to share *everything* with you! Oh, that would be more happiness than I could bear!"

"You do love me; tell me, dear, once more, that you do!"

"More than all this earth and the stars! More than all the other universes beyond this one!" she cried, laughing at her own extravagance.

He raised his hand and bade her listen.

"I thought the wind changed awhile ago. The weather spirit's abroad. Let's have a look."

He threw on the porch lights and opened the front door. It was snowing hard; the porch steps and driveway were already covered, and the nearest trees had been transformed into ghostly sentinels. She clapped her hands in delight at the beauty of it.

"What if we should be snowed in?"

"What if we should?" he answered. "Tommy always carries a full larder and we wouldn't starve to death."

They went back to the fire and with hands clasped before her she gazed at the flames. He drew his arm about her waist and the room was silent save for the cozy murmur of the fire.

"Why not stay here all night? Jerry hasn't left and he'll spend the night if I ask him and give us breakfast. I suppose you have to go to the store tomorrow."

"Yes—" The assent was to one or all of his questions as he might choose to interpret it.

"We can go in, of course, early in the morning. I have a nine o'clock engagement myself."

"They'll be expecting me at home," she said, pondering gravely, "but if I could telephone from here—"

"I think Tommy's connected direct with the city exchange," he said. "Jerry can tell us."

(Continued on page 126)

*A new adventure of Bertie and Jeeves  
and therefore a real contribution to  
the Literature of Laughter*

# THE Great Sermon HANDICAP

by P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

YOU can always rely on Jeeves. Just as I was wiping the brow and gasping like a stranded goldfish, in he drifted, merry and bright, with the good old tissue restorers on a tray.

"Jeeves," I said "it's beastly hot."

"The weather is oppressive, sir."

"Not all the soda, Jeeves."

"No, sir."

"London in August," I said, quaffing deeply of the flowing b., "rather tends to give me the pip. All my pals are away, most of the theaters are shut, and they're taking up Piccadilly in large spadefuls. The world is empty and smells of burning asphalt. Shift-ho, I think, Jeeves, what?"

"Just as you say, sir. There is a letter on the tray, sir."

"By Jove, Jeeves, that was practically poetry. Rhymed, did you notice?" I opened the letter. "I say, this is rather extraordinary."

"Sir?"

"You know Twing Hall."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Little is there."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Absolutely in the flesh. He's had to take another of those tutoring jobs."

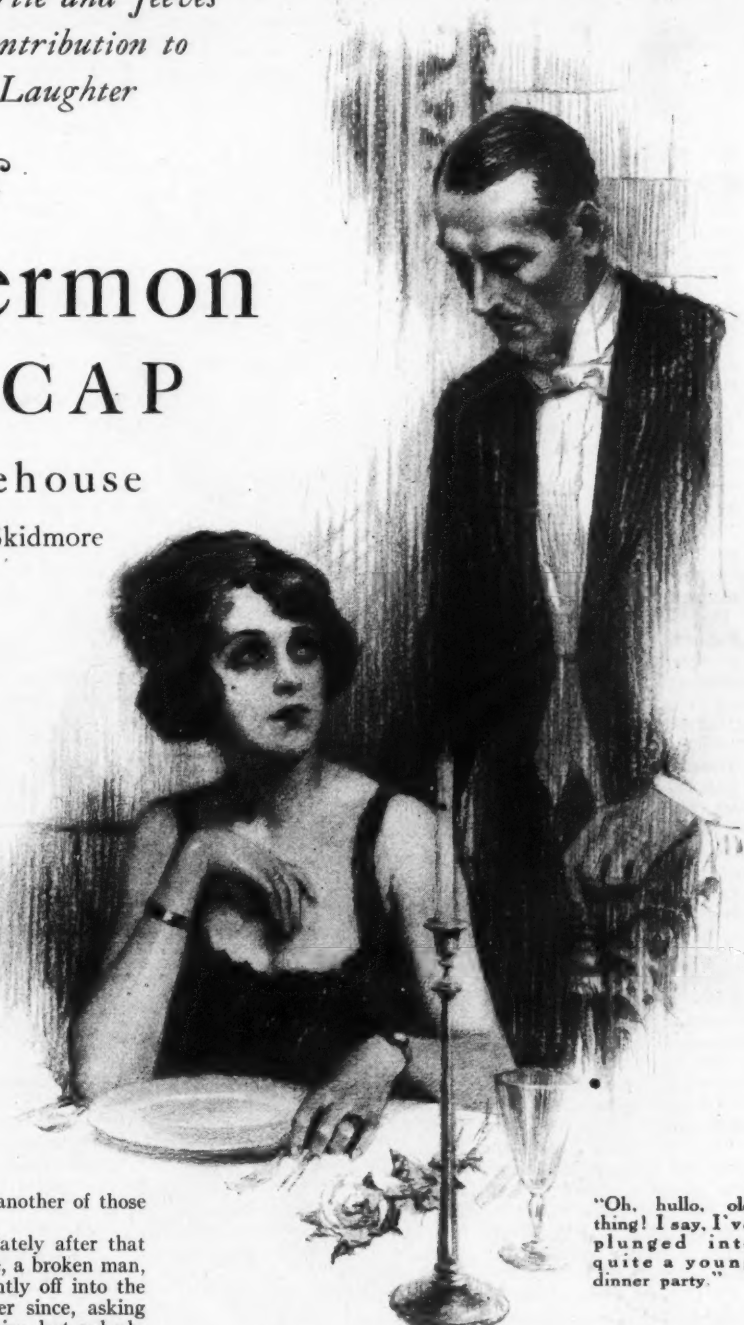
I don't know if you remember, but immediately after that fearful mix-up at Goodwood young Bingo Little, a broken man, had touched me for a tenner and whizzed silently off into the unknown. I had been all over the place ever since, asking mutual friends if they had heard anything of him, but nobody had. And all the time he had been at Twing Hall. Rummy. And I'll tell you why it was rummy. Twing Hall belongs to old Lord Wickhammersley, a great pal of my guv'nor's when he was alive, and I have a standing invitation to pop down there when I like. I generally put in a week or two some time in the summer, and I was thinking of going there before I read the letter.

"And what's more, Jeeves, my cousin Claude and my cousin Eustace . . . you remember them?"

"Very vividly, sir."

"Well, they're down there, too, reading for some exam or other with the vicar. I used to read with him myself at one time. He's known far and wide as a pretty hot coach for those of fairly feeble intellect. Well, when I tell you he got me through Smalls you'll gather that he's a bit of a hummer. I call this most extraordinary."

I read the letter again. It was from Eustace. Claude and Eustace are twins, and more or less generally admitted to be the curse of the human race.



"Oh, hullo, old thing! I say, I've plunged into quite a young dinner party."

Dear Bertie:

Do you want to make a bit of money? I hear you had a bad Goodwood, so you probably do. Well, come down here quick and get in on the biggest sporting event of the season. I'll explain when I see you, but you can take it from me it's all right.

Claude and I are with a reading party at old Heppenstall's. There are nine of us, not counting your pal Bingo Little, who is tutoring the kid up at the Hall.

Don't miss this golden opportunity, which may never occur again. Come and join us.

Yours,  
Eustace

I handed this to Jeeves. He studied it thoughtfully.

"What do you make of it? A rummy communication, what?"

"Very high-spirited young gentlemen, sir, Mr. Claude and Mr. Eustace. Up to some game, I should be disposed to imagine."

"Yes. But what game do you think?"

"It is impossible to say, sir. Did you observe that the letter continues over the page?"



## The Great Sermon Handicap

"Eh, what?" I grabbed the thing. This was what was on the other side of the last page:

SERMON HANDICAP  
RUNNERS AND BETTING  
PROBABLE STARTERS

Rev. Joseph Tucker (Badgwick).....	Scratch
Rev. Leonard Starkie (Stapleton).....	Scratch
Rev. Alexander Jones (Upper Bingley).....	Receives 3 minutes
Rev. W. Dix (Little Clickton-in-the-Wold).....	Receives 5 minutes
Rev. Francis Heppenstall (Twining).....	Receives 8 minutes
Rev. Cuthbert Dibble (Boustead Parva).....	Receives 9 minutes
Rev. Orlo Hough (Boustead Magna).....	Receives 9 minutes
Rev. J. J. Roberts (Fale-by-the-Water).....	Receives 10 minutes
Rev. G. Hayward (Lower Bingley).....	Receives 12 minutes
Rev. James Bates (Gandle-by-the-Hill).....	Receives 15 minutes

(The above have arrived)

Prices: 5-2, Tucker, Starkie; 3-1, Jones; 9-2, Dix; 6-1, Heppenstall, Dibble, Hough; 100-8, any other.

It baffled me.

"Do you understand it, Jeeves?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think we ought to have a look into it anyway; what?"

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"Right-o, then. Pack our spare dickey and a toothbrush in a neat brown paper parcel, send a wire to Lord Wickhammersley to say we're coming and buy two tickets on the five-ten at Paddington tomorrow."

The five-ten was late as usual, and everybody was dressing for dinner when I arrived at the Hall. It was only by getting into my evening things in record time and taking the stairs to the dining room in a couple of bounds that I managed to dead beat with the soup. I slid into the vacant chair and found that I was sitting next to old Wickhammersley's youngest daughter, Cynthia.

"Oh, hullo, old thing," I said.

Great pals we've always been. In fact, there was a time when I had an idea I was in love with Cynthia. However, it blew over. A dashed pretty and lively and attractive girl, mind you, but full of ideals and all that. I may be wronging her, but I have an idea that she's the sort of girl who would want a fellow to carve out a career and what not. I know I've heard her speak favorably of Napoleon. So what with one thing and another the jolly old frenzy sort of petered out, and now we're just pals. I think she's a topper, and she thinks me next door to a looney, so everything's nice and matey.

"Well, Bertie, so you've arrived?"

"Oh, yes, I've arrived. Yes, here I am. I say, I seem to have plunged into the middle of quite a young dinner party. Who are all these coves?"

"Oh, just people from round about. You know most of them. You remember Colonel Willis and the Spencers . . ."

"Of course, yes. And there's old Heppenstall. Who's the other clergyman next to Mrs. Spencer?"

"Mr. Hayward, from Lower Bingley."

"What an amazing lot of clergymen there are round here. Why, there's another, next to Mrs. Willis."

"That's Mr. Bates, Mr. Heppenstall's nephew. He's an assistant master at Eton. He's down here during the summer holidays, acting as *locum tenens* for Mr. Spettigue, the rector of Gandle-by-the-Hill."

"I thought I knew his face. He was in his fourth year at Oxford when I was a fresher. Rather a blood. Got his rowing blue and all that." I took another look down the table and spotted young Bingo. "Ah, there he is," I said. "There's the old egg."

"There's who?"

"Young Bingo Little. Great pal of mine. He's tutoring your brother, you know."

"Good gracious! Is he a friend of yours?"

"Rather! Known him all my life."

"Then tell me, Bertie, is he at all weak in the head?"

"Weak in the head?"

"I don't mean simply because he's a friend of yours. But he's so strange in his manner."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he keeps looking at me so oddly."

"Oddly? How? Give an imitation."

"I can't in front of all these people."

"Yes, you can. I'll hold my napkin up."

"All right, then. Quick—There!"

Considering that she had only about a second and a half to do it in, I must say it was a jolly fine exhibition. She opened

her mouth and eyes pretty wide and let her jaw drop sideways and managed to look so like a dyspeptic calf that I recognized the symptoms immediately.

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "No need to be alarmed. He's simply in love with you."

"In love with me? Don't be absurd."

"My dear old thing, you don't know young Bingo. He can fall in love with anybody."

"Thank you!"

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way, you know. I don't wonder at his taking to you. Why, I was in love with you myself once."

"Once? Ah! And all that remains now is the cold ashes? This isn't one of your tactful evenings, Bertie."

"Well, my dear sweet thing, dash it all, considering that you gave me the bird and nearly laughed yourself into a permanent state of hiccoughs when I asked you . . ."

"Oh, I'm not reproaching you. No doubt there were faults on both sides. He's very good looking, isn't he?"

"Good looking? Bingo? Bingo good looking? No, I say, come now, really!"

"I mean, compared with some people," said Cynthia.

Some time after this Lady Wickhammersley gave the signal for the females of the species to leg it, and they duly stampeded. I didn't get a chance of talking to young Bingo when they'd gone, and later, in the drawing room, he didn't show up. I found him eventually in his room, lying on the bed with his feet on the rail, smoking a toofah. There was a notebook on the counterpane beside him.

"Hullo, old scream," I said.

"Hullo, Bertie," he replied in what seemed to me rather a moody, distraught sort of manner.

"Rummy finding you down here. I take it your uncle cut off your allowance after that Goodwood binge and you had to take this tutoring job to keep the wolf from the door?"

"Correct," said young Bingo tersely.

"Well, you might have let your pals know where you were."

He frowned darkly.

"I didn't want them to know where I was. I wanted to creep away and hide myself. I've been through a bad time, Bertie, these last weeks. The sun ceased to shine . . ."

"That's curious. We've had gorgeous weather in London."

"The birds ceased to sing . . ."

"What birds?"

"What the devil does it matter what birds?" said young Bingo with some asperity. "Any birds. The birds round about here. You don't expect me to specify them by their pet names, do you? I tell you, Bertie, it hit me hard at first, very hard."

"What hit you?" I simply couldn't follow the blighter.

"Charlotte's calculated callousness."

"Oh, ah!" I've seen poor old Bingo through so many unsuccessful love affairs that I'd almost forgotten there was a girl mixed up with that Goodwood business. Of course! Charlotte Corday Rowbotham. And she had given him the raspberry, I remembered now, and gone off with Comrade Butt.

"I went through torments. Recently, however, I've—er—bucked up a bit. Tell me, Bertie, what are you doing down here? I didn't know you knew these people."

"Me? Why, I've known them since I was a kid."

Young Bingo put his feet down with a thud.

"Do you mean to say you've known Lady Cynthia all that time?"

"Rather! She can't have been seven when I met her first."

"My God!" said young Bingo. He looked at me for the first time as though I amounted to something, and swallowed a mouthful of smoke the wrong way. "I love that girl, Bertie," he went on when he'd finished coughing.

"Yes? Nice girl, of course."

He eyed me with pretty deep loathing.

"Don't speak of her in that horrible casual way. She's an angel. An angel! Was she talking about me at all at dinner, Bertie?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did she say?"

"I remember one thing. She said she thought you good looking."

Young Bingo closed his eyes in a sort of ecstasy. Then he picked up the notebook.

"Pop off now, old man, there's a good chap," he said in a hushed, far away voice. "I've got a bit of writing to do."

"Writing?"

"Poetry, if you must know. I wish the dickens," said young Bingo, not without some bitterness, "she had been christened



I toddled over in the evening and fixed the thing up.

something except Cynthia. There isn't a damn word in the language it rhymes with. Ye gods, how I could have spread myself if she had only been called Jane!"

Bright and early next morning as I lay in bed blinking at the sunligh: on the dressing table and wondering when Jeeves was going to show up with the cup of tea, a heavy weight descended

on my toes, and the voice of young Bingo polluted the air. The blighter had apparently risen with the lark.

"Leave me," I said, "I would be alone. I can't see anybody till I've had my tea."

"When Cynthia smiles," said young Bingo, "the skies are blue: the world takes on a roseate hue: birds in the garden trill

## The Great Sermon Handicap

and sing, and Joy is king of everything, when Cynthia smiles." He coughed, changing gears. "When Cynthia frowns . . ."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"I'm reading you my poem. The one I wrote to Cynthia last night. I'll go on, shall I?"

"No!"

"No?"

"No. I haven't had my tea."

At this moment Jeeves came in with the good old beverage and I sprang on it with a glad cry. After a couple of sips things looked a bit brighter. Even young Bingo didn't offend the eye to quite such an extent. By the time I'd finished the first cup, I was a new man—so much so that I not only permitted but encouraged the poor fish to read the rest of the bally thing, and even went so far as to criticize the scansion of the fourth line of the fifth verse. We were still arguing the point when the door burst open and in blew Claude and Eustace.

The twins seemed pleased to see me.

"Good old Bertie!" said Claude.

"Stout fellow!" said Eustace. "The Rev. told us you had arrived. I thought that letter of mine would fetch you."

"You can always bank on Bertie," said Claude. "A sportsman to the fingertips. Well, has Bingo told you about it?"

"Not a word. He's been . . ."

"We've been talking," said Bingo hastily, "of other matters."

Claude pinched the last slice of thin bread and butter and Eustace poured himself out a cup of tea.

"It's like this, Bertie," said Eustace, settling down cozily. "As I told you in my letter, there are nine of us marooned in this desert spot, reading with old Heppenstall. Well, of course, nothing is jollier than sweating up the Classics when it's a hundred in the shade, but there does come a time when you begin to feel the need of a little relaxation; and by Jove, there are

absolutely no facilities for relaxation in this place whatever. And then Steggle got this idea. Steggle is one of our reading party, and between ourselves rather a worm as a general thing. Still, you have to give him credit for getting this idea."

"What idea?"

"Well, you know how many parsons there are round about here. There are about a dozen hamlets within a radius of six miles, and each hamlet has a church and each church has a parson and each parson preaches a sermon every Sunday. Tomorrow week—Sunday the twenty-third—we're running off the great Sermon Handicap. Steggle is making the book. Each parson is to be clocked by a reliable steward of the course, and the one that preaches the longest sermon wins. Did you study the race card I sent you?"

"I couldn't understand what it was all about."

"Why, you chump, it gives the handicaps and the current odds on each starter. I've got another one here, in case you've lost yours. Take a careful look at it. It gives you the thing in a nutshell. Jeeves, old son, do you want a sporting flutter?"

"Sir?" said Jeeves, who had just meandered in with my breakfast.

Claude explained the scheme. Amazing the way Jeeves grasped it right off. But he merely smiled in a paternal sort of way.

"Thank you, sir, I think not."

"Well, you're with us, Bertie, aren't you?" said Claude, sneaking a roll and a slice of bacon. "Have you studied that card? Well, tell me, does anything strike you about it?"

Of course it did. It had struck me the moment I looked at it.

"Why, it's a sitter for old Heppenstall," I said. "He's got the event sewed up in a parcel. There isn't a parson in the land who could give him eight minutes. Your pal Steggle must be an ass, giving him a handicap like that. Why, in the days when I was with him, old Heppenstall never used to preach under half an hour, and there was one sermon of his on Brotherly Love which lasted forty-five minutes if it lasted a second. Has he lost his vim lately or what is it?"

"Not a bit of it," said Eustace. "Tell him what happened, Claude."

"Why," said Claude, "the first Sunday we were here we all went to Twing church, and old Heppenstall preached a sermon that was well under twenty minutes. This is what happened. Steggle didn't notice it and the Rev. didn't notice it himself, but Eustace and I both spotted that he had dropped a chunk of at least half a dozen pages out of his sermon case as he was walking up to the pulpit. He sort of flickered when he got to the gap

in the manuscript but carried on all right, and Steggle went away with the impression that twenty minutes or a bit under was his usual form. The next Sunday we heard Tucker and Starkie, and they both went well over the thirty-five minutes, so Steggle

arranged the handicapping as you see on the card. You must come into this, Bertie. You see, the trouble is that I haven't a bean and Eustace hasn't a bean and Bingo Little hasn't a bean, so you'll have to finance the syndicate. Don't weaken! It's just putting money in all our pockets . . . Well, we'll have to be getting back now. Think the thing over and phone me later in the day. And if you let us down, Bertie, may a cousin's curse . . . Come on, Claude, old thing."

The more I studied the thing the better it looked.

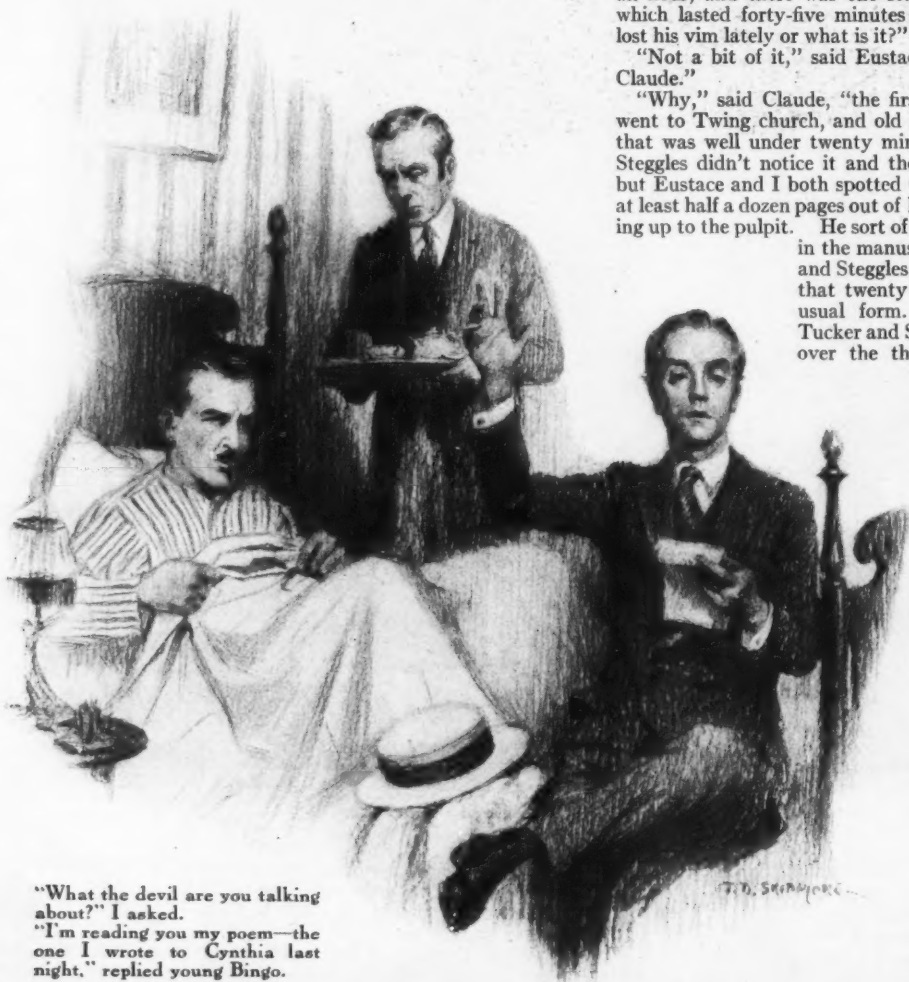
"How about it, Jeeves?"

I said.

Jeeves smiled gently and drifted out.

"Jeeves has no sporting blood," said Bingo.

"Well, I have. I'm coming into this. Claude's



"What the devil are you talking about?" I asked.

"I'm reading you my poem—the one I wrote to Cynthia last night," replied young Bingo.





It wasn't five minutes before I realized that here was the winner.

quite right. It's like finding money by the wayside."

"Good man!" said Bingo. "Now I can see daylight. Say, I have a tenner on Heppenstall and cop; that'll give me a bit in hand to back Pink Pill with in the two o'clock at Gatwick the week after next; cop on that, put the pile on Musk-Rat for the one-thirty at Lewes; and there I am with a nice little sum to take to Alexandra Park on September the tenth, when I've got a tip straight from the stable."

It sounded like a bit out of Smiles's Self-Help.

"And then," said young Bingo, "I'll be in a position to go to my uncle and beard him in his lair somewhat. He's quite a bit of a snob, you know, and when he hears that I'm going to marry the daughter of an earl . . ."

"I say, old man," I couldn't help saying, "aren't you looking ahead rather far?"

"Oh, that's all right. It's true nothing's actually settled yet, but she practically told me the other day she was fond of me."

"What!"

"Well, she said that the sort of man she liked was the self-reliant, manly man with strength, good looks, character, ambition and initiative."

"Leave me, laddie," I said. "Leave me to my fried egg."

Directly I'd got up I went to the phone, snatched Eustace away from his morning's work, and instructed him to put a tenner on the Twing flier at current odds for each of the syndicate; and after lunch Eustace rang me up to say that he had done business at a snappy seven to one, the odds having lengthened owing to a rumor in knowledgeable circles that the Rev. was subject to hay fever and was taking big chances strolling in the paddock behind the vicarage in the early mornings. And it was dashed lucky, I thought next day, that we had managed to get the money on in time, for on the Sunday morning old Heppenstall fairly took the bit between his teeth and gave us thirty-six solid minutes on Certain Popular Superstitions. I was sitting next to Steggle in the pew, and I saw him blench visibly. He was a little rat-faced fellow with shifty eyes and a suspicious nature. The first thing he did when we emerged into the open air was to announce formally that anyone who fan-

cied the Rev. could now be accommodated at fifteen to eight on, and he added in a rather nasty manner that if he had his way this sort of in and out running would be brought to the attention of the Jockey Club, but that he supposed that there was nothing to be done about it. This ruinous price checked the punters at once, and there was little money in sight. And so matters stood till just after lunch on Tuesday afternoon, when as I was strolling up and down in front of the house with a cigarette, Claude and Eustace came bursting up the drive on bicycles, dripping with momentous news.

"Bertie," said Claude, deeply agitated, "unless we take immediate action and do a bit of quick thinking, we're in the cart."

"What's the matter?"

"G. Hayward's the matter," said Eustace morosely. "The Lower Bingley Starter."

"We never even considered him," said Claude. "Somehow or other he got overlooked. It's always the way. Steggle overlooked him. We all overlooked him. But Eustace and I happened by the merest fluke to be riding through Lower Bingley this morning, and there was a wedding on at the church, and it suddenly struck us that it wouldn't be a bad move to get a line on G. Hayward's form, in case he might be a dark horse."

"And it was jolly lucky we did," said Eustace. "He delivered an address of twenty-six minutes by Claude's stop watch. At a village wedding, mark you! Well, what'll he do when he really extends himself?"

"There's only one thing to be done, Bertie," said Claude. "You must spring some more funds so that we can hedge on Hayward and save ourselves."

"But . . ."

"Well, it's the only way out."

"But I say, you know, I hate the idea of all that money we put on Heppenstall being chucked away."

"What else can you suggest? You don't suppose the Rev. can give this absolute marvel a handicap and win, do you?"

"I've got it!" I said.

"What?"

"I see a way by which we can make (Continued on page 208)



# Stories That Have Made Me *LAUGH*

As TOLD by **MONTAGUE GLASS** *The Famous Humorist*

**I**N ENGLAND, it is customary for patrons of public houses to pay for their drinks in advance. Hence the story of the Scotsman who after he had paid his tuppence ha'penny always grabbed his whisky almost before the bartender could pour it, and gulped it down in one convulsive swallow.

"Gude heavens!" a friend protested. "How can ye make such a pig of yourself tossing it down like that?"

"Well," the Scotsman replied, "ye see, a man once knocked it over on me."

**T**HERE is the tale about the two bibulous ladies in the London restaurant. "I don't know that I ever ate more tender tripe," one of them says.

"Mine's frightfully tough," the other replies.

Her friend regards her unsteadily for a moment and then says: "Take your 'at off, my dear, you're chewing your veil."

**T**WO contenders for the welter-weight championship were matched to fight in San Francisco last winter. The clubhouse arena was crowded with a large audience which had paid in the aggregate several thousand dollars for admission and everything was ready for the preliminary bouts to begin when one of the welterweight near champions suffered a change of heart. It looked as though he were going to be licked and he seized upon the excuse that his opponent weighed one-half an ounce more than he did.

"Now lookit, Bill," his manager pleaded, "you can't back out now. You signed articles and everything, and besides you get your share of the gate win or lose."

"That's all right," the white-livered pug replied. "Them articles says what we ought to weigh in at, and why can't he weigh in the same like me?"

In vain the manager pointed out to him that there was only half an ounce between them, and it wasn't till the clubhouse proprietor threatened suit and the audience had pretty nearly torn up the seats that the pugilist surrendered.

"All right," he said resignedly, pointing toward his opponent who had the half ounce advantage.

"Tell the heavy son of a gun I'm ready."

**S**EVERAL old friends in Edinburgh had made it a custom to dine together once a month. They kept it up for years until one by one they dropped off and there were only three of

them left—MacPherson, MacLaren and MacLeod. At all times the good spirits which were the basis for these gatherings had been more liquid than conversational, but as the survivors dwindled the talk grew less and less, until at the last meeting not a word had been spoken for more than half an hour. MacLeod was the first to break the silence.

"MacLaren," he said, "do you not think that MacPherson looks verry peculiar the noo?"

"Whisht!" MacLaren said. "I haven't mentioned it before because I didna want to spoil the evening's amusement, but he's been dead this half hour."



**A**CCORDING to a salesman for a wholesale grocery firm in Boston, the retail grocery business in rural Vermont is run upon extremely retail principles. He says that he was sitting in a grocer store near Brandon when the telephone bell rang. The proprietor excused himself and then repeated to the person who was calling:

One-quarter pound butter

One egg

Three cents' worth of cat's meat

One-quarter pound granulated sugar.

"John," the proprietor said to his assistant, "get up this order for Mrs. Smith and deliver it right away. She wants some of it for lunch."

"Great Scott!" the salesman said. "You don't mean to say you're going to deliver a little order like that!"

"Got to," the proprietor replied, "she'd do her trading in Brandon if I didn't."

"And how far away does she live?" the salesman asked.

"Just a piece down the road," the proprietor replied. "Three miles or so."

At this point the telephone rang again. It was Mrs. Smith.

"Never mind about sending that cat's meat," she said. "The cat's just caught a bird."

**B**ARRIE in his book *An Edinburgh Eleven* says that Professor John Stuart Blackie wrote a notice upon the blackboard of his lecture room one morning as follows:

PROFESSOR BLACKIE WILL NOT MEET HIS CLASSES TODAY.

One of the students a few minutes afterward entered and carefully rubbed out the initial letter of the word *classes*, causing the notice to read as follows:

PROFESSOR BLACKIE WILL NOT MEET HIS LASSES TODAY.

Finally Professor Blackie returned and saw what had happened. Thereupon he made the final amendment by rubbing out the initial letter of the word *lasses*, which caused the notice to read:

PROFESSOR BLACKIE WILL NOT MEET HIS ASSES TODAY.

And thus the matter rested.

**D**URING the recent business expansion, commercial banks in New York loaded themselves up with loans against warehouse receipts for merchandise which during the still more recent business contraction shrank in value almost to the vanishing point. Consequently the banks found themselves in the



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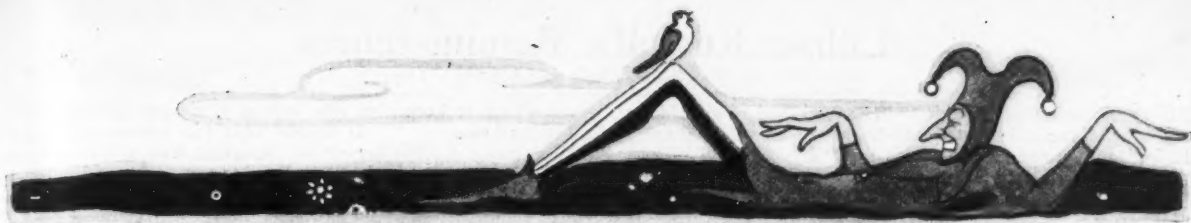
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unpleasant situation of being obliged either to renew the loans or get stuck with a lot of unsalable merchandise. The following story is typical of this unfortunate condition:

A silk merchant entered a bank the other day and asked the president to renew his loans. The president refused.

"Mr. President," said the silk merchant, "were you ever in the silk business?"

"No, sir," the president replied.

"Well," the silk merchant said as he prepared to leave, "you are now."

A FRIEND of mine bought a popular priced car the other day, second hand.

"Is it noisy?" somebody asked.

"Noisy!" he exclaimed. "Why, every time I drive around the block I feel like a trap drummer in a jazz orchestra. Everything in it makes a noise but the horn."

IT HAS been said by John Barrymore's admirers that he is the greatest living American actor. Other admirers of other actors have denied this, but in these instances the actor and admirer have been usually dual personalities of the same individual. For example, an actor was testifying in a law suit the other day and was asked upon direct examination what his occupation was.

"I am an actor," he said, "and I may add, the greatest living actor on the American stage."

A friend of his who was in the court room expostulated with him for being so immodest.

"What do you want to make a statement like that for?" the friend said.

"But my dear chap, I had to," the actor protested. "I was under oath, you know."

OF COURSE you know the story of the man who tried to dodge the invitation for dinner.

"Do come to dinner on Monday," the friend said.

"Sorry, but I have a lodge meeting on Monday," the man replied.

"Well, come on Tuesday then," the friend insisted.

"Tuesday I've got a date to go to a show with my fiancée," the man said.

"All right, then come on Wednesday," the friend continued.

"Wednesday I'll be in Philadelphia," the man answered.

"Well, if that's the case come on Thursday."

"Hell! I'll come on Monday," the man said.

IN THIS connection it is said that O. Henry was invited to Sunday dinner at the house of a friend in Larchmont. He insisted that he never could remember train times and always missed his appointments in the country.

"Well, there's a train leaves the Grand Central at six o'clock in the evening. It'll get you there just in time for dinner."

O. Henry bowed to the inevitable and accepted a card with the name and address of his host and the hour when the train left.

"Now you won't forget?" the friend said. "The train leaves the Grand Central Sunday at six."

O. Henry nodded and forced a smile, but on Sunday at half-past nine in the morning he sent the following telegram:

*Sorry, but I have missed the six o'clock train.*



"WHY is it," a Southern friend of mine asked his colored servant, "that so few colored men commit suicide?"

"Well, suh," the colored man replied, "when you white folks has got troubles, you sit down and think them over, and the more you think about them the wusser they get, till at last you jes' can't stand it no longer and you go to work and kill yo'self. But with us colored people, when we've got

troubles we sit down and think them over, and we think and think, boss, and you know what happens when a colored man sits down and tries to think. He jes' naturally falls asleep."

THE country boy who reads sermons in stones and books in running brooks has his counterpart in the city boy who finds an entire lyceum lecture course and Carnegie Library after Carnegie Library in the dry goods stores and factories of New York.

"How many seasons are there?" a little boy of the East Side was asked by his teacher in the geography class.

"Two," the little boy replied. "Busy and slack."

MAX BEERBOHM in his book *And Even Now* tells of a dinner toward the end of which the conversation had turned on early marriages.

"I," said a young man, "shall not marry till I am seventy. I shall then marry some charming young girl of seventeen."

His aunt threw up her hands, exclaiming: "Oh, Tom, what a perfectly horrible idea! Why, she isn't born yet!"

"No," said the young man, "but I have my eye on her mother."

FOR some reason or another certain foods seem to be a conventional subject of humor. Tripe is one of them, cheese another. There is a whole literature of funny stories about cheese. And as for tripe, there is of course the one about the woman-hating old bachelor who goes into the butcher's shop and says:

"Ow's yer steak today, Mr. Snell?"

"Tender as a woman's 'art, Mr. Smith," the butcher replies.

"Oh, it is, is it?" the misogynist retorts. "Well, give me some tripe."





# Lillian Russell's Reminiscences

(Continued from page 83)

American coon than a Zulu." The big fellow heard me and shouted, "Hello, Miss Lillie," and grinned from ear to ear; "I waited on you at the Cleveland Depot—'twenty minutes for dinner!'"

When we arrived at the restaurant I was delighted at the courtesy of my host. The center of the table was graced by a statue of Columbus holding a fair sized American flag in his arms. We all admired it and then passed an hour talking without catching even a glimpse of any food. By that time I was very hungry and bored. I said to Mr. Jackson: "If they don't give me something to eat soon, I shall starve to death. Let us go out to another restaurant and get something to eat." Then, hesitatingly, Mr. Jackson told me the reason for the delay. It appeared that the Germans would not sit down at the table while the statue of Columbus or an American flag was on it. That, if you please, was in 1898, when nominally Germany and America were on the friendliest terms! I was a bit stunned at first, then I grew indignant and wanted to get up and leave the place at once. But I realized that I was going to open an engagement in that city the following night and I had a few grains of business sense in my head. So I said to Jackson, "Put Columbus on the mantelpiece, and put the American flag out of sight, and let's get this dinner over." He did as I asked and we were immediately served with dinner.

When we could finally get away, I took my flag and our little party went out by a side entrance and found our Vienna *facre* waiting. To my astonishment there stood that blessed "American Zulu" radiant in white flannels, a straw hat with a wide brim and a fancy vest.

"Can I do anything for you, Miss Lillie?" he asked.

"Yes, you can do one thing that will please me," I said. "Take this blessed American flag. Get up on that seat with the driver. Wave that flag and yell like a Comanche Indian all the way down through the Tiergarten to the Bristol Hotel!"

He grabbed my American flag, jumped up beside the driver and began a long and loud yell that lasted through the whole drive. We were stopped by the police a number of times, naturally, but I handed each of them a few marks and they nearly fell over themselves bowing. And I thanked heaven that in that Zulu I had met a real American ducky. Of course I

had to give him a big enough tip to keep his wife and family for the next year.

I could endure the "Empress's manicure" who came in a full dress suit with white cotton gloves, rubbed some red paste on my nails, filed them closely, polished them with his gloved fingers and charged me five dollars. I could endure the German hairdresser—also sent to me as the "Hairdresser to the Empress"—who curled my hair with a small iron when he dressed it so that I had to duck my

ter who was in Hamburg in dire want!

It seemed that this person who called herself my daughter had a lawyer from Hamburg write letters to me which I had never received as my sister opened all the German letters and destroyed the annoying ones. But these demanded attention as the woman's claim could not be disposed of by letters from my manager or my sister. She insisted I was her mother. I wonder how she got that way—I never did find out. No wild imagination could picture me as a German Frau with a big, fat and forty year old daughter! My sister and my manager, Mr. Amberg, went to court and there my sister gave her oath that I had never been in Germany before and had but one child who was a little girl in a convent in America. They compelled Mr. Amberg also to take his oath, which satisfied the court and I was relieved of any more trouble with that case.

I was commanded, or invited, to Potsdam Palace to sing for the Royal Family on a certain Friday afternoon. The Kaiser sent for my repertoire and selected five songs that he preferred me to sing. I was tipped off by the Master of Ceremonies, to stop in at the Kaiser's jeweler on Unter den Linden, look over the jewelry in the back room of the store, especially made for the Kaiser to present as souvenirs, and select something I liked as I would receive a jeweled souvenir from the Kaiser for singing at Potsdam.

There was a large quantity of jewelry there which the Kaiser was about to take with him on a trip to Egypt as souvenirs to be presented to dignitaries, so the jeweler told me—snuff boxes, cigarette boxes, brooches, bracelets, lockets and rings. Every article was large and bulky and had a badly enameled miniature of the Kaiser in the center surrounded by the most terrible looking diamonds I ever saw. The diamonds were so filled with flaws that they looked like dirty cracked ice.

I was obliged to choose something so I diplomatically made an arrangement with the jeweler to reset the bracelet I selected after the Kaiser had given it to me; and I asked him as he looked rather shamefacedly at the stuff before me why a King would permit such awful material to be used in making souvenirs to present personally to anyone. He replied that he didn't know why himself but he supposed the Kaiser thought that "just to have a souvenir from the hand of His Highness was sufficient." However, I am glad to



Lillian Russell in the French operetta *The Queen of Brilliants*

head immediately into a basin full of water to straighten the hair out again—and who charged me five dollars just the same! I could endure the beggars who came so thick and fast that I finally realized they were in league with the hotel management. I could even endure the income tax that made me give back to Germany ten cents on every dollar I was paid for singing there. But the last straw was a notification by the police for me to appear at court to show why I did not support my daugh-

CHILDREN LOVE GOOD SOUP



## Almost a whole meal!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup combines in each delightful plateful fifteen luscious vegetables, hearty cereals, flavory herbs, and the invigorating essence of choicest beef. Each spoonful comes to you richly laden with delicious solid foods, blended with pure meat broth and tasty vegetable juices.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup makes the best part of a luncheon—it is so nourishing and filling. At dinner you can easily reduce the number of your other dishes by serving it. There is so much rich, strengthening food in this Campbell's Soup that it is used as a regular article of diet in millions of homes. Have it today.

**21 kinds**

**12 cents a can**

We call our garden "Campbell's Own."  
There all the nicest things are grown—  
Baby limas, darling peas  
And everything that's sure to please.



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

say, I did not have to accept that souvenir, for all entertainments at the palace were interrupted two days later by the cruel assassination of the beautiful Empress Elizabeth of Austria. All the courts of Europe went into mourning. But the Kaiser still has my songs!

When the end of my engagement came, I breathed a sigh of joy. I closed at ten o'clock on Sunday night at the Winter Garden and left Berlin for England at ten o'clock Monday morning.

How happy I was to reach London again, in spite of the fact that it was the end of November when I could expect any morning upon awakening to look out of the window and wonder whether it was daytime or the middle of the night. As dark as pitch with fog! But that did not matter to me. The people I liked were there!

The races at Newmarket were on—the last fall meeting—and we all decided to attend. We went to the Rutland Arms in Newmarket, one of the most celebrated Inns in England.

There is no place in the world where the racing atmosphere is so perfect as at Newmarket. There is atmosphere everywhere you move. A walk around the town after the races shows you quaint old sports, breeders of blooded horses, proudly strutting about, and you can see at a glance if one of their stock has won a race that day; for if so the breeder stands within a circle of men and stableboys, whip in hand, telling wonderful stories of the ancestors of the winner, just as you have seen such characters do on the stage in racing plays. As you take tea or dine, you listen to racing gossip and get tips gratis from the waiters as well as from the proprietor of the Rutland Arms, "who has served in his day all of the princes, lords, and dukes in England."

After another walk about the town, just to "shake down your roast beef and your Stilton cheese," you return to the Inn with nothing to do but play bridge. After which you take your candle and go to bed—no such modern things as gas or electric light in the old Rutland Arms. You are awakened at dawn by the click of horses' shoes on the stone pavements. For a few moments you resent the intrusion upon your slumber, but soon you become pleased with the regularity of the clicks and if you have a spark of music in your soul you will find music in those delicate sounds. They make a chorus, "*piano, accelerando and diminuendo*," with always a clear and clean staccato.

Yes, there is atmosphere there in Newmarket which permeates you if you are receptive to the sense of sport. I enjoyed my trip to that race meeting. It taught me to respect and love race horses and the high breeding of the race horse, the perfect strain of pure blood that assures quality and gameness and a pure line of progeny. Does it not seem strange that some of those methods and principles so thoroughly practiced to insure pure blood in the breeding of race horses are not practiced in the breeding of men and women?

London was most interesting to me that winter. I remained there until January fifth, and then went to Paris and motored to Monte Carlo. In our party were twelve people, and four automobiles carried us all.

Anna Held and Flo Ziegfeld were in that party, and it was at that time that I

became thoroughly acquainted with Anna Held and learned to admire her. She had a wonderful nature. She was appreciative, good tempered, sensible and most anxious to please—four qualities that cover all other qualities for good companionship.

There were three other women in our party in the south of France, among them Mrs. Sidney Paget—charming Marie Miller on the stage. We all left Paris on the morning of the seventh of January, and we arrived that evening at Chalon sur Soane.

We motored on the next day to Avignon, the most quaint little city in France. It is a walled city with turreted little cathedrals about a quarter of a mile apart, all connected by walls. Inside the walls are convents where many of the beautiful real laces are made: *point de l'Alencon*, *point de Paris*, and much of the Valenciennes lace that we purchase in America.

We left Avignon in the morning and went on to Lyons, the home of the silk manufacture. That interested me on account of the number of mulberry trees that were cultivated in every part of the city, the food of the silk worm. We found Lyons so interesting that we remained over night there and were wonderfully entertained. The *maitre d'hôtel* would not allow us to leave until we had tasted the famous Lyons sausage which he served for breakfast. That was too much for me so early in the morning, so I wrapped mine in a napkin and took it away with me. It tasted very delicious to me at about eleven o'clock that morning.

Late that afternoon we had a peculiar and pleasant experience. We all kept rather close together while motoring, so that when we came up suddenly to Flo Ziegfeld—who was in the lead—and found him with a punctured tire, we all decided to go into an inn close by while his chauffeur repaired the damage. Those were the days before demountable rims were in use.

The men went into the inn before us and all came out quickly with the host, who had greeted them cordially, calling them all by name. When he saw Anna Held and me he said:

"Ah, how wonderful! This is New York that has come to me. Do remain and let me cook you a little French dinner. This is my home. I have served you all in America. When my father died he left me this little vineyard and his wine business. I was obliged by his will to come home, marry and carry on this place, which has been in our family for centuries—so here I am at your service."

It was a breath of New York to meet that man, who had been head waiter in Sherry's for several years. He cleared out the inn of the few occupants and served us with a delightful little dinner which he had cooked himself.

The next day we started for Toulon, the first city on the Mediterranean, and the first city on the way to the Riviera.

There Flo Ziegfeld played a joke on a man in our party whom we will call "Billy." Flo learned that it was Billy's birthday. When we arrived at the hotel he noticed a large dining room all prepared and decorated for a wedding dinner, a lovely frosted cake gracing the center of the table.

After getting the *maitre d'hôtel* to one side and explaining matters, Flo took Billy to the door and said: "Billy, I arranged

this lovely dinner for your birthday. It's a little bit fancy, but I had to have it all done by telegrams so you will excuse that, I hope. Now get into your dress suit and come down as soon as you can." Meantime Flo had had a dinner prepared for the others of our party in a private room on another floor, and cautioned the *maitre d'hôtel* not to let Billy know where we were.

Billy was overcome to the point of tears by the thoughtfulness of Flo in remembering his birthday in such a delightful way, and quickly dressed and hurried downstairs. He just got into the dining room and was looking admiringly at the cake as the bridal party entered. He did not speak a word of French, and when he saw the people entering he tried to drive the whole party out of the room, saying his friends had engaged this room for a birthday party for him. He gesticulated and shouted at them in English until some of the wedding party roughly put him out, and the *maitre d'hôtel* had to assure the men that he was an escaped lunatic or they would probably have killed him. Very much later he managed to find our party, but he did not get over the joke played on him until we arrived in Monte Carlo, which we did the next night.

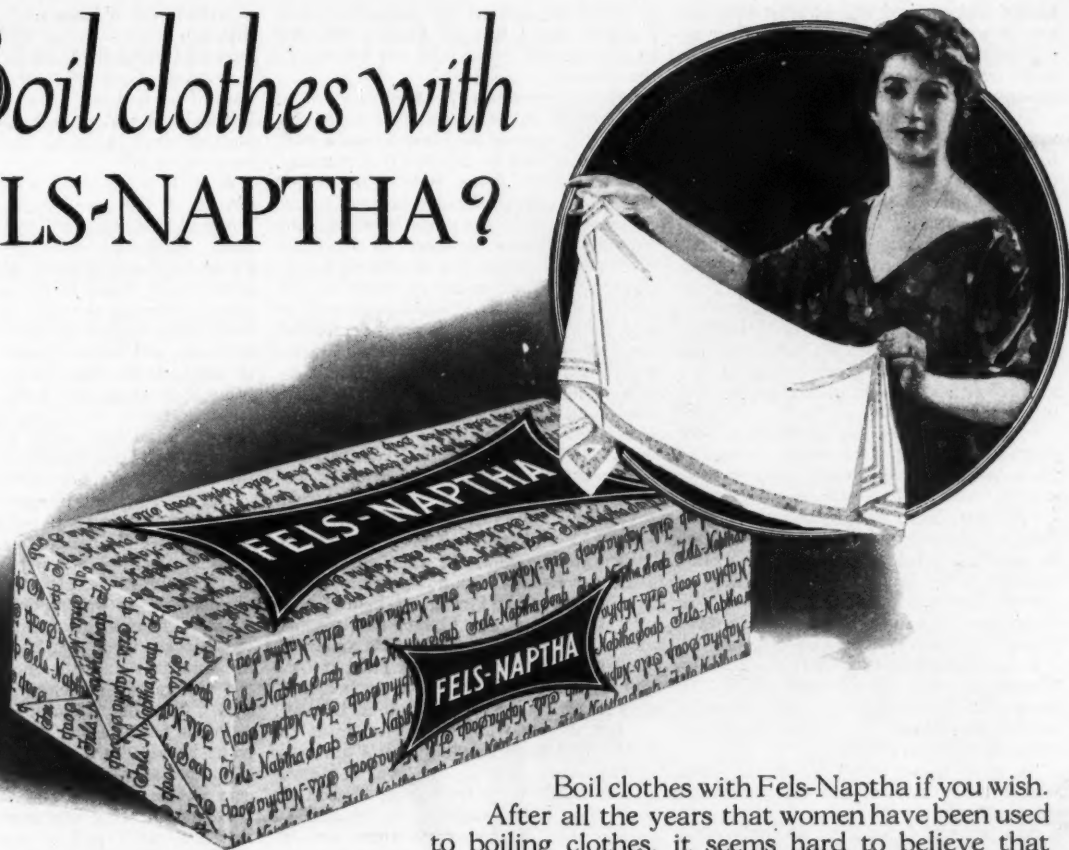
This was my first trip to Nice and Monte Carlo, and I enjoyed every day I was there and remained there until the end of February. My favorite motor trip around Monte Carlo was to Grasse, the home of the wonderful perfumery factory of Bruno Court. I went over there so often that they knew me well enough to allow me to show my own parties of visiting friends around without a guide and explain to them all of the wonders of perfumery making. It certainly was a sweet trip, for the air for miles was scented with flowers. Processions of women and children with baskets of flowers which they were taking to the factory would pass our car on the way. Tuesday at the factory was "violet day." Piles of fresh violets as high as hay stacks would fill the receiving room! The odor was wonderful. Wednesday was "rose day" and the stacks of roses were even higher than the stacks of violets. The cultivation of flowers for the manufacture of perfumes made the coloring of the gardens around Grasse most picturesque, and the inspiration of many artists.

While in Monte Carlo I went to the gambling rooms frequently simply because everybody else went there. But I enjoyed studying the types of people who came there to gamble more than I enjoyed playing the game myself. I frequently sat on a side settee with Mr. Haddon Chambers, the playwright, and we would enjoy looking the people over, picking out one here and one there and dissecting them. There were all kinds, from kings, princes, grand dukes, duchesses and countesses to fortune hunters and sports.

One evening Mr. Chambers and I were watching with much curiosity a very strange couple who wandered into the rooms, an old man and woman. In appearance they were refined, well dressed but shabby. The man had long white hair which fell down over his neck. He carried a violin in an old green bag. He went up to a table where they were playing roulette and slowly felt down into his pockets and brought up a louis d'or (four dollars in gold.) He held it up, whereupon



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# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

his old white-haired wife pleaded with him not to wager it on the tables. They attracted quite a crowd and finally the man went over to a roulette table and hesitatingly placed the gold piece on a number.

The crowd followed him. The old lady went over to the corner of the room and fingered a rosary in prayer. Of course the man lost. As he went over to his wife, shaking his head, she burst into tears and said, in a broken voice and weeping copiously, addressing the breathless little crowd who hovered around: "Oh! *Mon Dieu*, we are beggared! Our last louis. *Miserari! Miserari!*" Of course everyone immediately thrust gold pieces into their hands, including Mr. Chambers and I; and Madam Melba, coming up to us a winner with a handful of money, contributed generously also.

I was feeling so badly about those poor people, wondering what would become of them, when a stranger came up to me and said:

"Madam, don't distress yourself. That couple goes about playing that little drama in gambling palaces for a living, and they make a very fine living, too! If you remain here another month, you will see that same drama enacted here again. We permit them to come here once a month!"

I was disillusioned indeed! I asked Mr. Chambers what he thought of it all. Instead of answering, he asked me how much I gave them. I told him I had contributed about five louis.

"I gave them two," he said. "But wasn't it an exciting drama, and worth the money?"

Another night the King of Spain came up to me in the gambling rooms as I was standing beside a friend who was playing Number 35 continually. Number 35 had repeated three times. The King heard my friend say: "Don't go. You are lucky to me." The King came over to me and said, "Will the charming Greek lady place the maximum on Number 2 for me?" I laughed, wondering why he called me Greek, and took his money up to the top of the table and placed it on Number 2.

*One of the most enjoyable episodes in Lillian Russell's life was her engagement with the famous Weber and Fields. She tells of it with a wealth of anecdote in July COSMOPOLITAN*

## A Gesture of No Importance

(Continued from page 80)

It was a dance of allurements, of temptation, perfectly carried out in every gesture, and Ellen heard, clear above tomtom and reed pipe, the sharp breathing of the on-lookers.

It was with a curiously incongruous pang of jealousy that, looking up, she noticed the green-turbaned dervish stare at the gypsy; it was with a curiously incongruous surging of relief and fierce joy that she saw him turn away and bow his head on his breast, saw him look up again fleetingly and seek her blue eyes as with a hint of psychic relationship resumed, forgotten and once more resumed. It was like the elusive fragrance of far off memories, the thought came to her; and she tried to fight it off.

"No, no!" she said to herself as she felt the eerie, disquieting sensation perplexing her with a passionate reeling of life's foundations as she had known them

hitherto. She tried to subjugate her emotions to the authoritative commands of her cool Boston brain; whispered ludicrous saving shibboleths—"Back Bay! Emerson! Antimacassars!"—forced herself to turn away and watch the dance.

Now and again, when the music swelled ecstatically, the gypsy varied her circling motion with spasmodic starts. Her whirling increased in speed; the scarf, skilfully tossed up and down, right and left, and forward with a sweep of the whole body, assumed fantastic forms, surging in a foamy cloud, again standing out straight like a sword; the jewels glistened; the bangles tinkled; there was a glimpse of white flesh; everything was barbaric, seductive, sensuous.

It was the dance of all the East, with its cruelty and grace, its strength and cloying sweetness and—straight through—its fixed, stony, eternal purpose; and Ellen's imag-

ination soared like a flame. Dance? This was not a dance. This was life itself, passion, creation! Faster and faster whirled the gypsy, her yellow eyes as she swirled past piercing momentarily into Ellen's with a strange, mocking meaning, almost a challenge.

Then suddenly fear came to Ellen. She wanted to run away. But the very next second, looking up instinctively as if drawn by a magnetic force, she saw again the dervish staring at her above his veil. He stared without turning away and there was in his eyes a calm assurance and, too, a question. She tried not to read the question; not to answer it.

But while her mind fought, and her brain and will and racial, ethical inheritance, something flashed from his eyes that shivered the very roots of her resolve, that caused her heart to sing in a triumph of delirious exultation. Profound it

was a taxicab—an old one with a horse and a drunken driver—wished us *bon voyage*, and let us return to the Casino.

I asked Anna what they would have done if we had not kissed the boys. She laughed and said, "Oh, I think they would perhaps have taken us to the ocean and dropped us in."

A little story that will illustrate the natures of my friend Anna Held and her husband, Flo Ziegfeld, will not be amiss here. While we were in Monte Carlo living at the wonderful Hotel de Paris, dining every night in the gorgeous dining room and eating the most delicious French food, Anna suggested that we come up to her room and have a picnic. Only two of us relished the idea. Flo went out and brought in some tiny little sole which he fried in butter in a saucepan over the grate. Anna fried some potatoes in the same way. Then Anna fried some wonderful Hamburger steak, which we ate with a salad. Flo had brought in some hot house peaches and a pot of clotted cream, and we certainly had a feast.

Some disagreeable person complained at the hotel office, objecting to the smell of cooking. It was reported to Monsieur Florian, the manager, who came up to the room to see what was happening. When he came in Anna put the saucepan with the Hamburger steak under his nose and said, "Taste one of those, Monsieur Florian—this is real cooking." To my astonishment he sat down and ate a Hamburger steak and said it was the best food he had ever eaten!

It was nearing my time to return to America, as I had a contract to play *La Belle Helene* at the New York Casino; so the whole party came back to Paris with me. I sailed for home the first week in March. I had stolen a winter for myself. It was the first winter in my whole career that I did not play in New York or some place in America. I opened, however, in *La Belle Helene* early in April. We played in New York at the Casino about three months, then closed with a week in Washington.

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New York

Lever Bros. Co.,  
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We have the materials which are to be used in our summer dresses tested in Lux. Each fabric, pastel shades of Edelweiss organdie and dotted Swiss, and checked gingham, was given the number of laundings it would receive from the average wearer.

The fabrics lost color only slightly, and were fresh and crisp at the end of the last laundering. A harsh soap or soap flakes would have affected the color and taken away the "life" of the material.

Washing an organdie is about as severe a test as Lux could be put to, as this material has the most perishable finish of any commonly used cotton fabric.

We think the excellent results we obtained with Lux are due in part to its foam, which of course does away with rubbing, but more especially to its extraordinary mildness and purity.

Very truly yours,

*Betty Wales Dressmakers*

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON LTD.  
Lever Bros. Co.,  
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Gentlemen:

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The chief charm of a gingham, to most women, is its coloring. We were, therefore, much pleased to see how the various designs kept their colors. Even at the end of the laundings, the fading was slight. In some designs, six or eight colors were used, but in no case did the colors run into each other.

This is a real testimonial for Lux, as a harsh soap and rubbing would undoubtedly have faded and streaked the colors. The results of the tests with Lux have proved to us its entire mildness and purity in a very conclusive way. We shall recommend it to the women who buy our gingham.

Very truly yours,

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON LTD.

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seemed, mystical, yet logical in its utter sense like the mating of wind and fire. Poignant it seemed, and restless and radiant and inscrutable. Inevitable it seemed, like the forces that bind the planets and the suns. Unerring it seemed, like a stream flowing to its sea goal. The frontiers of her being melted. They reached out across her past life and the drab realities of her past life, out across time and space and race, out across that tawdry *mehchacha*, out—to include him. All thoughts dropped away from her. A light like a torch flamed through hidden recesses of her Self . . .

"Look!" the Englishwoman's words jarred harshly. "Can't she dance, though! Ripping, what?"

It was with a sense of almost physical pain that Ellen followed the direction of the other's finger. The gypsy was now dancing slowly, majestically, her arms rigid in front of her, her scarf in limp folds like a useless, wilted thing, supreme abandon in the curve of her body. Salome might have captured the heart of Herod with such another dance.

"Hi-i-i-ik!" the piercing cries of a hundred throats stabbed in savage harmony; and the gypsy stood still, only her breasts fighting for breath. She looked up and down as if seeking for somebody.

She seemed to find him.

"O Eyes of my Soul! O Master!" she said with a low voice.

She walked up to the green-turbaned dervish, the fringe of her shawl jerking sideways to the swing of her supple body, her feet slurring over the ground with a slight jingling of anklets. Her face was expressive of a strange commingling of feelings, sorrow and, too, joy and passion—rather, the expectation of passion. Again she stood still, death-still as the desert at noon. Then she sank on the ground in front of the dervish and a great hush, like a pall, dropped over the *mehchacha*.

"O my Master!" she repeated.

And the dervish rose. He walked down from the couch. He did not look at her, did not even see her, did not notice that in passing the hem of his burnoose brushed over the gypsy's bowed head.

He went straight up to Ellen Rutherford. She rose as if drawn by a magnet. He took her hand.

"Come!" he said and side by side they walked out of the *mehchacha* down Ibrahim Khan's Road.

Already the morning wind had come driving the night to the east. Already the farther skies flushed with the green of the tropics like a curved slab of thick, opaque jade. Already the hiving stars had swarmed and swirled past the horizon. Already the young sun was shooting up, racing along the rim of the world in a sea of fire, with shafts of purple light that put out the paling moon.

He pointed toward the south, toward morning.

"There!" he said.

"Yes!"—and, as she walked away by his side, she sensed the Orient folding about her shoulders like an immense, silken burnoose.

She did not think. She only felt.

Currents of cosmic life, strong as the hands of God yet gentle as the hands of little children, seemed to flow from his body into hers, tugging at her soul. Her hand was in his. She heard the humming

of his blood in her own veins with a steady reverberation, a powerful rhythm and measure. His fingers moved a little, curled inside her hand, caressed her palm. A shiver ran through her like a network, immensely delicate and immensely strong, of a million feathery touches; and there was in her subconscious mind something like a sudden shifting of values, ethical, racial, civilizational.

Why, she said to herself, nothing mattered in all the world except their love! Race? Religion? Prejudices? Customs? They did not exist. They were not. Never could be.

The morning wind rose with a scent of musk and sandalwood, and she fancied that there was on its wings a little voice that sifted down to her heart; a haunting, small voice that dived straight to the core of her life. She gripped the Arab's hand more tightly. She looked up at him. He had discarded his face veil. She saw his features, the thick black hair curling over an ivory-white forehead, the curve of the short nose with the flaring, nervous nostrils, the intensely red lips.

He smiled at her.

"I love you," he said and there was a great glamour in the simple words. "Never was there love greater than mine."

"Except mine."

"Soon we will be home."

"Yes. Home."

Then with a low voice she spoke out her subconscious thoughts:

"Nothing matters except you and I—our love . . ."

"Nothing else matters!" he echoed with grave conviction. "For once in the life of each man—sayeth the Koran—comes to him his chance for happiness or woe. Once; and only once. And while all else is written from the beginning in the book of each man's life by the Angel of the Scrolls—sayeth the Koran—there is left one page whereon each is permitted to trace, himself, the record of his choice. I"—the words came out clear and strong—"I have chosen."

"I, too, have chosen."

Home—she thought—his house, which was her house; and strangely there was not in her even a thrill of imagining or adventure, but only the feeling that she was reaching toward some amazing beauty of Fate which would sift the glory of gold and fire about her life's dull ways.

"Why do you love me?" she asked.

He stood still, looked down at her from his great height.

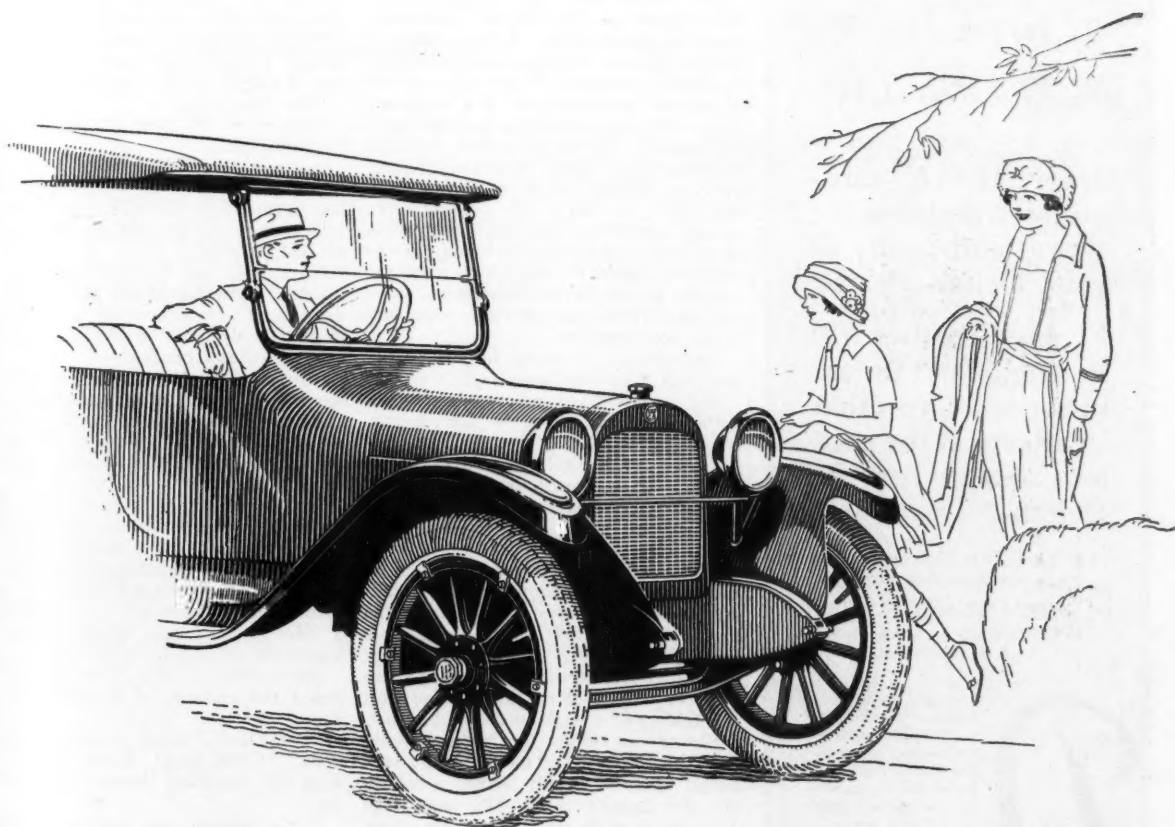
"I love you," he said, "because you are the budding of leaves in spring. I love you because you are the stir and rustle of the south wind. I love you because there is not a single corner in my heart where you are not." He smiled. "And you—why do you love me?"

"Oh—because—just because . . ."


And they both smiled. They walked on. The moon had sunk into the desert. The dawn was drawing the sweetness from field and garden. The trees sang, filled with the little winds of sunrise. Again she felt the strong currents of cosmic life that flowed from his body into hers, felt the casual realities of her outer, personal life sink away as bad dreams melt into the peace of open spaces and the desert's golden calm; and so, hand in hand, they walked into Tugurt.

They had to cross the *Mellah*, the Ghetto

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of the Jews, to reach the Arab town that emerged from the blackish green African canvas in a dead-white monochrome, a point of dazzling light, a confused welter of flat uneven roof tops, and above it the spike of a minaret lifting the massed, arrogant energies of Islam toward the sky.

The *Mellah*, always working, never asleep, quivered in a hum of sound that surged like the slow, insistent pounding of a distant surf. It closed about them very suddenly, stiflingly, with a thick cluster of streets where all the poor, unwashed and diseased of Israel seemed to live together in amity and evil odors. The women were mostly upbraiding their husbands and their curly-headed offspring in shrill voices while the men squatted on the pavement or behind rickety stalls, smoking and spitting and chattering, and, dominating all, like a primeval call, the throbbing pulse of trade, the sharp cries of barter and haggle, in a bastard mixture of languages:

"*Dix francs!*"  
"Cheap, cheap! *Nam Yah mallma—* yes, O my mistress!"

"*Hi chouffi—* look, look!"  
"*Zoudj armat betkata—* take both lots for three francs!"

"Here! *Aiaou eldjadj es Soultna—* chickens from the Sultan's chicken coop!"  
"And stolen most likely!"

The crowd burst into laughter, and Ellen joined in. She did not understand what they were saying. It was a laugh of sheer sympathy. Perhaps, had she stopped to dissect the reason, it was a last flicker of indirect homesickness. For in a way these Jews represented to her the spirit of America. So many of their brethren had emigrated. Many more would follow, lifted out of the rut of the gray, sticky centuries, because of the hope of more money, better food and possibly a dream of freedom—and then the leaving of the little town where the soul's roots were, the steerable journey across an unknown sea—the terrible, shining American adventure of the poor emigrant . . .

"Amerikanil" a young Jew, in kaftan and well oiled loveclocks laughed at her. She laughed back, was about to reply with jesting word, when the dervish drew her away.

"Unbelieving dogs!" he said under his breath. "I am sorry we have to pass through here. It is the quickest way—" "I don't mind," she replied good-naturedly.

They had nearly reached the end of the *Mellah* when it happened. It is difficult to tell afterwards with accuracy the many minute details which make up a comedy or a tragedy of life. But though it was all over in few moments, the picture of it projected itself on Ellen's mind with the fidelity of a single, unforgettable fact.

She saw an elderly Jew negligently flip away his cigarette and hit the Arab's bur-noose, where it quickly burned a hole in the dry camel's wool. She saw Hajji Yar's hand, as he released her arm, shoot beneath his shirt with utter suddenness and come out with a glitter and crackle of steel. She saw the point of the dagger gleam like the cresset of evil passions; saw it descend; saw—yes!—more than heard the dull, sickening *whish-whish* as the blade criss-crossed across the other's scraggly throat; saw him fall back with a soft, gurgling sound; saw the Jews rush up from all directions with long-drawn cries

of "*Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!*"—the death wail of Israel.

For a moment she did not believe her eyes. She was appalled. She felt her hair rise as if drawn by a shivery wind. A tragedy—she thought—garish and blatant and impossible as the motion pictures she used to delight in; and it had been enacted before her. It was a fact. And he, the man whom she loved, was the murderer!

She looked at him as if she saw him for the first time. He was perfectly collected, perfectly calm.

"But—you—" she stammered, slurred, stopped.

He picked up a rag of paper, wiped his dagger, sheathed it. He was not even excited.

"Come," he said, disregarding the clamoring, weeping Jews, brushing them aside as he might a swarm of flies. "It was a mere gesture, beloved. Why"—as he saw the terror in her eyes, as he misread it—"there is no danger. What is one dead dog more or less in a house of dogs? Besides, I am a *Shareef*, a descendant of the Prophet—Peace on Him!—and the French know how to be blind at times." He smiled.

Still she stared at him.

"You—you call this—a gesture?"

"Yes. A gesture of no importance."

"Oh—" She gave just the one exclamation, thin, weak, ludicrous.

Hysterical laughter rose to her lips. She choked it back. She turned away. He took her arm, but she tore herself free.

"No!" she said.

"Why—" He seemed perplexed, uncomprehending.

Again he put his hand on her arm. Again she shook it off. There was now fear in the touch, fear and a certain dreadful wonder in the currents that flowed from his body into hers.

"No, no!" she repeated and with a wooden, jerky finger she pointed at the dead man, his blood trickling slowly, dyeing the drab cotton of his kaftan with splashes of rich crimson.

"But—you and I—I thought—" He seemed more and more perplexed, more and more puzzled, almost like a child whose feelings have been hurt for no reason; and Ellen walked away quickly, leaving him there.

At the corner she turned. She looked at him for the last time. She saw him shake his head, then incline it on his breast as if submitting to a Fate which he would never understand, which he knew to be unjust, but which—a good Muslim, a *Shareef*, a deeply religious man—he would not try to fight or gainsay.

She walked on. Far in the distance she heard the chiming of a church in the French quarter.

"Come back!" tolled the bronze-tongued bells. "Come back! Come back!" they sang and trembled through the morning air.

For a moment she hesitated, stopped still. She knew the voice of the bells. Boston—they said—Back Bay—Christianity—black walnut furniture and antimacassars and Emerson and wax fruit under glass—and, occasionally, a mild cocktail . . .

"*Binng banng!*" said the bells. "Home! Come home!"

Home!—she thought—my own people! And she hurried, hurried.





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## The Great Sermon Handicap

(Continued from page 95)

it safe for our nominee. I'll pop over this afternoon and ask him as a personal favor to preach that sermon of his on Brotherly Love on Sunday."

Claude and Eustace looked at each other, like those chappies in the poem, with a wild surmise.

"It's a scheme," said Claude.

"A jolly brainy scheme," said Eustace.

"I didn't think you had it in you, Bertie."

"But even so," said Claude, "fizzer as that sermon no doubt is, will it be good enough in the face of a four minute handicap?"

"Rather!" I said. "When I told you it lasted forty-five minutes, I was probably understating it. I should call it—from my recollection of the thing—nearer fifty."

"Then carry on," said Claude.

I toddled over in the evening and fixed the thing up. Old Heppenstall was most decent about the whole affair. He seemed pleased and touched that I should have remembered the sermon all these years, and said he had once or twice had an idea of preaching it again, only it had seemed to him on reflection that it was perhaps a trifle long for a rustic congregation.

"And in these restless times, my dear Wooster," he said, "I fear that brevity in the pulpit is becoming more and more desiderated by even the bucolic churchgoer, who one might have supposed would be less afflicted with the spirit of hurry and impatience than his metropolitan brother. I have had many arguments on the subject with my nephew, young Bates, who is taking my old friend Spettigue's cure over at Gandle-by-the-Hill. His view is that a sermon nowadays should be a bright, brisk, straight from the shoulder address, never lasting more than ten or twelve minutes."

"Long?" I said. "Why, my goodness! you don't call that Brotherly Love sermon of yours long, do you?"

"It takes fully fifty minutes to deliver."

"Surely not?"

"Your incredulity, my dear Wooster, is extremely flattering—far more flattering, of course, than I deserve. Nevertheless, the facts are as I have stated. You are sure that I would not be well advised to make certain excisions and eliminations? You do not think it would be a good thing to cut, to prune? I might, for example, delete the rather exhaustive excursus into the family life of the early Assyrians."

"Don't touch a word of it, or you'll spoil the whole thing," I said earnestly.

"I am delighted to hear you say so, and I shall preach the sermon without fail next Sunday morning."

What I have always said and what I always shall say is that this ante-post betting is a mistake, an error and a mug's game. You never can tell what's going to happen. If fellows would only stick to the good old S. P., there would be fewer young men go wrong. I'd hardly finished my breakfast on Saturday morning when Jeeves came to my bedside to say that Eustace wanted me on the telephone.

"Good Lord, Jeeves, what's the matter, do you think?"



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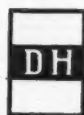
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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Cosmopolitan, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. C. G. Hammesfahr, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Cosmopolitan and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ray Long, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ida Verdon, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, A. C. G. Hammesfahr, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders: Star Holding Corporation, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. (W. B. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y., Sole Stockholder) 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Columbia Trust Company, 60 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; W. B. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Arthur Brisbane, 238 William St., New York, N. Y.; E. H. Gary, 856 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, 36 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; George W. Perkins Estate, 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James Speyer, 1038 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. A. C. G. Hammesfahr, business manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1922. [SEAL] K. J. Moore, Notary Public, New York County, New York County Clerk's No. 343, New York County Register's No. 3144. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

I'm bound to say I was beginning to get a bit jumpy by this time.

"Mr. Eustace did not confide in me, sir."

"Has he got the wind up?"

"Somewhat vertically, sir, to judge by his voice."

"Do you know what I think, Jeeves? Something's gone wrong with the favorite."

"Which is the favorite, sir?"

"Mr. Heppenstall. He's gone to odds on. He was intending to preach a sermon on Brotherly Love which would have brought him home by lengths. I wonder if anything's happened to him."

"You could ascertain, sir, by speaking to Mr. Eustace on the telephone. He is holding the wire."

"By Jove, yes!"

I shoved on a dressing gown, and downstairs like a mighty rushing wind. The moment I heard Eustace's voice I knew we were for it. It had a croak of agony in it.

"Bertie?"

"Here I am."

"Deuce of a time you've been. Bertie, we're sunk. The favorite's blown up."

"No!"

"Yes. Coughing in his stable all last night."

"What!"

"Absolutely! Hay fever."

"Oh, my sainted aunt!"

"The doctor is with him now, and it's only a question of minutes before he's officially scratched. That means the curate will show up at the post instead, and he's no good at all. He is being offered at a hundred to six, but no takers. What shall we do?"

I had to grapple with the thing for a moment in silence.

"Eustace."

"Hello?"

"What can you get on G. Hayward?"

"Only four to one now. I think there's been a leak and Steggs has heard something. The odds shortened late last night in a significant manner."

"Well, four to one will clear us. Put another fiver all round on G. Hayward for the syndicate. That'll bring us out on the right side of the ledger."

"If he wins."

"What do you mean? I thought you considered him a cert, bar Heppenstall."

"I'm beginning to wonder," said Eustace gloomily, "if there's such a thing as a cert in this world. I'm told the Rev. Joseph Tucker did an extraordinarily fine trial gallop at a mother's meeting over at Badgwick yesterday. However, it seems our only chance. So long."

Not being one of the official stewards, I had my choice of churches next morning, and naturally I didn't hesitate. The only drawback to going to Lower Bingley was that it was ten miles away, which meant an early start, but I borrowed a bicycle from one of the grooms and toiled off. I had only Eustace's word for it that G. Hayward was such a stayer, and it might have been that he had showed too flattering form at that wedding where the twins had heard him preach; but any misgivings I may have had disappeared the moment he got into the pulpit. Eustace had been right. The man was a trier.

He was a tall, rangy looking graybeard, and he went off from the start with a nice, easy action, pausing and clearing his throat at the end of each sentence, and it wasn't five minutes before I realized that

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here was the winner. His habit of stopping dead and looking round the church at intervals was worth minutes to us, and in the home stretch we gained no little advantage owing to his dropping his pince-nez and having to grope for them. At the twenty minute mark he had merely settled down. Twenty-five minutes saw him going strong. And when he finally finished with a good burst, the clock showed thirty-five minutes, fourteen seconds. With the handicap which he had been given, this seemed to me to make the event easy for him, and it was with much bonhomie and good will to all men that I hopped on to the old bike and started back to the Hall for lunch.

Bingo was talking on the phone when I arrived.

"Fine! Splendid! Topping!" he was saying. "Eh? Oh, we needn't worry about him. Right-o, I'll tell Bertie." He hung up the receiver and caught sight of me. "Oh, hullo, Bertie, I was just talking to Eustace. It's all right, old man. The report from Lower Bingley has just got in. G. Hayward romps home."

"I knew he would. I've just come from there."

"Oh, were you there? I went to Badgwick. Tucker ran a splendid race, but the handicap was too much for him. Starkie had a sore throat and was nowhere. Roberts, of Fale-by-the-Water, ran third. Good old G. Hayward!" said Bingo affectionately, and we strolled out on to the terrace.

"Are all the returns in, then?" I asked. "All except Gandle-by-the-Hill. But we needn't worry about Bates. He never had a chance. By the way, poor old Jeeves loses his tenner. Silly ass!"

"Jeeves? How do you mean?"

"He came to me this morning, just after you had left, and asked me to put a tenner on Bates for him. I told him he was a chump and begged him not to throw his money away, but he would do it."

"I beg your pardon, sir. This note arrived for you just after you had left the house this morning."

Jeeves had materialized from nowhere and was standing at my elbow.

"Eh? What? Note?"

"The Reverend Mr. Heppenstall's butler brought it over from the vicarage, sir. It came too late to be delivered to you at the moment."

Young Bingo was talking to Jeeves like a father on the subject of betting against the form book. The yell I gave made him bite his tongue in the middle of a sentence.

"What the dickens is the matter?" he asked, not a little peeved.

"We're dished! Listen to this!"

I read him the note.

My dear Wooster:

As you may have heard, circumstances over which I have no control will prevent my preaching the sermon on Brotherly Love for which you made a flattering request. I am unwilling, however, that you shall be disappointed, so if you will attend divine service at Gandle-by-the-Hill this morning, you will hear my sermon preached by young Bates, my nephew. I have lent him the manuscript at his urgent desire, for between ourselves there are wheels within wheels. My nephew is one of the candidates for the headmastership of a well-known public school and the choice has narrowed down between him and one rival.

Late yesterday evening James received private information that the head of the Board of Governors of the school proposed to sit under him this Sunday in order to judge of the merits of his preaching, a most important item in swaying the Board's choice. I acceded to his plea that I lend him my sermon on Brotherly Love, of which, like you, he apparently retains a vivid recollection. It would have been too late for him to compose a sermon of suitable length in place of the brief address which—mistakenly, in my opinion—he designed to deliver to his rustic flock, and I wished to help the boy.

Trusting that his preaching of the sermon will supply you with as pleasant memories as you say you have of mine, I remain

Cordially yours,  
F. Heppenstall

P. S. The hay fever has rendered my eyes unpleasantly weak, for the time being, so I am dictating this letter to my butler, Brookfield, who will convey it to you.

I don't know when I've experienced a more massive silence than the one that followed my reading of this cheery epistle. Young Bingo gulped once or twice, and practically every known emotion came and went on his face. Jeeves coughed one soft, low, gentle cough like a sheep with a blade of grass stuck in its throat, and then stood gazing serenely at the landscape. Finally young Bingo spoke.

"Great Scott!" he whispered hoarsely.

"An S. P. job!"

"I believe that is the technical term, sir," said Jeeves.

"So you had inside information, dash it!" said Bingo.

"Why, yes, sir," said Jeeves. "Brookfield happened to mention the contents of the note to me when he brought it. We are old friends."

Bingo registered grief, anguish, rage, despair and resentment.

"Well, all I can say," he cried, "is that it's a bit thick! Preaching another man's sermon! Do you call that honest? Do you call that playing the game?"

"Well, my dear old thing," I said, "be fair. It's quite within the rules. Clergymen do it all the time. They aren't expected always to make up the sermons they preach."

Jeeves coughed again and fixed me with an expressionless eye.

"And in the present case, sir, if I may be permitted to take the liberty of making the observation, I think we should make allowances. We should remember that the securing of this headmastership meant everything to the young couple."

"Young couple? What young couple?"

"The Reverend James Bates, sir, and Lady Cynthia. I am informed by her Ladyship's maid that they have been engaged to be married for some weeks—provisionally, so to speak; and his Lordship made his consent conditional on Mr. Bates securing a really important and remunerative position."

Young Bingo turned a light green.

"Engaged to be married!"

"Yes, sir."

There was a silence.

"I think I'll go for a walk," said Bingo.

"But my dear old thing," I said, "it's just lunch time. The gong will be going any minute now."

"I don't want any lunch!" said Bingo.



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## How was she to know?

FINALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

*How was she to know?*

\* \* \*

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

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Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE



## The Breath of Scandal

(Continued from page 64)

he felt he would give as much to be back where he was on that March night when she last put her arms about his neck and believed him not like any other man in the world, though he was going then to Sybil Russell.

In the afternoon Gregg telephoned that the county authorities had completed their inquiries and had found no basis for criminal proceedings in connection with Billy's death. Also Mr. Kemphill himself, of Billy's firm, had conferred with the State's attorney and was satisfied that no crime had been committed; and Gregg added that Clara Seeley had appeared at Cragero's.

"She went to find Rinderfeld first, I think," Gregg stated. "But he's under cover somewhere, keeping watch but not showing himself." And Gregg told that he had explained to Clara that he had taken Marjorie home; and as Clara wanted to do something, he asked her to get together Marjorie's things so he could send for them. And Marjorie telephoned and talked to Clara at Cordeen's.

The Monday morning papers, cooled of their sensation by the failure of the State to find evidence of a crime, published little more than on the day before. They said: "Whittaker mistakenly had believed that Marjorie Hale, daughter of the president of Tri-State Products and Material Corporation, was in danger at Cragero's. It appears that Miss Hale did not accompany her mother to England as had been announced but had remained in Chicago making sociological investigations as a working girl." The papers explained that Whittaker had been engaged to Miss Hale and had never been in sympathy with her investigations but the newspapers were all silent as to any circumstances which might have led Miss Hale to go to work. They added merely that Miss Hale was now at home again with her father; and they told of the coming of Whittaker's two brothers from Bay City.

And so, late upon the afternoon of that day, a service was read in the apartment on East Pearson Street and, immediately afterwards, Gregg left with Billy's brothers on the journey with Billy to Bay City.

Marjorie, who had Clara beside her, delayed in the apartment until all the men were gone except her father; she was experiencing that lost sensation which follows the full realization that one who has been a companion will never be seen again; and Marjorie was feeling particularly lost because now she was aware that she had not planned beyond this service.

"I can't want to go back to Clearedge Street, Clara," she said. "I want to go home but not talk to people there. I want you to go home with me."

"Your father don't," Clara observed frankly.

"He's going to his office," Marjorie reported; and she went with Clara down to the car which he had for her. Leonard was driving and, as it was the open car, Marjorie attempted little discussion with Clara on the way to Evanston; besides, she wished Clara to see her home before she talked. And Clara saw it much as it usually was, arriving in the car with Leonard out of his seat and opening the

door for Marjorie and her guest to alight; with Leonard touching his cap and asking, "Anything tonight, Miss Hale?" Then Martin opened the screen door of the house; Sarah was waiting in the lower hall and another maid in the room upstairs.

"Gawd!" exclaimed Clara to Marjorie in the first minute after she had escaped from their ministrations and the two of them were alone in Marjorie's room with the door shut. "Gawd, you gave up a lot. Why, if I had two men Miss Seeleying me like that pair of yours and another pair of females worrying about nothing so much as maybe I'd forget myself and lift a finger, and also, it's perfectly plain, somebody else cookin' in the kitchen, I don't think it'd be long before I'd be pretty sure I was doin' enough for the world just by livin'."

"I guess," said Marjorie, pleased by the quickness with which Clara's incisive mind went under the surface of this strange life, "that's what people who live this way get to feel." And a little later, after they had gone about the house in response to Clara's request, Marjorie asked, "Well, what are you thinking now?"

"How puzzling it must be," Clara replied promptly but with deliberation, speaking her g's as she did when she thought about them and enunciated carefully.

"To whom?"

"Well," said Clara, "to the man, especially; when he's handing out all this I don't see how your father'd ever know where he was."

"Oh"—Marjorie comprehended—"you mean where he was with my mother!"

"I mean any man who hands his wife a layout like this," Clara generalized, refusing the too personal. "I don't see how he'd ever know whether she was sticking to him for himself or for this. And it wouldn't make it any too simple for her to know herself. Well, what are we here for, Marjorie? You ain't one to ask me up to show off, though I do appreciate a touch of high life. What's on your chest?"

Marjorie took Clara again to her own room. "You know so many pieces of what's happened to the Hales, I want to tell you the whole thing; and after coming back here myself from Clearedge Street, it didn't seem to me fair to try to tell you without bringing you here first."

"Not fair to me?" asked Clara.

"No; not fair to mother and father."

And there, in Marjorie's room, much as they talked together at Jen Cordeen's, Marjorie related to Clara, all.

At the end, Clara pronounced no judgment; indeed, she offered no comment at all; she merely asked, "Well, now what are you goin' to do, kid?"

It was spontaneous, utterly unconscious and wholly fond and loving, that "kid"; and exactly what Marjorie wanted at that instant; for she wanted Clara to tell her truths and talk to her again as she had that first night they roomed together after the return from Sennen's.

"What should I do, Clara?"

"Marry," answered Clara abruptly. "That's what you been brought up to do. Marry him quick, right away, before you have a chance to forget feelin' like you do now."

"Marryhim?" repeated Marjorie. "Who?"

"Gawd," Clara rebuked with disgust. "You know who; and I know who was the answer that the big boy never really got you. He's not like him; he don't hit me at all like that big boy did. I just wanted"—Clara's eyes filled and her lips quivered so that she waited an instant before she repeated—"I just wanted to put my arms around him and just take care of that big boy and keep him like he was. He wanted to do that to you. But you're not one to want to keep or be kept; you have to play the game, give and take. That's your Gregg Mowbry; he's out of a job and busted, I understand. Kid, if all this actually has come to mean nothing in your life now"—Clara motioned generally to the layout—"could you beat this time for going to your man?"

XX

HALE, telephoning, learned from Martin that Miss Hale was having her guest for dinner; consequently he dined at his club and returned home about nine o'clock and went almost immediately to his room. Marjorie had Clara for the night and together they arose early in the morning, breakfasted while Hale was still in his room and then set out for the city by the elevated train about the time that he was sitting down at the table.

Clara went on to the south side where she was demonstrating in a beauty parlor that week, and Marjorie, as Miss Conway for the last time, called at the dingy Wells Street office of Herman Bostrock, where she turned in her celluloid elephants and other samples and thanked Mr. Bostrock for the opportunity he had given her; she resigned her territory and drew her last commissions. On Dearborn Street, fifteen minutes later, Marjorie Hale made her first business call and obtained another position, starting at once at work which kept her in town until five o'clock.

When, the next morning, Gregg telephoned to Evanston, Martin said that Miss Hale had left word for Mr. Mowbry that she would be home about six o'clock; and Marjorie, calling up Martin at noon, learned that Mr. Mowbry had phoned, had asked where he could find her and, after being told that Martin did not know, Mr. Mowbry had said he would be out about eight o'clock.

Marjorie was home at six and her father arrived a few minutes later; she bathed, rested and dressed in white and went downstairs to find that her father also had changed from his business attire and was in white flannels, for it was warm this evening. The summer hum and drone of insects marked the heat and the sunset rays lay yellow across the white walks and cast sharp, clear shadows of the motionless boughs on the lawn where the sprinklers were spinning gleaming drops of water over the gardens and grass.

It was a week when Canterbury bells were in their blue and white blooms, when hollyhocks were spreading their red and yellow clusters up the tall, straight, pale green stems and larkspur stood deep blue and stiff looking against the white garage fence.

Midsummer was a beautiful but to Marjorie Hale almost a strange season in Evanston; for the women and children of fashionable Evanston long ago have affected the summer hegirla to other, and



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not always cooler, places. They merely "shut" their homes, if they can afford it, leaving a servant or two to keep up the house and lawn; or they rent their abodes, furnished, to women and children from other cities who look upon the comfortable, modern little city on the shore of the great lake as the most desirable summer resort.

So most of the Hales' neighbors were away; the Chadens, or at least Mrs. Chaden and Ethel, were at Mackinac; Mrs. Sedgwick and Clara and Elsie were in Colorado; the Cleves at Harbor Point, at the northern end of the lake; Mrs. Vane was traveling in Norway . . .

Marjorie dropped into a chair in the drawing room, where an electric fan was maintaining a current of cool air, and she picked up the Evanston *New-Index* for the day's record of departures and the doings of Evanstonians abroad. Her mother's name was not in tonight; but Marjorie knew that often it was, and her own had been with it; and, glancing across the room to her father, she imagined him here alone, on some previous hot, quiet evening like this, reading: "Mrs. Charles Hale and her daughter are now in London, stopping at Claridge's where they entertained . . ."

He was seated in range of the fan smoking a cigarette and reading; or at least holding a newspaper before him.

"Gregg's coming up tonight, father," she said.

"Hm; all right," he looked about at her. "That's good, if you want to see him."

"I do," she replied, and returned to the *Index* while he watched her.

Martin announced dinner and her father formally stood back for her to precede him into the dining room.

No more than three made the family table here in this large, quiet room, yet two seemed extraordinarily lonely at the table this evening. It was supper, really, not dinner; mostly cold things and iced coffee in tall, tinkling glasses. Marjorie drank her coffee but cared little about eating; she was restless, sitting there across the table from her father, but she particularly tried to control herself; for what kept her on edge was expectancy and impatience for an hour to come; for eight o'clock; and there was dullness about her father tonight which was a denial of, almost the antithesis of, her own feeling.

She thought at first, "It's because I feel this way so much that he seems different." Then she knew that the change in him was not wholly, or even mostly, in her feeling. Always, even when he was weak following his wound from Russell's bullet, he had kept himself "on edge"; you felt him always possessed of a certain impatience or of an expectancy for something ahead, of an hour to come. That was gone from him now; here he was at the table with her; and she thought, "He's taking things as they happen." And she did not like something about this; it was not *he*. She thought, "He's been hit awfully hard by Billy's death and by his fright about me."

But this did not satisfactorily explain her feeling of the absence of an attitude which previously had characterized him. She thought: "He's given up something." When she set herself to selecting what that was, she could come upon but one adequate answer; he had given up Mrs. Russell.

And when Marjorie thought this, there ought to have been more gratification in it for her than there was.

Only now—and only with slowness now that it was established and she could observe it—did she discern that what she had brought about by all she had done, and what had been brought about by Billy's death, was a negation for her father; they had imposed simply a *shall not* when for the companionship forbidden he could turn to—what?

Gregg was coming to Evanston by the elevated railroad; for of course he had returned Jim Cuncliffe's roadster a couple of days before. He had not returned to Jim the fifty dollars he had borrowed because he was not able to; but he did have it noted, along with an exactly itemized and totaled reckoning of his other debts, in a memorandum book which Bill once had given him and he had never used.

As the electric train sped by Fullerton, crossed Sheridan Road, and now as it passed Wilson Avenue, Gregg wanted to keep his thoughts and his feelings wholly on Marjorie; but unbidden flashes of recollection kept bringing in Bill.

"It's his own life." That was what he, Gregg, had said to Jim Cuncliffe when, back there in March—how long ago and yet only in March—Jim had told him that Russell meant to get Charles Hale and that Gregg must interfere. "It's his own life"; he had meant by that, Mr. Hale's life, his own individual affair. But it had proved to be Bill's life which had been at stake; yes, and Gregg's own life, too; for he could remind himself that Russell had almost succeeded in killing him.

And he thought of his ride to Evanston with Bill along a snowy road—along Sheridan Road over there where the cars in midsummer number now were streaming; he thought how he had gone sick at the moment when he imagined what might happen if Marjorie learned what he knew that night. Well, she had learned that and so much more; and all that he had imagined happening to her had come—and more. For he never had fancied such a result as that Bill, who had sat so big and strong and upright beside him, would prove to be the one not to come through the trouble.

Gregg was not deluding himself that it was over because Bill was dead and Marjorie was home again with her father; of course it was not over, he was realizing; nothing can ever be "over" in the sense that its consequences become complete. But they can reach periods of intermission, those consequences, when they give you breath and rest and a chance to get hold of yourself before once more they hurry you on. And so tonight Gregg, like Marjorie since he had taken her home, grasped at this sensation of pause.

But he did not know that this had come also to her; as he approached her, he tormented himself with his image of her as she struggled with him at the telephone booth of the club when the fear first struck at her; of how he saw her in the vestibule at 4689 Clearedge Street when he had to come down from Mrs. Russell's flat and let Marjorie in and he led to her; of how she picked up her father's photograph from Mrs. Russell's desk and—knew; of how he saw her come out of her home to speak to Rinderfeld that night he and she walked together by the lake; of how she

## Cosmopolitan for June, 1922

reentered her home in fright; of how he had found her in the office at Cordeen's when he came to tell her how Billy had died.

Quiet was Evanston this evening and particularly still was that neighborhood of the Hales'; here at last was the big, wide-verandaed home, gray in the dusk and half hidden behind its trees through which shone the glow of shaded yellow lights within the house. When Gregg turned into the walk he saw a white figure on one of the seats on the lawn; Marjorie called to him in a low, steady tone, "Here I am," and she arose and each came to the other.

She gave him her hands. "Here we are," she said and her palms pressed on his; and he hardly could see her. They went to the bench but there was no more light.

He wanted her in his arms; he wanted his lips hot on hers. What held him? Not the poorness of his pockets; not that total of debt in Bill's memorandum book. Gregg Mowbry's pockets were used to borrowed money; he was young and he again could be sure of himself. What held him?

"Here we are." He had never heard just that from a girl before; but he knew what it meant, for it spoke what filled him. "Here we are, you and I; and I've become yours and you've become mine. Here we are!"

What held him?

Not Bill; for Bill was gone forever and this girl never actually had been Bill's, and for long before Bill went she had known it.

Gregg Mowbry, who had driven beside Bill on that snowy March night to this house and to Marjorie Hale, that Gregg Mowbry might have grabbed this girl tight in his arms, kissing her, lifting her, drawing her closer to him—if he might have imagined her not Bill's but his. He would have said: "We're going to get married, you and I. I'll have another good job soon from somebody." And they might have laughed together.

"Hurry, go get it," she might have said. To be married would have meant to them only to go on together having a light hearted, irresponsible good time with the new thrills and joys of complete possession of each other.

But Gregg Mowbry since then had sat alone with Sybil Russell in that flat on Clearedge Street, while Charles Hale, unconscious, was carried to Fursten's; at Kilkerry's he had awaited Russell's return; he had lost his job and left Billy; had gone to Cragero's for Bill; had taken Bill, just now, home; and he, Gregg Mowbry, had come back from Bay City alone. So he held Marjorie Hale by her hands, his palms on hers, and he said:

"I got a real job today, Marjorie. Not much real money."

"I know the kind of job you got, Gregg," she said.

"The first work job I ever took on. Twenty-four a week to start with; four dollars a day, I mean. With Chicago Hydraulics; I'll be started down the canal on water power. That sort of thing got me once, when I was a kid; I took my course in Michigan at engineering—hydraulics. But I seemed to be a salesman when I got out; I mean somebody offered me a drawing account of forty dollars a week selling gasoline pumps. Twenty was the limit for me as a hydraulic expert.



## The Secret of Beautiful Hair

*How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair  
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**S**TUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

### A Simple, Easy Method

**F**IRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour

the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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**C**HILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.



The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

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**WEST**

**SOFTEX SHAMPOO**  
**HAIR CURLERS**  
**HAIR NETS**





So I put off starting at the bottom until today. In a couple of years, Marjorie, I ought to have a fair position and something ahead. I'm trying real work on account of myself and partly, of course, because of Bill; but I'd like to work for you and me, Marjorie. Will you wait a while to give me a chance to make good for you?"

"No," she said. "I'll not wait, Gregg." Then she told him: "Because we needn't; we mustn't. If we waited for you to do it all, we'd never get right with each other; for we'd start wrong."

"Not wait to be married?" asked Gregg. "I've a real job too, now. I resigned at Bostrock's today and began with Leffrick, selling accounting systems for small stores, Gregg. I've known some of Leffrick's city salespeople—women—for quite a while. They work full time or part time, if they've families; he arranges territories for them according to the time they can put in. I'm starting a full timer with a drawing account based on my last month with Bostrock, twenty a week. I can change to part time whenever I ask to, so when I'm married—" she caught breath and said, "when we're married—"

"We married!" Gregg whispered and had to gasp for breath, too.

"We can start on forty-four dollars a week, as long as we're both earning. We can live on that and we're going to and also we'll put by so that when our babies come, we'll have a little saved."

He gathered her in his arms and held her to him.

"Marjorie!" he whispered; and he spoke only her name again and again. "Marjorie; Marjorie . . ." and he thought only, "I have her" and he felt her against him and in his arms; then he felt himself in her arms; she was clasping him; and so they kissed and drew back the barest trifle and held their lips hot on each other's again. Then that which had been restraining them both, until in this physical yielding they put it away and denied it, that touched them again and relaxed their arms and separated their lips. It was contact with that which physical yielding had led to—memory of her father shot in the flat on Clearedge Street, of her lie to Stanway, of Billy quiet and so white. She had to banish all this again; and not even Gregg's arms or hers about him could do it. The only way was to pledge to themselves and plan a life which could not lead to such visions; and so there in the garden, but soon holding close once more and between kisses and embraces, they planned.

Quixotically in part, perhaps; but also in part practically. For she needed him now; it was impossible for her to continue long alone with her father in a situation too strained for both of them. If Gregg did not marry her, she would work and live alone; and he would work and live alone; so why not both work, married? They realized that they could not start out in Evanston, at least not in "their" part of Evanston or in a similar part of Chicago or of Winnetka. They would live as forty dollar a week people lived and not put a better flat or put the buying of a car before the coming of children.

In his room, and in his chair which Marjorie always had called "father's chair," Charles Hale was seated beside a shaded lamp with a book in his hand but he consumed little time at reading.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania



Governor's Office  
HARRISBURG

THE GOVERNOR

February 14, 1922.

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My dear Mr. Gillette:

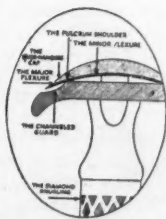
I have used your razor for so many years with such satisfaction that I did not know it was possible to improve upon it until I tried your new improved Gillette, and I want to congratulate you upon the improvement for it surely makes shaving a pleasure.

I don't know whether it is the additional weight or the different arrangement but, satisfactory as was the old razor -- I should say razors for I own several of them of different models -- the new one is so superior that I would not part with it, unless I knew where to get another exactly like it.

With appreciation, I beg to remain

Very truly yours,

Wm. B. Spraul  
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What Governor Spraul of Pennsylvania says is endorsed by busy executives and active responsible men everywhere — They have found in the New Improved Gillette *the* solution of their shaving problem.

The New  
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Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study. How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

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**Comfort Baby's Skin  
With Cuticura Soap  
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For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance. Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

He had to think a good deal about himself and Sybil Russell with whom, that day, he had broken; or rather, she had realized on this day that he meant to break with her; and they had come to an end. At least they called it an end; but such an end settled little for him. He would not see Sybil in the old way, that was all. Some day there must be for him another woman; and she would be to him another Sybil or she might be something else, according to what action he now took in his personal affairs.

This meant, what course he followed in regard to his wife and daughter; and the one sensible course with his wife was to arrange with her for a formal separation.

There were several courses he might take with Marjorie, each one of which offered difficulties; for he never imagined that Marjorie meant soon to marry Gregg. But about ten o'clock they came together to his door and Gregg rapped and he let them in and they told him.

When they were gone, he walked about his room staring before him at the floor and with his chest constricted with a queer drawn tightness. His baby was going to be married; she wanted him to stand with her when the man who would become her husband stood on the other side of her before the minister; but except for that, she asked nothing and it was evident to him that she would accept little more from him. Well, that was something; they might have gone away and been married all by themselves.

Also, though they meant to strike out by themselves, he would be always near to help in sickness or disaster; they could not deny him that.

Forty-four dollars a week, twenty of which his daughter would earn! Hmm! He did not like it; but suppose his wife had ever loved him like that! Suppose they had started, Corinna and he, on the basis of how much each could give to the other. For a while she had put up with little from him but because of her certainty that soon he would earn her much!

But why had he this big house and his big income now? For alimony to his wife; for next to nothing so far as his daughter was concerned. It was for himself, then, and the woman who next would be his. Not this house; no, hardly. Perhaps his wife wanted it; he must think of that. He would do generously by her in the settlement; that would be altogether more pleasant to him.

But Marjorie—she was shut off from her mother almost as much as from him. He gathered that from what Marjorie planned and assumed for the future rather than from anything Marjorie had said. And of course the girl would be shut off, living where Mowbry and she planned and in the manner forty-four dollars a week necessitated. What an upturn for his girl! Yet she would be safe enough, safe in a physical and moral sense. Safe, she had come through her experience away from home by herself; she had not been that girl at Cragero's. When he thought of it, the shock of his fear for her seized him for a few seconds; but she had come through safe.

And now—she would become what? A wife, a mate for a man, working beside him; and she would become a mother. His little girl, his baby. His eyes were wet as he thought on; he knew a bit of what

*Cosmopolitan for June, 1922*

she was in for; she only guessed; but he could not imagine her quitting. No; that wouldn't be Margy. And he thought, "It worked out something better for her." Something far harder, of course; something far more arduous and trying than he ever had expected his daughter to undergo; but better. Yes, better for her.

More than ever before Charles Hale required himself to find compensation in what he had done; and here he had something of compensation. Not nearly enough for all those consequences which now included Billy's death; yet here was something, a definite, observable something.

He wanted to see his daughter again; but she and Gregg had returned to the garden and he would not intrude upon them. At last, after midnight, he knew that Gregg had gone, for Marjorie came upstairs; and at the top she hesitated—he thought—whether to come again to his room; so he opened his door to show that he was still up. But she went to her room and closed the door.

While he was yet standing near his door, hers reopened and she came down the hall.

"Father," she said, looking straight up into his eyes, "about home—home that we were speaking about a little while ago; home, father—I'm going to have mine again! I mean I'm going to have my own, I'm going to have my chance to try to make it. I wish, oh, I wish, father, I could do something for you!"

He put his hands on her and held her, gazing down at her.

"Kiss me, Margy," he asked at last; and when she had clasped and kissed him, he said: "I'm going to your mother, Margy. I've definitely decided that. I'm going to her in England and I will arrange, in the best way I can, for a decent and recognized separation; and whatever I do in the future—I don't know yet what it will be—at least will be openly done. You want to know that; I want you to. Now good night, Margy."

"Yes," she said. "Thank you, father; that's just what I wanted to know." And she kissed him again good night.

And then in her room she was once more alone with her new wonder, which was nothing more nor less than the amazement of woman renewing the world by love of man and through her body.

Her body! What had it been for her before? It had been before—and by "before" always she meant before that night of the Lovells' dance after which everything became different—her possession for barter for her livelihood. It was a strong, healthy, well formed body and inhabited by brain enough so that she was in small danger of bartering it for the pitiful pottage of the girl who becomes wanton. No; Marjorie never even imagined herself as having been in danger of that. Her barter was to have been in the marriage market, trading according to the custom of the day. For me, what have you? Ease? Entertainment and enjoyment? Position and privilege? Travel and luxury abroad or at home? I have for you—my body; no other duty or obligation except perhaps one child from it, or, if it threatens to deprive me of nothing, maybe two.

This—Marjorie thought—was what she would have been and she would never have bothered about it. No wonder Felix Rinderfeld could discern that what had

# \$1,000<sup>00</sup>

## in Prizes

How many words can you build from the letters in the phrase, "Use Elam's Irish Lawn When You Write"?

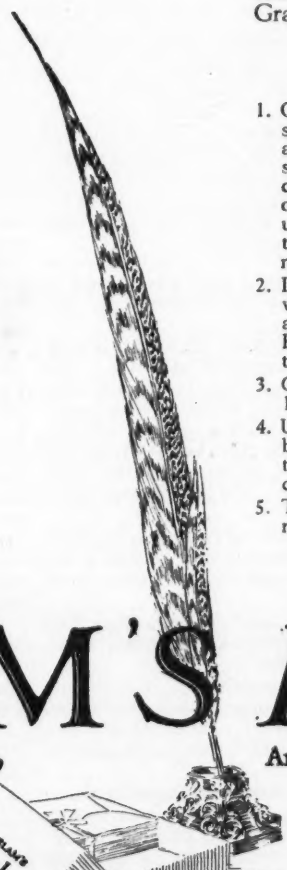
TO the person submitting the largest number of correct English words built from the letters in above phrase and written on Elam's Irish Lawn, a first prize of \$500.00 will be paid, besides twenty-nine other cash awards as shown in prize list Number One. However, the use of Elam's Irish Lawn is not essential to win a prize, for words can be submitted on any paper you choose and be eligible for prizes in list Number Two if you do not care to compete for the big prizes.

Anyone can compete except persons connected with our organization. Competent and unbiased judges will make the awards. Contest closes July 31st, 1922.

Most good stationers, druggists and department stores carry Elam's Irish Lawn. If unable to obtain it send us 50 cents for full sized box containing 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes to match. Specify color: White, Gray, Buff, Blue, Pink or Lavender.

### Rules of Contest

1. Only words found in Webster's or Standard dictionary will be counted. Do not send foreign, hyphenated or compound words. Words of the same spelling can be used only once even though they express different meanings.
2. Letters may be used in each word only as often as they appear in the contest phrase. For example, S may be used three times, but M only once.
3. Contest closes noon, July 31, 1922.
4. Use either singular or plural, but where plural is used, the singular cannot be counted also, and vice versa.
5. The list showing the largest number of English words will be awarded first prize; the next largest, second prize, etc.
6. All answers should be written on one side of paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Write your name and address on each sheet.
7. In the event of ties the full amount of the prize will be paid to each contestant trying for that prize.
8. All lists will receive the same consideration whether written on Elam's Irish Lawn or not.
9. The decision of the judges will be final and awards will be made and checks mailed to winners as soon as possible after closing of contest.
10. So called "master lists" as are sometimes offered for sale are barred.



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1 prize of - - 100.00	1 prize of - - 15.00
1 prize of - - 50.00	1 prize of - - 10.00
1 prize of - - 25.00	1 prize of - - 5.00
5 prizes of - - 10.00	5 prizes of - - 3.00
10 prizes of - - 5.00	10 prizes of - - 2.00
10 prizes of - - 2.50	10 prizes of - - 1.00





*Washes-dishes  
pots and pans*

**3-minute**  
dishwasher

Use it in your home for  
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Because the 3-Minute Dishwasher washes, sterilizes and dries dishes, pots and pans in but a few minutes, *without putting the hands in dish-water*, housewives in every section of the country have heralded it as the most needed household appliance of the day. Thousands are now in daily use.

So that you, too, may be relieved of the 3 times a day, every day in the year, drudgery of dishwashing; we have arranged that you may try the 3-Minute Dishwasher in your own home for ten days, with the privilege of returning it if it will not do all that is claimed for it.

Send us the name of your dealer, and your check (\$7.50 East of the Rockies, \$7.75 West of the Rockies, \$9.50 in Canada) and we will send you at once, your 3-Minute Dishwasher. Use it ten days and if it is not satisfactory return it and we will refund your money.

The 3-Minute Dishwasher has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla Proving Plant, and household efficiency experts in every part of the U. S. It can be used wherever there is hot water and a kitchen sink. Simple and easy to operate, and requires no special fittings. Send for your dishwasher today!

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been knocked from under her that night was not merely an illusion concerning her father but a fallacy regarding her whole situation, for she had imagined herself normal enough and right enough. No wonder that her stock in America seemed almost "through" when it lived and thought like that; no wonder that pressing, pressing in from all about and filtering through appeared the displacers of the

Sedgwicks, Chadens, Vanes and Cleves, the Lovells and the Hales.

"But the Mowbrys won't go down," Marjorie Hale, soon to be Mowbry, murmured her defiance to the Nordquists, Linduskas, Kostics and Rinderfelds. "They'll rise and they won't diminish."

And there came to Marjorie, alone in her room, the sense of herself a molder and a bearer of the future.

THE END

## The Sea Anchor

(Continued from page 57)

"You lie," the man rasped petulantly, "you and the second mate are holdin' out on the rest of us. I know your kind."

"We'll dispense with the argument, Frenchy," Valdemar Sigurdson pleaded patiently. "I know it's mighty hard on you. Buck up, boy, and do the best you can."

"Easy enough for you to talk," the malcontent half screamed. "You sitting there with a full belly and a watchcoat and slicker on while the rest of us freeze to death! You gimme that watchcoat and we'll ration that out among these here wage slaves your damned rotten system has brought to this."

"Have you gone crazy?" Valdemar Sigurdson demanded.

"Not a bit of it. I'm just standing on my rights. I've got just as much right to live as you have. Come across with that watchcoat!"

"It's my coat and I shall wear it," the Thunder God explained patiently. "I'm a better man than you are, Frenchy; I'm worth more to the world; more responsibility rests on me than on you. I'm the master here and I must be the last man to blink out, for if I am the first all the others will surely follow. Go back to your place and stay there."

A pistol suddenly appeared in Frenchy's right hand, the muzzle of it pointed at the Thunder God's breast. The latter stared at him.

"You filthy dog," he growled. "You had a gun and you failed to use it when we slid by that U-boat."

"I want the watchcoat," Frenchy reiterated. "I'm going to make you ration something you don't want to ration. You don't play fair and, by God, I'm going to make you!"

"You win!" Slowly Valdemar Sigurdson commenced unbuttoning his oilskin slicker; slowly, very slowly and painfully he removed it and commenced to unbutton the great watchcoat. But all the time his glance never left that of Frenchy the Red. He was thinking.

He removed the watchcoat. "Very well, Frenchy, here's the watchcoat," he said and tossed the heavy garment to the man in such a way that it almost enveloped him. At the same instant Mr. Gibson, who had been lying in the bottom of the boat just behind Frenchy, reached up, grasped the fellow by the nape of the neck and jerked him over backward, wrapped his arms around him and held him, while the Thunder God crawled forward and possessed himself of Frenchy's pistol. Then he hauled the latter clear of Mr.

Gibson and in order to warm his chilled hands he boxed Frenchy's ears furiously and threw him forward in a heap.

Valdemar Sigurdson crawled aft again and sat painfully down beside Larsen. "That sort of cattle are always up in arms against authority," he complained bitterly. "They spend their lives protesting. They want everybody to be boss. Funny notion they have of personal liberty and orderly civilization. That fellow doesn't know that it is much more necessary that I survive than that he shall live to continue to rant and jim up the works. Larsen, the vast majority of men are such fools that they must have leaders to take care of them. There must be somebody to plan things and give orders and see to it that those orders are carried out. That's government and when somebody opposes government he's called a rebel and shot or imprisoned. Now, Larsen, don't I represent government aboard this boat? Am I not the responsible party? Don't I have to give orders and don't I give orders because I've got the knowledge and the power—not only because I know, but because I know I know? I'm capable. I've got a wife and kids to live for—I'm responsible for you and Mr. Gibson there and all the rest of you—Larsen, I'm the Law."

"Yes, sir," Larsen replied in his slow patient voice, "you are the Law here if the majority of the men in this boat say you are."

The Thunder God stood up "Look here, men," he bawled, "Frenchy has just tried to mutiny on me and I want to know where I stand with the rest of you. Am I the master here?"

"Aye, sir," croaked Mr. Gibson, and "Aye, sir," followed in chorus from all of the men except Frenchy.

"Then I am the Law," roared the Viking.

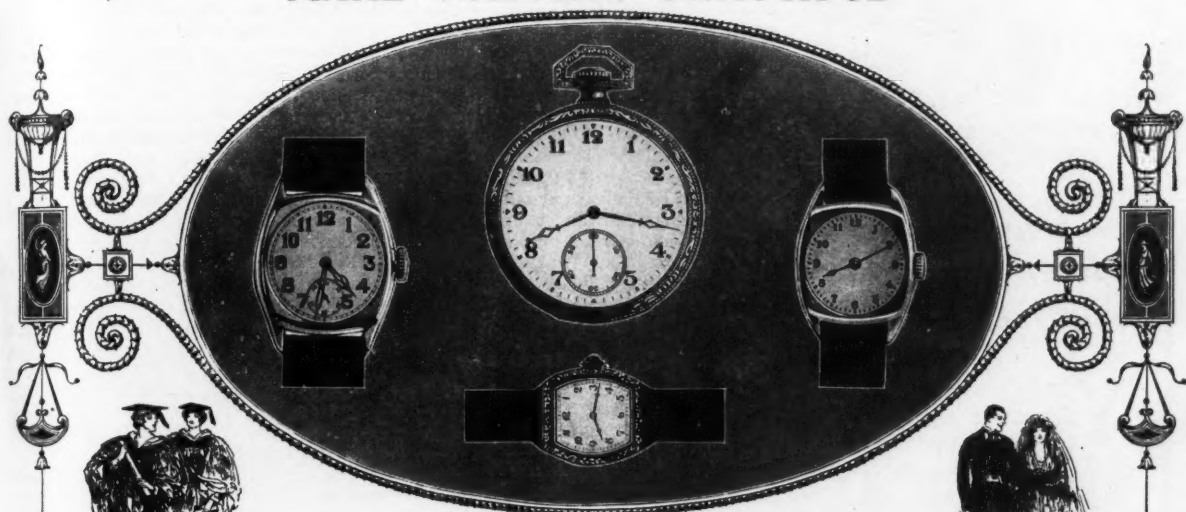
"Whether we're north of fifty-three or south of it, you are the Law, sir," Mr. Gibson declared and again, from all save Frenchy, came a weak chorus of "Aye, sir."

The Thunder God sat down. "Civilization is only possible where law and order and leadership for the common good exists. The Law can kill a man and men call that justice, whereas if an individual should kill a man that is murder. A killing is legal, isn't it, if the man killed is guilty of rebellion or treason? Rebellion is treason until the rebellion is successful, when the traitor becomes a patriot."

"The Law," Larsen answered, "takes no heed of individuals. It is the protection of the people, and an individual may not defy the masses or endanger their property

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*A dependable movement in a WADSWORTH case  
will stand as the enduring mark of your regard*

COMES now the orange-blossom time, when man and maid go forth as bride and groom. Now, too, the classroom sends its youth into the world.

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Such are the Wadsworth cases pictured here. Products of the highest watch case artistry, they are built to add protection and a beauty unexcelled to the delicately adjusted watch movements. And there's a Wadsworth case well suited to your taste and means.

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With great skill the movement maker constructs the movement, an intricate mechanism for the measurement of time. But, for the completion of the watch he now turns to the case maker, who employs such artistry in the designing of the case as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

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**Resinol  
Soap**



or their lives by forcing upon them his ideas or whims. That would throttle the Law and set up a despotism."

"No man is fit to rule if he is not willing to sacrifice his life and his liberty for his people, provided he believes himself to be in the right and a majority of his people agree with him." Mr. Gibson was speaking.

The Thunder God gazed long and earnestly at these two salt-water philosophers; he knew both had read in his eyes, as he gazed upon Frenchy, the thought which, if put into execution, might save the lives of men more useful to the world than the snaky man who crouched in the bottom of the boat and glared at them so balefully.

"Frenchy," he called, "I adjudge you guilty of mutiny on the high seas, in defiance of the laws of the United States of America; I adjudge you guilty of treason to the little republic that was automatically set up when this boat dropped over the side of the *Matador*. Incapable of leadership yourself, you have struck at the authority of one who is capable of it and who still possesses the physical strength to enforce it. If you had triumphed in your rebellion, you and all of us would, doubtless, have perished; but since you have not triumphed, you must not feel badly if I sentence you to die as a martyr to your cause. You had some sort of queer cause—you've had it all your life—and you've fought for it in your queer, sly way. I say that a cause that's worth fighting for is worth dying for—particularly when better men than you are adrift in a following sea without a sea anchor. Frenchy, it is my duty to kill you and may God have mercy on your soul."

At that moment, seemingly to emphasize the truth of his statement, the lip of the following sea slid over the stern of the boat and struck the Thunder God and Larsen a vicious slap.

"We could use a sea anchor," Larsen murmured patiently.

"I am the Law," Valdemar Sigurdson declared. "I must be obeyed. What I do is for the greatest good of the greatest number."

He reached in under the stern sheets and brought forth a five gallon can of light lubricating oil and two hempen objects that looked like small fenders, only their centers were filled with oakum. Into these he poured the lubricating oil until the oakum centers would hold no more, braided a light line to each, crawled forward with them, tied the other end of each rope to the bow ring. Then he crawled back aft until he came to Frenchy crouched with his back to the stinging spray.

"You love your fellow man so much," he roared, "I've decided that you shall die for him!" His terrible hand closed around the mutineer's neck. He squeezed—and weak as he was there was in that squeeze the strength of three ordinary men. Not a cry, not a struggle came from the doomed man. Only his eyes looked for a few seconds on the Thunder God—and then his neck cracked.

When Valdemar Sigurdson released his grip on his victim's neck, Larsen reached under the stern sheets and drew forth a coil of inch and a half Manila line and a life preserver. These articles he tossed to the master, who lashed the life preserver around the dead man securely, then fastened one end of the line around

Frenchy's midriff; the other end he fastened at the bow of the boat. These details attended to, he shipped a pair of oars and turned a white, haggard face to Larsen.

"Give her a wipe into the wind, Larsen, and then smother that spritsail," he commanded. "If we can wear ship without filling I'll hold her head up to the seas until you and Gibson do the rest."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried Larsen cheerfully and glanced behind him. "Ready, about!" He jammed his tiller hard over and as the wind spilled out of his tiny sail he leaped for the canvas and dragged it down into the boat, while Valdemar Sigurdson's tremendous arms drove deep with the oars and whirled the little craft just in time to present her brave little nose to the sea and make her rise with it.

"Hold her, hold her!" croaked Mr. Gibson and cast off the oil containers, one off each bow. The body of Frenchy followed immediately, and as the boat made rapid leeway before the gale, the line on the oil containers and the corpse stretched taut.

"He wasn't much of a man," the Thunder God cried triumphantly, "but he makes a bully sea anchor, and by God, we can ride safely to it. Let it blow. That spreading smear of oil around us will keep the seas from breaking over us. Cheer up, my bullies! We have a lot of fight left in us yet."

He shipped his oars, helped Larsen snugg up the spritsail and bail out the boat, thanked God for His great mercy and fell asleep. Three days later, when the gale had blown itself out, a P boat found them riding calmly to a sea anchor that proved to be a dead man with a life preserver around him to keep him from sinking. There were other dead men in the boat, but Old Man Hickman's Thunder God, Mr. Gibson and the man Larsen still survived for they were of the breed that dies hard. They had willed to live, as men destined for chiefship have a habit of willing.

"And ever since I've been wondering if I did right, Nellie—wondering if I was a leader of men or a murderer. I was quite sane when I did it—I thought it all out, and it seemed right and just that he should die to preserve to the world men who do the world's work and do it cheerfully. I was the State; I was the Law, and I administered that Law according to my code. But, Nellie, doubts assail me now, for the law of God is that a man may not kill. I wasn't selfish, I didn't confuse my own desire for life with the desire to save my men so worth while saving. I—I—ah, Nellie, wife, I had to tell you, and God help me if I've made a mistake."

"Hush," whispered the wife of Old Man Hickman's Thunder God. "We should always choose the lesser of two evils. You had to choose between killing one man or several for it was in your power to choose for them life or death. You had to be a man or a mouse—and, dear love, there has never been any doubt in my mind about you. I know I didn't marry a mouse!"

Fell a silence, while the Thunder God held her tighter. The clock in the hall ticked audibly; Valdemar Sigurdson had never heard it tick so loudly before. But Nellie O'Hara merely held her soft cheek to his, so rough and red and wind bitten, and said nothing; for silence and understanding are the two safest cures for the bruised heart of a man.



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## Broken Barriers

(Continued from page 90)

He rang for Jerry, who confirmed his impression as to the telephone connection. Trenton detained the boy to ask for more logs while Grace went to the pantry to telephone.

"Miss Durland and I are spending the night. If you could give us breakfast, Jerry?"

"With much ease, Mr. Trenton."

Trenton lighted a cigarette and smoked meditatively while Jerry noiselessly filled the wood box. Grace reappeared as Jerry stood awaiting further instructions.

"Oh, Grace, what time shall we say for breakfast?" Trenton asked casually.

"I must be at the store at eight-thirty," she answered at the door.

"Then breakfast at seven? We'd better allow a little extra time in case the snow keeps up. Seven it is, Jerry."

The boy left them and could be heard moving about upstairs. A clock struck ten and Trenton exclaimed at the hour.

"I'd have guessed it wasn't more than eight! The hours do jump along when the heart's light. Any difficulty about not going home?"

"No; not at all. Everyone was out but father and I merely said I was at the house of a girl friend and would spend the night there."

She walked to a table and began inspecting the books that were arranged upon it in careful order. It might have seemed that she wished to avoid meeting his eyes immediately. He hesitated a moment, then crossed to her quickly.

"It's always interesting to see what books you find in a country house," he said. "But it's a mistake to judge the owner by the literature you find lying about; it's usually the discards of the guests. At the place where I caused so much disappointment by not dying—"

"Oh, please don't say it even as a joke, Ward!" she pleaded, dropping a book she had opened and laying her hands on his arm.

"Well, I won't then! I was jealous of that book. You were so absorbed I almost felt that I was alone in the room."

"You're so foolish!" she said. "What were the books you found in your room at that place where you were ill?"

"Oh, they were on the occult and had been left behind by some enthusiastic spook hunter! After that hour when I so plainly saw you right there by my bed I studied those books carefully. I wanted to explain the transformation of a very plain nurse in spectacles into the most beautiful girl in the world!"

"And—did you explain it?"

"My heart did the explaining. I knew I loved you! That's the answer to all my questions."

"You do love me, Ward, really and truly?"

"Yes, dear," and then with head lifted he added as though repeating a pledge from some ritual: "With all my heart, with all my soul, with every hope of happiness I have for the future, I love you!"

He took her in his arms, then held her away and gazed into her eyes.

"I want to be everything to you; I want to fill your heart so that you will turn to me in every need. I want you, all or nothing!"

Her lips parted tremulously, inviting his kiss. She felt singularly secure and content in his arms.

"All or nothing," she repeated in a low whisper.

"Yes! There was no escape for us from the beginning," he said slowly. "It's been like a drawing of the tide that nothing could stay."

They walked slowly to the hearth, his hands thrust deep into his coat pockets. He eyed the fire critically and rearranged the half burned logs.

"I'll put this up as a precaution," he remarked, lifting the wire screen that stood against the wall and laying it against the arch under the mantel. "Run along; I'll see to the locking up."

He went into the hall and snapped on the lights and kissed his hand to her as she started up the steep, old-fashioned stair. The lights were turned on in all the rooms and humming softly she wandered through them, pausing finally in one in which a suitcase lay open on a chair, evidently placed there by Jerry. She recognized it as Irene's, kept at The Shack for occasions when she spent the night there.

Below, Trenton was testing the fastening of the doors. She lifted her head, listening intently as she heard his step on the stair.

## IV

AS she dressed the next morning Grace looked out upon a white world that was reluctantly disclosing itself in the gray dawn. Trenton was already gone and hearing the scraping of a shovel she looked out and saw him clearing the path that led to an old barn that Kemp had converted into a garage.

When Grace went down Trenton met her in the hall, kissed her and led her with mock ceremony to the dining room door.

"Breakfast for two! Something awfully cozy about that table, with the plates so close together!"

"Just perfect! I'd like to take a run through the snow; wouldn't it be jolly! And there's that hill we climbed yesterday that would be a grand place for coasting!"

"No time for that now!" he replied, looking at his watch. "There's a good six inches of the beautiful and being out so early we'll have to be pathfinders. It will be about all we can do to hit Washington Street by eight-thirty. There's going to be waffles and maple syrup for breakfast. I got that out of Jerry; also bacon and guaranteed eggs."

"The Olympians had nothing on us!" she replied in his own key of gaiety.

"Oh, we are become even as the gods!" he cried, drawing out her chair. "This is a touch—breakfast by candlelight!"

Tall candles in glass holders lighted the table. Grace for a fleeting moment thought of the kitchen at home, where her mother and Ethel were now preparing breakfast, wholly ignorant of her whereabouts. Trenton saw the smile waver and leave her face, and he bent over and laid his hand on hers.

"You know—no, you don't you can't know what all this means to me! I feel as though I'd been dead and come to life again!"

"Does it mean so much, dear?" she asked, her eyes, intent and searching, meeting his.

"If you look at me like that, dear," he

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replied, "I'll never be able to finish this  
grapefruit!" Then with a quick change  
of tone he asked anxiously:

"You're not unhappy, dear?"

"No; it's just the strangeness of being  
here; that's all."

"It doesn't seem real to me, either. I'd  
thought so much of just such an hour as  
this, facing a new day and a new world  
with you, that it's hard to believe the  
dream has really come true!"

"But you'll be going away. There will  
be lots of times I can't see you. It's  
going to be hard to get used to that," she  
said pensively.

"Don't worry on that score. I've got  
a lot of work laid out for the next year  
right here in the Middle West. I can  
easily spend my Sundays in Indianapolis.  
I'd travel a mighty long way just for a  
sight of you. Let's make the most of  
today and not worry about tomorrow.  
Sufficient unto the day is the happiness  
thereof!"

She smiled her acquiescence in this  
philosophy, was again buoyant and joined  
with him in praising Jerry as the boy  
appeared with a plate of fresh waffles.

"I tell you what I'll do!" exclaimed  
Trenton suddenly. "I'll cut all my en-  
gagements for today if you will and we'll  
stay right here!"

"Oh, it would be wonderful! But I  
...asn't even think of it! I'd lose my  
job, and besides I mustn't forget I have a  
family. Please don't try to persuade me.  
But you know I'd love to stay—not just  
today but forever!"

"I wish you didn't have your job!" he  
said, shaking his head impatiently. "I  
don't feel comfortable about it."

"Don't begin telling me I ought to be  
doing something different! Everybody  
else does! I really enjoy my work at  
Shipley's."

"There ought to be some way—" he  
began, frowning. Something in her look  
caused him to pause. "I was going to  
say that I don't like the idea of your  
working—you must let me—"

"Ward, dear!"

"Forgive me, darling," he said con-  
tritely.

"I believe in work," she went on  
quickly. "I mean to do something;  
maybe not just what I'm doing now, but  
—something!"

She lifted her hand with the effect of  
indicating an exclamation mark in the air.

"When you talk that way I feel as  
though you didn't expect to belong to me  
always." He rose and drew her to her  
feet. "Let's have that understood here  
and now." He held her away, his hands  
resting lightly on her cheeks as he looked  
into her eyes with mock severity. "We've  
got to be on our way in about two minutes,  
Miss Durland, and there must be no  
nonsense about this. Is it for always?"

"Yes, for always," she answered soberly.

"To the very end?"

"Yes, to the very end," she assented  
and there was the foreshadowing of tears  
in her eyes.

"No matter what may happen; no  
matter if there should be times of sepa-  
ration beyond our control—you will still  
love me and trust me?"

"Yes—always. There will never be  
anyone else for me but you, if I live a  
thousand years."

She put her arms about his neck and

kissed him—a kiss without passion, on  
forehead and lips.

"Dearest little girl!"

V

THE sun came out of the mists as they  
set off for town with the snow flung up by  
the rear wheels of the car whirling behind  
in a miniature storm.

"It's a dear good old world," Grace said,  
her eyes reflecting her enjoyment of the  
swift rush between the long stretches of  
white level fields broken by patches of  
woodland.

It was with a sense of disillusionment  
that she saw the city, as it seemed, com-  
ing out to meet her. Trenton was talking  
of his day's appointments, of the men he  
expected to see. Grace's thoughts flew  
ahead to the store, where she would meet  
Irene—meet her friend with a new self-  
consciousness—and of the deceptions and  
evasions that would be necessary to ex-  
plain her night's absence at home. But  
these thoughts were fleeting. She was  
happy in the confidence that the man  
beside her truly loved her and her love  
for him, which she had so often challenged  
and questioned even after she first en-  
couraged him to think she cared, was no  
longer a matter for debate. She had no  
regrets; no misgivings. She had already  
convinced herself that their love was  
sufficient in itself. He turned from time  
to time to smile at her and took her hand  
that it might rest beneath his on the wheel.

"We haven't settled yet when I'm to see  
you again. I want every minute you can  
give me. Can't we have dinner together  
tonight?"

"I wish we could, but I've got to go  
home for supper."

"But I can see you afterwards—please!"

"I could go to Miss Lawton's where we  
met the first time. I think I can fix it  
with Minnie."

"Then that's settled! I understand  
perfectly that you have your family to  
consider and we've got to remember there  
are people in the world who haven't much  
to do but pry into other people's business.  
They're a large and mischievous phalanx.  
For the present we've got to be careful."

He didn't amplify the suggestive "for  
the present," and she was rather relieved  
that he didn't. He was thinking, she  
assumed, of his wife and the freedom which  
he had intimated would be his for the ask-  
ing. But marriage was no assurance of  
the perpetuation of love; it was a conven-  
tion, no doubt desirable and necessary for  
society's protection; but Grace was in a  
mood to enjoy her sense of being in re-  
bellion against society, that mysterious  
"they" which quite ignorantly established  
laws, and in the light of them appraised  
and condemned human frailty.

She derived the greatest comfort from  
this idea; it encouraged and strengthened  
her belief that she was an independent  
unit of society. If her relationship with  
Trenton became known she would forfeit  
the love and confidence of her family and  
many prized friendships. But his love  
would be ample compensation for any-  
thing she might lose in the eyes of people  
she felt to be hopelessly shackled to the  
old notions of life with which she no longer  
felt any concern. There was no reason why  
secrecy shouldn't be preserved. It was no-  
body's business what she did with her life.

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"Last chance for a kiss," Trenton exclaimed, slipping his arm about her as they reached the Meridian Street bridge.

She asked him to let her out at the soldier's monument to avoid the possibility of being inspected by questioning eyes at Shipley's. Trenton was going at once to Kemp's house to make sure Tommy was all right; he meant to have it out with Tommy about his drinking.

"Tell your father I'd like to see him tomorrow at two o'clock. Yes; I've got the address."

With his good by ringing in her ears she walked the few remaining blocks to the store.

### CHAPTER ELEVEN

WHEN Grace reached home that evening her absence of the preceding night was barely mentioned by her mother, and Ethel did not refer to it at all. The conduct of another member of the family had aroused grave apprehensions in the domestic circle and any suspected derelictions of her own were suffered to pass, or were accepted in a spirit of resignation as a part of the visitation of an inscrutable Providence upon the house of Durland.

Roy had turned up in the early hours of the morning much the worse for dalliance with a contraband beverage that had served him ill. There was gloom in the kitchen where she found her mother and Ethel preparing supper and after satisfying herself that she was not the cause of the depression she summoned courage to ask her mother what had happened.

"I think, mother," said Ethel in her iciest tone, "Grace should know. It may be possible that she can help us in our trouble. Roy has always been fonder of her than of me."

Ethel's tone was replete with intimations that this affection was not wholly complimentary to either her brother or sister. She entered upon the explanation of Roy's misbehavior, with Mrs. Durland interrupting to soften the harsh terms in which Ethel described Roy's appearance on the snowy threshold at two o'clock, in the care of two young friends in little better condition than himself. It had been necessary to summon a doctor.

"I'm sure it's the first and last time for Roy," said Mrs. Durland. "He's terribly cut up over it; but of course at the holiday season, and meeting old friends and all, I suppose we must make allowances."

"That's the way to look at it, mother," said Grace, sincerely grieved for her mother and anxious to renew her confidence in Roy. "I know Roy wouldn't do anything to trouble you. It's lucky he didn't die. And Roy isn't the only boy who thinks it smart to drink now that it's forbidden. I hear a lot about it downtown."

"I suppose you do," said Mrs. Durland, throwing Grace a look of gratitude.

"Roy knows that our hopes are centered in him; there's not the slightest excuse for his conduct!" Ethel resumed, unwilling that Roy's sin should be covered up in charitable generalizations. "Instead of running around with a lot of dissolute young men he ought to be making friends who can help him get a start in life. As for Prohibition, it's the law of the land and you'd think a young man who's studying law would respect it. Only the other day Osgood gave me an article with statistics

showing what's being done to enforce the law and it will only be a short time until the rum power is completely vanquished."

"It's dying mighty hard," remarked Grace cheerfully. "Anybody can get whisky who has the price."

"One would think—" began Ethel scornfully.

"Oh, I'm not hankering for it myself!" Grace interrupted. "But they ought to enforce the law or repeal it. I'm only saying what everybody knows."

"Well, of course, Grace, we don't know just *who* your friends are," Ethel retorted.

"Oh, you probably wouldn't amuse them if you did know them!" Grace flung back.

Whereupon Mrs. Durland, who was arranging a tray with coffee and toast to carry up to Roy, mildly suggested that enough had been said on the subject.

### II

TRENTON's week in town lengthened to ten days. Minnie Lawton's apartment proved to be a convenient meeting place, and on two evenings Grace and Trenton dined there alone, with Jerry to serve them. Trenton had persuaded Kemp to go to a hospital for rest and observation. The reports of the physicians merely confirmed what the New York specialist had told Trenton as to his friend's condition. Trenton took Irene and Grace to see Kemp one evening. They found him looking a little thin and white but he greeted them joyfully. He wasn't wholly cut off from civilization in spite of their efforts to get rid of him, he said, pointing gleefully to a telephone at his bedside which he had obtained as a special concession. He boasted that he could lie in bed and direct his business affairs almost as well as at his office.

Trenton had visited Stephen Durland twice at his shop in the Power Building and at the hospital he mentioned Durland's improvements on the Cummings-Durland motor. The issuance of the new patents to Durland had brought inquiries from several Eastern manufacturers and the representative of one concern had opened negotiations for an option.

"Look here, Grace," said Kemp when Trenton had explained concisely the nature of the improvements, "I'm going to be mighty sore if you let this escape before I have a look at it. Go on, Ward, and tell me more about it."

"Your father must have something good," said Irene, who had listened to the talk, "for I don't understand a word of it. I hope there's millions in it."

"That new composition Mr. Durland's working on for noncracking sparkplug porcelains will be worth something handsome if it's as good as it looks," Trenton remarked. Kemp's alert curiosity had to be satisfied as to the nature of the substance Durland was working on and Trenton went into the chemistry of the composition and said it would have to be subjected to the most exacting tests.

"We'll test that at my plant, too," said Kemp, "but the sooner we get to work on the motor the better. We can give Mr. Durland a place at my shop; I'll call up the superintendent in the morning and explain what's wanted."

"It's all too good to be true!" cried Grace. "Father's such a dear, patient,





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gentle soul and to land something now will mean more than you can understand. Thank you so much, Tommy."

She walked to the bed and took Kemp's hand.

"I suppose your father would rather Cummings had the new features," he said drily.

"Gracious heavens, no!" Grace exclaimed. "Father would cheerfully die in the poorhouse before he'd let Cummings have anything of his."

"That's the spirit! Ward, don't be stingy with Mr. Durland. Double whatever anybody else offers for an option on the motor improvements and we'll hope it's only the beginning."

### III

STEPHEN DURLAND discussed with Grace everything pertaining to his new connection with Kemp. He had made so many mistakes in his life that he didn't want to risk making any more, he said pathetically at a noon hour which Grace spent with him after he had agreed to the terms Kemp had proposed through Trenton.

"A thousand dollars just for an option looks mighty big," he said. "I never expected to see that much money again. And I'm to draw two hundred a month from the Kemp Company while I'm building a trial motor out there. It's pretty nice, Grace."

He wanted to give her the thousand and any income he might derive from the improved motor as compensation for what he felt was the wrong she had suffered through his inability to keep her in college. He was greatly in earnest about this and showed his affection for her in a shy, gentle fashion that deeply touched her. She laughed him into accepting her rejection of his offer and overruled his decision not to tell his wife and Ethel of his brightening prospects. The motor might not stand up under the tests and he wished to avoid the necessity of confessing a fresh failure.

"I'll see that you don't get scolded! You just strut around the house and make the most of your success—for that's what it is! Mr. Trenton told me there was no doubt but your improvements were enormously important—greater efficiency, greater economy of operation and every other little old thing you've thought up in that dear bean of yours!"

"Trenton's a fine fellow. He's been mighty nice to me," said Durland. "It's a pleasure to talk to a man who catches an idea so quick. I guess Kemp does pretty much what he says. I never thought of it till after the break, but Cummings never wanted me to meet other manufacturers in our line. Guess he didn't trust me," he ended with a grim smile. "Afraid I might get away from him before he was sure I'd petered out."

"He guessed wrong, daddy! We'll let Cummings do the worrying now."

On the day he closed his shop in the Power Building and moved to the experimental room that had been fitted up for him at Kemp's big plant Durland mentioned his new prospects at the supper table. He made the disclosure so slightly that Mrs. Durland and Ethel, who had been busily discussing the merits of a novel they had been reading and Ethel

thought shameless, failed to catch the point of the revelation until he had cleared his throat and announced for a second time that he was moving out to Kemp's to do a little experimenting.

"I guess that's yours, Alicia," he remarked, producing the check. "Got it for an option on a patent I've been tinkering at. Ward Trenton, that Pittsburgh expert, recommended it to Kemp."

"Trenton?" repeated Ethel, carefully scrutinizing the Kemp Manufacturing Company's check before passing it to her mother.

"Yes; Ward Trenton," Durland replied with a note of pride that so distinguished an engineer had recognized his merits. "He keeps track of everything that goes through the patent office for clients he's got all over the country. I'm going to build some of my motors at Kemp's; they've given me a lot better place to work in than I used to have at Cummings' and I'm going to have all the help I want and I'm to draw two hundred a month while I'm there. I guess that's fair enough."

"This is your friend Trenton, is it, Grace?" asked Ethel, awed into respect by the size of the check.

"The same," Grace replied, carelessly meeting Ethel's gaze across the table. "He's the kindest man imaginable. You can hardly complain of his treatment of father."

"I've always believed in father," said Ethel. "I hope Isaac Cummings will see in this a retribution—God's punishment for the way he treated him."

"Let's not hand out the retribution to Cummings till Kemp's satisfied about the motor," suggested Grace.

"We're all proud of you, Stephen," said Mrs. Durland. "I'm writing Roy tonight and I'll tell him the good news. Of course I'll warn him not to speak of it. Your success will be a great incentive to the dear boy. He was so contrite over his behavior while he was home that I'm glad to have this news for him. We should all feel grateful. Something told me when Isaac Cummings turned you out that it was for the best. I'll never again question the ways of Providence. I don't feel like taking this money, Stephen, but it will come in handy in giving Roy a start."

In the happier spirit that now dominated the home circle Grace's increasingly frequent absences for evenings and occasionally for a night passed with little or no remark.

"You've got to live your life in your own way," Mrs. Durland would say with a sigh when she found Grace leaving the house after supper. "I hardly see you any more."

To guard against awakening in Ethel's mind any suspicion that her evenings away from home coincided with Trenton's presence in town, which her father usually mentioned, Grace made a point of going out at times when Trenton was away. There were always things she could do—entertainments among the Shipley employees, dances, theater parties of business girls with whom she had become acquainted. These engagements she refrained from describing with any particularity as this would make the more marked her silence on evenings when she went to Minnie Lawton's to meet Trenton. She had adopted a regular formula when she left the house, saying merely, "I'm going



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Continued from page 15

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out for a little while," which her mother and Ethel had schooled themselves to accept.

The mild winter almost imperceptibly gave way before the blithe approach of spring and April appeared smiling at the threshold.

No cloud darkened the even course of her affair with Trenton. She was more and more convinced of the depth and sincerity of her love for him and he was the tenderest, the most considerate of lovers. When she didn't see him, sometimes for a week or two, his messages floated back with those constant reassurances of his loyalty and affection that are the very food of love. He rarely mentioned his wife in their talks and Grace was no longer beset by jealous twinges. She wondered sometimes whether he had ever broached to Mrs. Trenton the matter of the divorce at which he had hinted, but Grace found herself caring little about this one way or another. She exulted in her independence, complacent in the thought that she was a woman of the twentieth century, free to use her life as she would.

## IV

JOHN MOORE had not crossed Grace's vision since the afternoon of Christmas day when his unexpected appearance in the highway near The Shack proved so disconcerting. She suspected that he was avoiding her, probably from a generous wish to spare her the embarrassment of explaining herself.

When she left Shipley's at the closing hour of a day early in April she was surprised to see him waiting at the door.

"Good evening, Grace! Hope you don't mind being held up, but I wanted to see you and this seemed the easiest way. Got time to walk home?"

Grace had meant to take the car but she decided instantly that in view of the glimpse he had got of her in Trenton's arms on the memorable day at The Shack it would be poor diplomacy to refuse.

"Of course I'll walk, John," she replied cordially. "I've been wanting to see you." She waited till they were out of the crowd, then said with a prelude laugh:

"You must be thinking the awfulest things of me and that's why you've given me the go-by. That was an awful fib I told you Christmas about going to a matinee. The truth of the matter was that I had promised to go with some people into the country for the afternoon and didn't want the family to know; and I couldn't explain over the telephone. And out there we all got to cutting up and, well—you saw me! I'm terribly ashamed of myself!"

"Oh, pshaw, you needn't be! I didn't think anything about it. I always know you're all right. I'm for you, Grace—you know that. I've been so busy since I moved to town that I've kept my nose right on the grindstone."

His words lacked the usual John Moore flavor, and in spite of his protest she guiltily attributed his unusual restraint to reservations as to the Christmas day episode. But his next speech quickly shifted the ground of her apprehensions.

"I've just been down to Bloomington to see Roy," he said, doggedly blurring out the sentences. "The boy sent for me;

## Cosmopolitan for June, 1922

he'd got into a bad scrape—with a girl. You can guess the rest of it."

"Oh!" she gasped, feeling the earth whirling. "Not that!"

"Roy was badly rattled and threatened to run away but I talked him out of that. The girl's name's Sadie Denton; she's not really a bad girl. I had a talk with her and went down to Louisville with them yesterday and saw them married. Her folks live there and she'll be all right till Roy finishes at the law school. I guess that's about all. He didn't want any of you to know but I sat down on that and he agreed I should tell you. I was sure you'd handle it right at home."

"Oh, it will break mother's heart! She's counted everything on Roy."

"Well, everything isn't lost yet," he replied. "I hope you think I did right."

"It was the only thing, of course, John. It was just like you to see it straight and do the right thing."

She wormed from him the fact that he had given Roy a hundred dollars, and that certain payments for the support of Roy's wife had been agreed on.

"We'll return the money at once; that's the least we can do."

When he protested that he didn't need the money immediately she explained that her father's affairs were looking brighter and that the return of the sum advanced would work no hardship.

The bad news having been delivered Moore exerted himself to cheer her, but a vast gloom had settled upon her. As he shook hands at the gate her sense of his tolerance, kindness and wisdom brought tears to her eyes but, left alone, her only emotion was one of anger at Roy. She stood on the doorstep pondering. Again, as after Roy's appeal for money to cover his share of the expense of his automobile escapade, she thought of her own weakness in yielding to temptation. But for John's advice that it would be better for the rest of the family to know at once of Roy's tragedy—this being the only word that fitly described this new and discouraging blight upon her brother's prospects—she would have lacked the courage to communicate the evil tidings to the household.

It was not until they had all settled in the living room after supper that she broke the news. Her father sat at the table, reading a technical journal, with Ethel near by preparing her Sunday school lesson. Mrs. Durland had established herself by the grate with the family darning in her lap. Since Durland's removal to Kemp's establishment a new cheer and hope had lightened the atmosphere of the home and Grace moving restlessly about the room dreaded to launch her thunderbolt upon the tranquil scene.

"I have something to tell you, and please listen—you too, father," she began quietly.

She used much the same blunt phrases in which Moore had condensed the story; watched with a kind of fascination a long black stocking slip from her mother's hand, pause at her knee and then crawl in a slow serpentine fashion down her apron to her feet, which rested on a threadbare cushion.

"Oh, Roy!" Mrs. Durland moaned, heart-brokenly, her face white.

Mr. Durland coughed, took off his glasses, breathed on the lenses and began slowly rubbing them with the corner of the table

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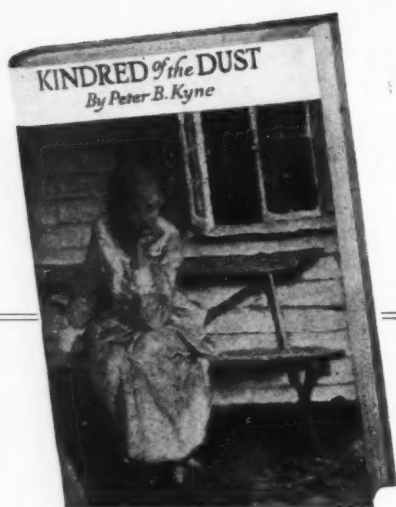
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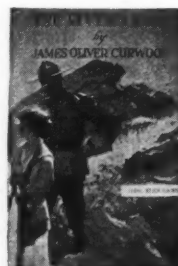
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cover. "I guess that's all there is to say about it," Grace concluded when she had told everything, not omitting their indebtedness to Moore. "We've all got to make the best of it."

Grace picked up the fallen stocking and handed it to her mother, who made a pretense of carefully inspecting a hole in the heel.

"What time's the first train down in the morning?" she asked. "I must see Roy—and—"

Ethel, who had sunk back helplessly in her chair, jumped to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"You shan't go one step, mother! It's enough that Roy's brought this disgrace on the family without you going down there to pet him. It's your spoiling him that's made him what he is. John Moore had no business meddling in our affairs. What Roy should have done was to go away and never show his face to any of us again. Father, you tell mother to keep away from Roy!"

The appeal to Durland, who had so rarely found himself a court of last resort in the whole course of his life, was not without its humor and Grace smiled bitterly as she watched her sister, who stood before her, white, her lips set in hard lines, her hands clenched at her sides. Durland cleared his throat and recrossed his legs.

"I guess your mother'll do the right thing, Ethel," he said.

"I think you're all crazy!" Ethel flared. "What will Osgood think of me with a brother forced to marry a girl off the street?"

"I didn't say she was off the street," Grace corrected her. "I'd show the girl a little mercy if I were you and I wouldn't make it any harder than necessary for father and mother. You're not the only one of us who has feelings."

"I'll leave! The rest of you may do as you please but I'll not let Osgood think I don't feel the shame of my brother's sin."

"If Osgood reads his Testament he may not see it in quite that light."

Ethel breathed hard in the effort to think of some withering retort. The best she could do, however, was not especially brilliant.

"Osgood," she announced grandly, "is a gentleman!"

"He might be that and still be a Christian," Grace replied tartly.

"What did you say about trains, Grace?" asked Mrs. Durland, who, deep in thought, had scarcely heard the colloquy between her daughters.

"I'll call the station and find out. And I'll get Irene on the phone and tell her I won't be at the store tomorrow. I'm going with you, mother."

"Irene!"

Ethel caught up and flung back the name as though it were some hateful and obscene thing.

"Ethel," said Mrs. Durland placidly, "if you've got nothing better to do you might help me with the darning. I don't like to go away without clearing it up."

V

THE visit to Bloomington was not particularly heartening. Roy was in a sullen humor when they talked to him in the hotel parlor. He wanted to drop the law course and go West, and they argued the

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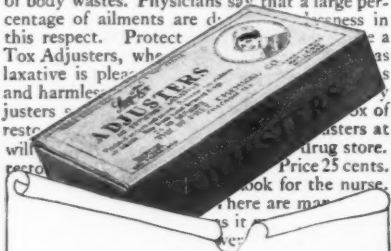
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matter most of the day, Grace alternating between despair at Roy's stubborn indifference to every attempt to arouse his pride and ambition and admiration for her mother's courage and forbearance in the most poignant sorrow of her life.

Grace finally left them together and took a walk that led her far from the campus. She had no heart for looking upon the familiar scenes or meeting the friends she had left there only a few months earlier. When she went back to the hotel Roy had been won to a more tractable humor; and when he left them it was in a spirit of submission, at least, to an ungenerous and inexorable fate. Mrs. Durland insisted on carrying out the plan with which she had left Indianapolis, of visiting the young woman who was now her daughter-in-law.

"She's Roy's wife," she said when Grace tried to dissuade her. "I'll feel better to see her. And it's only right I should."

She took the train for Louisville and Grace went home.

Grace's thoughts were given a new direction early the next morning when Miss Beulah Reynolds appeared at Shipley's shortly after the doors were opened.

"My dear child, the most astounding thing has happened!" the little woman declared immediately.

"Your house hasn't burned down!" exclaimed Grace, amused by the little woman's agitation.

"Worse! I'm to have a visitor—that Mary Graham Trenton whose ideas we once talked about. I've just had a letter from an old friend in Boston warning me of the lady's approach, and asking me to see the Indians don't get her. She arrives next Tuesday morning. I've wired her at Cleveland asking her to stay at my house—I could hardly do less."

"I suppose not," said Grace faintly, wondering why Miss Reynolds had come to her with the news.

"I'm asking some people to dinner the night the lady lectures—Tuesday—and I want you to come. Don't look so scared! She may not be as terrible as she writes and I'm going to invite Dr. Ridgely and my doctor and my lawyer with the hope that they'll all get a shock. And I want

*Cosmopolitan for June, 1922*

you to come; you've read her stuff, and I'll count on you to keep the talk going."

"Why, I don't know—" Grace began, her mind dizzy with conjectures.

"Come! That's a dear child. Don't go back on me; I need your moral support. At half-past six then? We have to dine early on account of the lecture."

"Why, yes, Miss Reynolds," Grace answered faintly.

"By the pink left ear of Venus!" exclaimed Irene coming upon Grace just as Miss Reynolds left. "What's little Old Ready Money done to you?"

"Nothing," Grace replied, her mind still in confusion. "She was just asking me to dinner."

"From your looks I thought it was a funeral," said Irene, and Grace, pulling herself together, hurried away to meet an approaching customer.

Of late she had given little thought to Mrs. Trenton, and it had never occurred to her in her wildest dreams that she might meet Ward's wife in the intimate contact of a dinner table. The prospect kept her in a state of excitement all day and at times she became panic stricken and was strongly impelled to trump up some excuse for refusing to go to Miss Reynolds's. But her earlier curiosity as to what manner of woman it was who bore Ward Trenton's name was rekindled by the thought of meeting her. Trenton was in Syracuse and might not reach Indianapolis for a week or more. He had said that he had not, in the letter he had written to Mrs. Trenton from St. Louis, revealed the identity of the woman who had so strongly appealed to him. Mrs. Trenton would hardly suspect that a girl she met at a dinner party was the person he had described only vaguely and without indicating her habitat.

Grace decided not to write Trenton of the impending meeting till it was over. Having quieted her apprehensions she began dramatizing the scene at Miss Reynolds's table and she reread *Clues to a New Social Order* against the possibility that Mrs. Trenton's book might become a subject of discussion at the dinner. The thought of seeing her lover's wife in this fashion, while she herself remained unknown and unsuspected, laid powerful hold upon Grace's imagination.

*Grace's meeting with Trenton's wife at the dinner, and the dramatic events thereafter, make one of the most absorbing chapters in her life and mark the crucial point in her love affair with Ward—told in the July COSMOPOLITAN, on sale at all news stands June 10.*

## The Old Adam

(Continued from page 50)

abruptly. "By the way, I'm going West tonight."

"Tonight!" she echoed, her eyes wide and dismayed.

He nodded. "I may be back in time to play and I may not. So if you're keen on playing in the mixed doubles—"

"I'm not," she cut in hastily. And added impetuously, "If I can't play with you I don't want to play with anybody."

In his dealings with men Robert Blair had that keen gift of psychology that all

those destined to achieve greatly are born with. He was quick to translate and interpret. But the gift failed him now.

"I feel flattered!" he retorted lightly, but his eyes were so warm that—Patty shivered.

This escaped him—he had already turned to Price. "You'll stay through for the Invitations of course," he remarked, conscious of a swelling magnanimity.

Price hesitated. "No," he replied. "I've decided—not to."



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Robert expressed surprise but Patty said nothing. She knew why he had come to the decision. As for Price he needn't, of course, have gone all the way back to California to get away from her but he had decided before he reached the Ensloes' that he would. His mood was such that he felt the need of extremes.

"If I'd put the same energy into my profession I put into tennis," he informed himself, "I'd be somewhere."

Which meant, though he didn't work it out to that extent, that he had been brought up roughly by the realization that even if things had been—different!—he wouldn't have had so very much to offer—any girl!

"I've wasted my life," he went on with the utter finality of his majestic total of twenty-eight years, "and it's time I buckled down."

Accordingly he packed forthwith, and this being achieved he considered the advisability of saying good by to Patty.

"I'd probably just make an ass of myself," he thought and decided finally against it.

It was little Lou who saw him first. She and Patty were seated on the lower step of the Allen porch. Robert was inside with Patty's father and she was waiting for him. Meanwhile Lou had engaged in her conscious gift as *raconteur*.

"And the giant said fee-fo-fi-fo-fum!" she explained. "That's what giants always say, you know. And they look at you just as cross—"

She broke off suddenly.

"Why, there's Mr. Nickles!" she announced.

Price smiled at her but his eyes were all for Patty.

"I just ran over to say good by," he explained, managing a smile and hoping his voice sounded more natural to her than it did to him.

"Oh!" said Patty uncertainly. "I'm sorry you're going."

She found it impossible to meet his eyes. She looked instead off at the tennis court, where Ted serving to Margot, proceeded to double fault. Margot tossed up her racket joyously at that.

"Hi-hi!" she taunted.

"I wonder," ventured Price abruptly, "if you'd go for a sail with me. You said you would—some day."

This was the last thing in the world he had intended to say. He had indeed presented himself—or at least his reason—with a picture of a brief and formal farewell. Yet now that he had spoken he waited for her answer with a breathless intensity that made all else in the world seem insignificant.

"I'm afraid we may have a thunder squall," she said uncertainly as if it hinged on that.

"So much the better," he retorted.

The prospect of a thunder squall surely was not what made his voice a paean of joy. She was going to say yes, he would have her for an hour or two to himself. He might have remembered that an hour or two is but little subtracted from or added to life's total but—he didn't.

The Allens' gardener-boatman-of-all-work—and aversion to all work—also spoke forebodingly of thunder heads in the sky before he could be persuaded to prepare Patty's cat the *Miaow*, for the trip.

But eventually they were on their way

toward the buoy that marked the harbor entrance. Patty had the tiller and as she, as usual, scorned a reef, the lee scuppers were awash.

They hardly spoke until they got outside. Then, as a jagged rift of lightning broke the ominous clouds that banked the sky to the northwest, he roused himself.

"It's going to be a sporter," he said and with tardy concern added, "I think we'd better turn and run in."

"Scared?" demanded Patty.

He nodded and she appreciated his courage in daring to be afraid—for her.

"Don't be," she retorted with a smile. "I've sailed this boat since I was twelve years old."

The spray that the *Miaow's* bow flung up had wet her face and it glistened on her lashes and in her hair. She had never looked lovelier. He turned his eyes away hastily and looked at the mounting wall of cloud and from that to the lee shore, where the surf broke high, with reverberating crescendos.

"The storm may strike us any moment," he began. "You'd better—"

But the storm was traveling faster and with more force than they realized. It struck before he could finish. The *Miaow* staggered and shook as if a giant paw had reached down and slapped her half playfully, half maliciously.

"Let go your helm!" shouted Price to the girl.

The danger was real yet Patty, filled with a curious recklessness, smiled at him mockingly.

"Helm's alee," she assured him. "And it was before you spoke."

He, however, was already forward, letting the anchor go. While the wind whipped at them they worked the mainsail down.

"If your ground tackle holds we'll be all right," he shouted—the wind seemed to tear the words out of his mouth. "This won't last long—"

"I'm afraid," she shouted back, "that it won't hold. I meant to get new gear this year but I haven't used the *Miaow* much, you see."

Price looked startled.

"Oh, we'll be all right," she assured him. "All we'll have to do is to raise sail and head for shore—the faster we go the better—"

"It sounds interesting," commented Price grimly.

"It might be—if the *Miaow* should get broadside in the breakers," admitted Patty. "She'd roll over and over and lose her nine lives—"

She stopped short and in spite of herself looked aghast.

"The ground tackle has given way!" she gasped, wide eyed.

It had. Price gave one swift glance shoreward and sprang for the halyard. His tennis training served him in the crisis; he was quick of wit and sure footed. By some miracle he got the mainsail up and they headed inshore, the *Miaow* seeming almost to rise and fly. Patty had both hands on the tiller and was using all her strength but even so the *Miaow* yawed dangerously.

Nevertheless when he sprang for the tiller she set her teeth.

"No!" she protested.

He ignored her. They were almost on the breakers; his eyes were all for these.

"Now—steady!" he shouted.

A comber picked them up. They had the sense of riding so high as to be out of the water, even though the crest curled alongside. In spite of their danger there was a thrill to that. Yet:

"Egypt's Queen!" recalled Patty irrelevantly, "I promised Robert I'd wait until he finished with father."

This was promptly submerged in a surge of incredibly swift motion, wild grating and snapping of keel plates. Then the *Miaow* turned gracefully over on her side—very high and fairly dry.

Price caught Patty to him as they slewed around. The rain was coming in sheets now, her hair was plastered to her head. But it was a well shaped head.

"Wasn't it wonderful!" she breathed ecstatically. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds!"

He, however, felt almost physically sick with reaction.

"I ought to be horsewhipped for letting you go out," he told her. "If anything had happened to you—"

He did not realize consciously—nor did she—that the arm he had thrown about her protectingly still held her. But it tightened at the vision his words conjured. And then—

"It was abominable in me," he told her miserably after it happened. "I don't know why I—I did it. I don't expect you to ever forgive me. I don't blame you for hating me. If it would do any good for me to be cut up into little pieces—"

She let him go unshriven. But as she herself went back to the house she wondered not why he had done it—but why she had made him do it.

Now kisses, if you believe all you hear, are lightly taken and given these days. Patty herself had not reached twenty un-kissed save by her family and relatives. There had been other kisses—but this wasn't even that sort of a kiss. It had been too electric.

They had been close to the elements and for the moment they had been elemental. And yet—

From the library, as she swiftly ascended the stairs to her room, she heard a murmur of voices. Robert was still with her father.

She changed quickly, her thoughts whirling, and descended again to the porch. The storm had passed, the sun shone brilliantly on the drenched lawn. As she stood there one of Robert's cars appeared and stopped. She noticed that his bags were in it.

"He must have had a longer session with father than he expected," she thought. "He's going straight from here—"

One part of her mind functioned that way, normally, while the rest remained chaos. . . And then Robert appeared.

"You waited after all!" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting. "Bully girl!"

Her heart seemed determined on suffocating her. "I wish," she heard herself murmur, "that you didn't have to go away."

"I wish," he answered, "that I didn't." He hesitated and then, with that wistfulness that always touched her supremely, "You'll miss me a little?"

"Terribly!" she told him. And then she turned to him blindly, "Oh, Robert!"

For the second time that day he was to misinterpret her.

"Why Patty!" he murmured very



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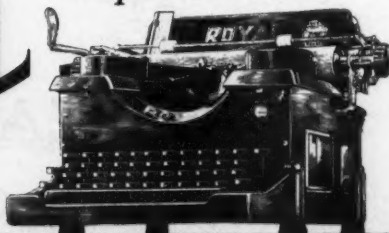
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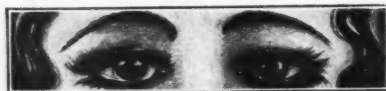
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tenderly. Impetuously he added, "I've got a minute or two—let's go around to our porch."

This was what he always called the east porch.

Patty acquiesced automatically.

"How," she was thinking, "can I tell him?"

"Why tell him at all?" suggested the insidious tempter. "He'll never know—"

They were on the porch and Robert's hand was over hers, even as it had been on the night when he proposed. He felt surer of her than he ever had before, yet he was beginning to realize that something was wrong.

"Is there anything in the wide world you want, my dear?" he asked, his voice very gentle and tender.

"Anything?" Her heart leaped and then seemed to sink to the very toes of her trim pumps. But she managed to shake her head.

"I'm sort of a *djinn* you know," he persisted.

"Haven't you done enough?" she evaded, "for—father?"

"That's nothing," he cut in. "I'm merely going out West to persuade a lot of respectable cutthroats that they had better turn over certain companies they control to me. And by the way, I think I'll have an opening for Price Nichols then. If he'll buckle down I think—"

"Price Nichols?" She looked at him wide eyed. And then, without thinking how it would sound point blank like this, she added, "Oh, Robert, he kissed me—"

He seemed slow to comprehend. Then, "You mean," he said in a voice that chilled her, "that he—"

"No, no," she protested quickly. "It wasn't his fault. It was mine. I—I made him do it."

The change in his expression frightened her. He had been angry enough before, now the veins literally stood out on his forehead.

"Oh, Robert!" she begged. "Don't look at me that way! Please—"

He actually stretched out his arm as if he would brush her aside. He seemed about to speak and then, reconsidering, strode away without a word.

Patty drew a deep, fluttering breath. This was much worse than she had ever feared.

"He—hates me," she thought. "I—deserve that. But if he goes back on father now—but he won't. Oh, he won't!"

In that, however, Robert would hardly have agreed. He reached home without realizing how he had gotten there. The butler gave him a glance of surprise.

"I had the car go around as you directed, sir, with your bags, sir," he said rather anxiously.

"Telephone and have it sent back," commanded Robert, and going into the library slammed the door behind him.

The habit of anger was, as he had long since realized, absolutely futile. But now he let it have free rein. He was not lovely to look at as he strode to the window.

"I'll smash him!" he promised himself with cold fury. "I'll smash him to bits!"

The Old Adam within him was at its worst. The library seemed to stifle him; he went out on the porch. The butler saw him there and, worried now about the matter of dinner, pursued him. Robert whirled on him.

Cosmopolitan for June, 1922

"Damn you," he said, "keep out of my way!"

He went back into the house and up to his room. On the spur of the moment he made up his mind that he would go West after all. He would take over the company himself. He—

The voice of little Lou, raised in murmuring plaint, broke in on his thought. It was past six and she had been tucked in bed.

"I," she repeated, louder and with great firmness, "want a dink!" And then as if a surer formula had occurred to her she added, as loudly but more politely, "Please God have somebody bring me a dink."

Robert listened for the nurse to go to her but the nurse was downstairs. Furious at her now, he nevertheless turned and crossed to the nursery. Little Lou saw his figure silhouetted against the hall light as he crossed the threshold.

"Why, papa," she said cordially, "I asked God to send somebody with a dink and he sent you. Wasn't that smart of him?"

Robert, controlling himself, got her a glass of water and waited for her to finish with it. But she was in no hurry.

"I think you'd better stay a while *a-n-y-way*," she ventured hopefully. "It might thunder—"

"It won't. Not tonight. Go to sleep." Little Lou's blue eyes widened reproachfully.

"Why—you—spoke—cross to me!" she protested, "and that makes me as scared as thunder." Then as he did not answer she added, "Has thunder legs, papa?"

"No," he said. "Please go to sleep, dear."

"Can it swim?"

"Of course not!"

"Well, Ted said he guessed the thunder went to Europe and I don't see how it could get there without swimming." With the irrelevance of her years she added, "I love Aunt Patty, daddy, don't you?"

"Oh lord!" he groaned.

This was the beginning of the second phase and that was worse than the first, for unrestrained fury is at least a narcotic of a kind. He descended to his study; it stifled him and eventually he found himself out on the terrace. Night had closed in, clear and fine, with just that suggestion of chill that presaged the change in the season. The sky was velvet-black, thickly powdered with stars. The sea lapped gently at the little beach around the bathing pavilion, but from the harbor's mouth came the distant roar of surf.

Here, in a setting of almost palpable peace, he struggled for sanity. He knew the danger of emotions permitted to run riot; instinctively, even at this crisis, he fought for self-control.

"Let's be sensible!" he pleaded, unconsciously speaking aloud as if he were addressing another person.

In time he became sensible. At least so he persuaded himself. And being sensible he should have reflected that life is but a little moment anyway and that all this—as Bildad undoubtedly assured Job—would not matter in the least a hundred years from now. Instead, having made his decision, he suffered an immediate relapse.

"And this," he thought with a new surge

of that which he had fought so stubbornly, "is but—the beginning!" He paused and brushed away the perspiration that stood on his forehead, though the night had turned chillier still, with northern lights stealing up into the sky.

"It's the Old Adam in me, I suppose," he murmured. "It—"

But the Old Adam in him merited no aspersion. It had proved that though it may drag a man to the depths it can raise him to the heights, too. Otherwise those who, like Mrs. Sumner Blunt, wonder what this old world is coming to might find their pessimism justified.

The chimes the summer colony had presented to the village church were sounding nine o'clock when he appeared at the Allens'. There he was greeted—as he had hoped—by Patty herself. His face was impassive; at least her first breathless glance discovered only that he looked tired and worn.

"Let's take a walk," he suggested abruptly.

They moved down toward the sea until suddenly he stopped.

"I just wanted to get away from the house," he explained. And then, while she was steeling herself for whatever he might say, he added quietly, "Why did you say you'd marry me, Patty?"

The question took her unprepared. She glanced up at him, lips parted. Then her thoughts went back to that other night when he had proposed.

"Because," she began, "I—I thought—"

She paused and her teeth caught at her under lip, which was quivering.

"Let's be sensible," he suggested as if this were the most casual of matters. "You thought you loved me. Then because I was helping your father you felt you ought to love me. And now you know you don't love me—"

She looked up as if she might speak, but he silenced her.

"You know you don't love me," he repeated inexorably, "but you are willing to play the game. Isn't that it?"

She did not speak for an instant. Then, "You—are willing to let me go—then?" she ventured in a voice that did not seem hers.

"I think," he replied with a smile that hurt her, "that I really have very little to say about it. We can't marry on what you have to offer. It's got to be love—real love. Don't you know the difference—now?"

In her heart she did—now. Yet she couldn't bring herself to tell him so.

"Anything else isn't enough," he went on steadily. "It— isn't, Patty. I've tried to persuade myself otherwise. I've had a hard time deciding just what I want, but it comes down to this, I think—I want most of all for you to be happy."

She knew that his eyes were turned toward her but she evaded them.

"I don't think I deserve to be," she murmured, "or that I ever will be."

"Nonsense," he said almost briskly. "I told you that I was sort of a *djinn*. Price Nichols has left Standish but he hasn't gone to the ends of the world. I think we can persuade him to come back—"

This was too much. She had wondered at his blindness, yet the thought that he wouldn't believe her, trust her again, had kept her silent. But now she whirled upon him.



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"I—I don't want you to!" she flashed. "I—I won't have you. I won't! I won't!" He gazed at her utterly bewildered.

"I—you needn't take me yourself if you don't want to," she went on tempestuously, "but I won't have you throw me at somebody else's head. I don't blame you for wanting to be rid of me—I deserve that—"

"Patty!"

His voice stopped her but she looked at him defiantly.

"You said," he reminded her, "that he kissed you and that you wanted him to—"

"I know I did," she cut in recklessly. "That's why I hate myself so now. I—oh, I can't explain it to myself and how can I make it clear to you! Please—please go!"

This he ignored. "Try," he suggested.

"It will only make you hate me and despise me as—as I despise myself," she said. "But I—oh, Robert, I didn't love you when I said I'd marry you and I think I was a little afraid afterwards. It's such a caught feeling—as if everything was going to shut down on you—"

"That," he pointed out, "was because you didn't love me—"

"I know. And then he came. And I wanted to see if I could make him like me—like me a lot. And he did. It was sort of a game I suppose. It's like—being in the moonlight. It stimulates you and excites you and thrills you and you think it's real—but it isn't."

"You mean—" quickly.

Once again her eyes met his, lovely, defiant, reckless as she took the final step in self-humiliation.

"That I'm the sort of a girl who can be in love with one man without realizing it until it's too late, and at the same time think I'm in love with another man and even want to make him kiss me. I told you you couldn't understand—"

Evidently he did not. For the Old Adam had surged in him anew.

"Patty!"

The note of notes was in his voice but she shrank from him.

"No, no," she protested hectically, holding out her hands as if to thrust him off. "I don't want you to now. You couldn't ever respect me again. I—"

"Respect you!" he breathed and paused—but not for breath.

"Why!" he resumed, his lips very close to hers. "I don't believe there is another girl in the world that would have the courage and the honesty to tell me what—"

But this, surely, was but the ancient refrain of the lover's litany. Mrs. Sumner Blunt, one may rest assured, did not concur.

"They seem very happy," she admitted as time wore on. "And of course the children are simply foolish over her—she spoils them utterly. But I for one will never forget how she played fast and loose with that young Mr. Nichols. I understand he went utterly to pieces—"

"He didn't look so when I saw him in California," ventured one of the lesser justices of Standish's supreme court. "In fact, quite the contrary."

"Hmph," commented Mrs. Sumner Blunt, "some people are easily fooled. But I am not!"

## December Love

(Continued from page 44)

drawing room. Bring me up some camomile tea, will you? And put out a cigar and whisky and soda for Sir Seymour."

"Yes, my lady."

"That's all."

She went into the drawing room and sat down by the fire, and very soon Murgatroyd brought in the camomile tea. Then he placed on a side table a box of cigars, whisky and soda, and went out.

The clock chimed the quarter before ten. Camomile tea is generally supposed to be good for the nerves. That was why Lady Sellingworth had ordered it; that was why she drank it now. For she was beginning to feel horribly nervous, and the feeling seemed to increase in her with every passing moment. It was dreadful waiting for Seymour like this. She felt all her courage and determination oozing away.

When Beryl had been there, and that strange and abrupt decision had been made, Lady Sellingworth had felt almost glad. Seymour would know what Beryl knew—the worst, and perhaps the best, of his old friend. And there was no one else she could go to. Seymour was an old soldier, a thorough man of the world, absolutely discreet, with a silent tongue and proved courage and coolness. No one existed more fitted to deal drastically with a scoundrel than he. He would surely find a way to get rid of Arabian, to drive him, as Beryl had put it, out of the girl's life forever. Lady Sellingworth felt positive of that, and, feeling thus positive, she realized how absolutely she trusted Seymour, trusted his heart, his brain, his whole character.

Nevertheless she looked again and again at the clock and began to feel almost sick with anxiety.

The thought of confession had scarcely frightened her when Beryl was with her. Indeed it had brought to her a sense of relief. But now she began to feel almost panic stricken at the knowledge of what was before her.

Sir Seymour might be surprised, he might even be horrified when she told him. It was such an ugly story, such a hideous story. Perhaps he wouldn't be able to bear it. Perhaps even his love could not stand so much as that. He would not want to change, but if he could not help it!

How awful that would be! Something deep down within her seemed to founder at the mere thought of it. To lose Seymour! That would indeed be the end of everything that for her made life worth living. She shuddered. Then she got up and stood before the blazing fire. But still she felt cold. Surely she had acted imprudently when Beryl was there. She had been carried away, had yielded to a sudden impulse. And yet no! For she had stood with her back to Beryl for several minutes before she had said she was going to tell Seymour. And through those minutes she had been thinking hard. Yes; but she had not thought as she was thinking now.

She began to feel desperate. It was nearly eleven o'clock. The time had flown. Why had she asked Seymour to come tonight? She might just as well have waited till tomorrow, have "slept on it."

The night brings counsel. Yet how

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could she break her promise to Beryl? It would be no use debating, for she had promised.

The clock struck eleven. She would telephone and cancel her request to Sir Seymour's manservant.

In the hall below she found Murgatroyd who seemed surprised to see her. She walked rapidly to the writing room and had just closed the door when she heard a cab stop outside.

That was Seymour! She was certain of it. She stood quite still, listening. The door behind her was opened. She turned sharply.

"Sir Seymour Portman has called to see you, my lady."

Looking behind Murgatroyd she saw Seymour standing in the hall, in evening dress and a thick black overcoat.

"So you have come! I was just going to speak to your man through the telephone to tell him not to bother you, that it didn't matter and that tomorrow would do as well. It's so very late."

He began to take off his overcoat, helped by Murgatroyd.

"Not a bit too late!" he said. "I shall enjoy a little talk with you by the fire. Thanks, Murgatroyd! I was dining out with the Montgomeries in Eaton Square."

"Come upstairs." She led the way, and as she mounted slowly she felt weak and now horribly afraid. She went into the drawing room. He followed and shut the door, then came slowly towards her and the fire.

"Ah!" he said. "You thought of me!" He had seen the cigar box, the whisky and soda. A very gentle, intensely kind, almost beaming look came into his face.

"Or—was it Murgatroyd?"

"No."

"I wonder whether you know what it means to an old fellow to be thought of now and then in these little ways!"

"Oh—Seymour!" she said.

Tears stood in her eyes. His few simple words had suddenly brought home to her in a strange, intense way the long loneliness to which she had condemned him, and now he was an old fellow! And he was grateful, beamingly grateful, for a little commonplace thought about his comfort such as any hostess might surely have had!

"Don't!" she added. "You hurt me when you say such a thing."

"Do I? And if I take a cigar?"

"Here! Let me clip it for you!"

As she clipped it he said:

"There is nothing serious the matter is, is there, Adela? When I had your message I felt a little anxious."

"I've had rather a trying time just lately," she said. "Come and sit down. Will you drink something?"

"Not yet, thank you."

He sat down in an armchair and crossed his legs. She was on her sofa, leaning her left arm on it and looking at him. She was trying to read him. Could he ever turn against her? Was that possible? His kind, dark eyes were fixed upon her. Could they ever look unkindly at her? She could scarcely believe that they could.

"Well, my dear, would you like to tell me what is troubling you? Perhaps I can do something."

"I want you to do something for me. Or rather—it would really be for somebody else. You remember Beryl Van Tuyn?"

"The daffodil girl—yes."

"She has been here tonight. She is in a great difficulty. By the way, of course she knows about my consulting you. I told her I would do it."

"I did not suppose you would give away a confidence."

"No! Seymour, has it ever struck you that there is something in you and in me which is akin in spite of the tremendous difference in our natures?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I'm glad. I like to feel that and—and I want you to feel it."

"I do. I feel it strongly."

"Whatever happens it would always be there?"

"Yes, of course."

"I wonder if you could ever turn against me."

"I don't think that is very likely," he said.

She looked at him. He was smiling.

"But—could nothing cause you to change towards me?"

"Some things might cause me to change toward anyone."

"Ah!"

"But as they are not in your nature, we need not consider them."

"But how do you know?"

"I know what you might do, or might have done. I know just as well what you have never done and could never do."

"But I have done some horrible things, Seymour."

"They are past. Let us forget them."

"But horrible things come back in ones life! They are like revenants. After years—they rise up."

"What is the matter, Adela? Do tell me."

"I want to, but I'm afraid."

And directly she had told him that, she felt less afraid.

"What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of what you may think of me, feel towards me if I tell you."

"Then—you do care what I feel?"

"I care very much. I care terribly."

Sir Seymour uncrossed his legs and made a slight movement as if he were going to get up. Then he sat still and took a pull at his cigar, and he said:

"You need not be afraid of me, Adela. I have made up my mind about you. Do you know what that means? It means that you cannot surprise me. And I think it is surprise which oftenest brings about changes in feeling. What is it? You say it is something to do with Miss Van Tuyn?"

"Yes, but my life is in it, too, a horrible bit of my life."

"What can I do unless you tell me?"

She sat for a moment in silence gazing at him and then she began to tell him. She spoke very simply, very steadily. She dressed nothing up. She strove to diminish nothing. She began with Beryl Van Tuyn's acquaintance with Arabian, and went on until she came to the night when she and Craven had seen them together at the Bella Napoli.

"I recognized the man Beryl was with," she said. "I knew him to be a black-guard."

She described her abrupt departure from the restaurant, Craven's following her, her effort to persuade him to go back and to take Beryl home.

"I went home alone," she said, "and



considered what I ought to do. Finally I wrote Beryl a letter. It was something like this."

She gave the gist of the letter.

"Beryl was not satisfied with that letter," she went on. "On the night when she had it—last night—she came to me to ask for an explanation. I didn't want to give one. I did my best to avoid giving one. But when I found she was obstinate and would not drop this man unless I gave her my reasons for warning her against him, when I found she had even thought of marrying him—I felt that it was my duty to tell her everything. So I told her—this."

And then she told him all the truth about the affair of the jewels, emphasizing nothing but omitting nothing. She looked away from him, turned her eyes towards the fire and tried to feel very calm and very detached. It was all ten years ago. But did that make any difference? For was she essentially different from the woman who had been Arabian's victim?

At last she had finished the personal part of her narrative, though she had still to tell him how Beryl had taken it and what had happened that day. Before going on to that she paused for a moment.

"Go on—my dear," he said in a rather gruff and very low voice.

"Well," she began again, making a great effort, "I thought that was all. I didn't think there was anything more for me to do. But Beryl came back again tonight and begged me to help her. She is terrified of—she's afraid of him, that man. She's afraid of what he may do. I tried to reassure her. But it was no good."

And again she narrated, now with difficulty forcing herself to seem calm and unembarrassed, exactly what had happened that day between Beryl Van Tuyn and herself, until she came to the moment when she had turned away from Beryl and had gone to stand by the fire. Then once more she paused and, this time, seemed seized by hesitation. As Sir Seymour said nothing, did not help her out, at last she went on:

"Then I thought of you. I had never meant to tell anyone but Beryl, but as I could do nothing to help her, and as she is, perhaps, really in danger—she is only a girl, and she spoke of the fascination of fear—I felt I must make a further effort to do something. And I thought of you."

"Why was that?" asked Sir Seymour, turning towards her, but not impulsively. "Because I knew if anyone could stop this thing you could."

"That was your reason?"

"That—and—and I knew that I could never tell all this—about myself, I mean—to anyone but you. For ten years no one has known it."

"You felt you could tell me!"

"I—I didn't want to—" She faltered, again full of fear, almost of terror. "I was afraid to. But I felt I could and I told Beryl so."

"I wonder what made you feel you could," he said in a curiously inexpressive way.

"I hardly feel I can tell you," she said.

"Then don't, if you would rather not. But I should be glad to know."

"Would you? I told Beryl the reason."

She felt forced to say that, forced to speak that bit of truth.

"Then, if so, cannot you tell me?"



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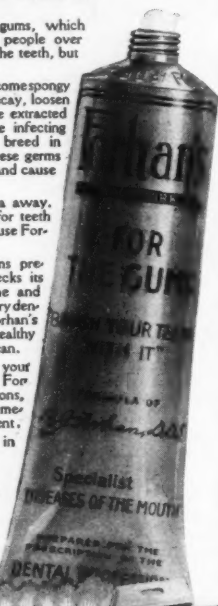
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# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS



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# LASHLUX

means luxuriant lashes

"I said—I said I could tell you because I knew you were fond of me."

"Ah—that was it!"

Hewassilent. At last he came towards the sofa and stood by it looking down at her.

"I told you just now, Adela, that you couldn't surprise me. What you have done in connection with Beryl Van Tuyn has not surprised me. I always knew you were capable of such a thing, yes, even of a thing as fine as that. Thank God you have had your opportunity. Of course you took it. But thank God you have had it!"

"I had to take it. I couldn't do anything else."

"Of course you couldn't."

She got up. She did not know why. She just felt that she had to get up. Seymour put his hands on her shoulders.

"Have you ever wondered why I was able to go on loving you?" he asked her.

"Yes—very often."

"Well, now perhaps you won't wonder any more."

And he lifted his hands from her shoulders. But he stood there for a moment looking at her. And in his eyes she read her reward.

Early on the following morning, soon after ten o'clock, Miss Van Tuyn was startled by a knock on her bedroom door. Everything at all unexpected startled her just now. Her nerves, as even old Fanny could not help noticing, had gone "all to pieces."

She lived in perpetual fear.

Nearly all the previous night she had been lying awake turning over and over in her mind the horrible possibilities of the future. It was in vain that she tried to call her normal common sense to the rescue, in vain that she tried to look at facts calmly, to sum them up dispassionately and to draw from them reasonable conclusions. She could not be reasonable. Her brain said to her: "You have no reason for fear. You are perfectly safe. Your folly and wilfulness, your carelessness of opinion, your reckless spirit of defiant independence, might easily have brought you to irretrievable ruin. They might have destroyed you. But fate has intervened to protect you. You have been saved from the consequences of your own imprudence—to call it by no other name. Give thanks to the god of luck, and the woman who sacrificed her pride for your sake, and live differently in the future."

Her brain in fact told her she was saved. But something else that she couldn't classify, something still and remote and persistent, told her that she was in great danger. She said to herself, thinking of Arabian: "What can he do? I am my own mistress. If I choose to cut him dead, he must accept my decision to have nothing more to do with him and go out of my life. He simply can't do anything else. I have the whole thing in my own hands. He hasn't a scrap of my writing. He can't blackmail me. He can't compromise me more than I have already compromised myself by going about with him and by being seen in his flat. He is helpless, and I have absolutely nothing to be afraid of."

She said all this to herself, and yet she was full of fear. That fear had driven her to Lady Sellingworth on the previous evening and it had grown in the night.

The thought of Arabian tormented her.

Cosmopolitan for June, 1922

She said to herself that he could do nothing, and even while she said it the inexorable something within her whispered, "What might not that man do?" Her imagination put no limit now to his possibilities for evil. All the horrors of the underworld were, for her, congregated together in him.

When she heard the knock on her bedroom door she trembled. "Come in!" she cried.

The door was gingerly opened and a page boy showed himself. Miss Van Tuyn looked at him with dread.

"What is it? Something for me?"

"There's a gentleman wants to see you, ma'am."

"I can't see anyone. I told them so at the desk. Where is he?"

"Down below, ma'am."

"Send him away. Say I'm still asleep. Say—"

She noticed for the first time that the boy had a card and she saw there were three printed words on it. On Arabian's card there were only two: Nicolas Arabian. Instantly she stretched out her hand and took up the card.

Sir Seymour Portman.

Her relief was so great that she could not conceal it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Please run down at once and bring the gentleman up to my sitting room. Be as quick as you can."

So Adela had wasted no time! She had been as good as her word. What a splendid woman she was!

Presently she heard a door open and a boy's chirpy voice say, "This way, sir, please."

She went out and came upon Sir Seymour Portman in the lobby.

"How very kind of you to come!" she said with an attempt at eager cordiality, but feeling now strangely shy and guilty. "And so early!"

"Good morning. May I put my hat here?"

"Yes, do. And leave your coat."

She went before him into the sitting room. "Do sit down, Sir Seymour," she said.

"Thank you."

And he sat down in a businesslike sort of way, and at once began.

"Rather late last night I saw Lady Sellingworth."

"Oh? Yes?"

"She sent for me. You know why, I understand. She told me the whole matter."

"Oh! Did she? I—I've been awfully foolish. I deserve to—I deserve everything. I know that. Adela has been so good to me. I can never say how good."

"Lady Sellingworth did what you wished," said Sir Seymour, still in a quiet and businesslike way, "and consulted me. She told me what you wanted: that this man Arabian should be made to understand that he must finally give up any plans he had formed with regard to you. Perhaps this can be done. We must see. Will you kindly write down his address for me?"

Miss Van Tuyn wrote out the address, handed it to Sir Seymour and sat down again.

"I understand you met this man at the studio of Mr. Garstin, the painter," said Sir Seymour, "and he has painted a portrait of him?"

"Yes."

"Is it a good one?"

"Yes, wonderful!" she said with a shudder.

"I mean, really is it a good likeness?"

"Oh! Yes, is it very like in a way—horribly like."

"In a way?"

"I mean that it gives the worst side. But it is like."

"I suppose that portrait is still in Mr. Garstin's studio?"

"I suppose it is. I haven't seen Mr. Garstin for two or three days. But I suppose it's still there."

"Please give me Mr. Garstin's address, the studio address," said Sir Seymour.

"Yes."

She got up again and went to the writing table. There seemed to her to be something deadly in this interview. She could not feel humanity in it. Sir Seymour was terribly impersonal.

She wrote down Dick Garstin's address in Glebe Place and was about to come away from the writing table, when Sir Seymour said:

"Could you also kindly give me your card with a line of introduction to Mr. Garstin? I don't know him."

"Oh, I will, of course!"

She found one of her cards and hesitated.

"What shall I put?" she asked.

"You might put 'To introduce'—and then my name."

"Yes."

She wrote the words on the card.

"Perhaps it might be as well to add 'Please see him,' and underline it. I understand Mr. Garstin is a brusque sort of fellow."

"Yes, he is."

She added the words he had suggested.

"It's very—it's more than kind of you to take all this trouble," she said, again coming to him. "I am ashamed."

She gave him the card. She could not look into his face.

"Well, now," he said, "try to get the matter off your mind. Don't give way to useless fears. Most of us fear far more than there is any occasion for. If you wish for me, call me up. I am at St. James's Palace. But I don't suppose you will have need of me."

Already he was holding out his hand to her. And suddenly her hatred died, and she longed to do something to establish herself in his regard, to gain his respect. She took his hand and held it tightly.

"Don't think too badly of me," she said imploringly. "I want you not to because I think you see clearly, you see people as they are. You saw Adela as she is. And perhaps no one else did. But you don't know how fine she is—even you don't. I had treated her badly. I had been unkind to her, very unkind. I had—I had been spiteful to her and tried to harm her happiness. And yet she told me! I am sure no other woman would ever have done what she has done."

"She had to do it," he said gravely, "because she happens to be a thoroughbred."

"Ah!" she breathed.

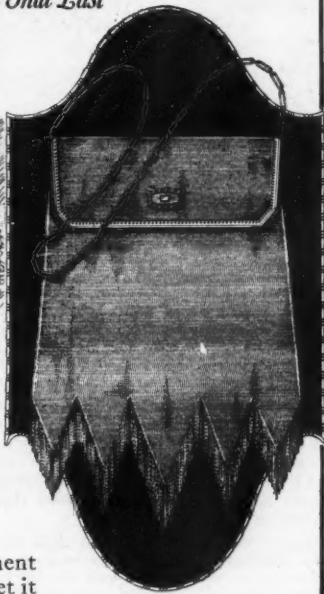
She was looking into his dark old eyes and now they were kind, almost soft.

"We must take care," he added, "that what she has done shall not be done in vain. We owe her that. Good by."

"And you don't think too badly about me?"



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"Once I called you the daffodil girl to her."

"Did you?"

And then he left her.

When he had gone she sat still for a long while thinking. And the strange thing was that for once she was not thinking about herself.

Rather late in the afternoon, Dick Garstin, alone in his studio, heard his door bell ring. Arabian's portrait stood on its easel in the middle of the room. Garstin glanced at it and thought: "Probably the man himself. I knew he would come back and we should have a battle. Now for it!" And he smiled as he went striding downstairs.

But when he opened the door he found a tall, soldierly old man, with an upright figure, white hair and mustache, a lined brick-red face and dark eyes which looked straight into his.

"Who are you, sir?" said Garstin, "and what do you want?"

The stranger opened a leather case and took out a card.

"Perhaps you will kindly read that."

Garstin took the card.

"Beryl!" he said. "What's up?"

And he read, "To introduce Sir Seymour Portman. Please see him. B. V. T."

"Come in."

Sir Seymour stepped in.

"Take off your coat?"

"If you'll allow me. I won't keep you long."

"The longer the better!" said Garstin, with offhand heartiness. He had taken a liking to his visitor at first sight.

"Come upstairs. I'll show you the way," he added.

Hetramped up and Sir Seymour followed him.

"I do most of the painting here," said Garstin. "Sit down. Have a cigar."

"Thank you very much, but I won't smoke," said Sir Seymour, looking round casually at the portraits in the room before sitting down. "And I won't take up your time for more than a few minutes."

At this moment he noticed at some distance the portrait of Arabian on its easel, and he put up his eyeglasses. Then he got up and went to stand in front of the portrait. He was puzzled and his face showed that; he frowned and pursed his lips, bending forward.

"This is a portrait of a man called Arabian, isn't it?" he said, turning to Garstin. "Yes. D'you know the fellow?"

"I haven't that—privilege," replied Sir Seymour, with an extraordinarily dry intonation. "But I must have seen him somewhere."

"About town. He's been here some time."

"But he's altered!" said Sir Seymour, still looking hard at the portrait.

"I'm not a photographer, you know!"

"A photographer!" said Sir Seymour, who was something of a connoisseur in painting. "No. This isn't a photograph in paint. It's—a masterly study of a remarkable and hideous personality."

He had been bending but now pulled himself up.

"I saw that man at the Ritz Hotel a good many years ago," he said. "I was

giving a lunch. He was lunching close by with—let me see—an old woman, yes, in a rusty black wig. Some one spoke to me about him and I—Yes! I remember it all perfectly. But he looked much younger then. It must be over ten years ago. I spotted him at once as a shady character. One would, of course. But you have brought it all to the surface in some subtle way. Does he like it?"

"To tell the truth I don't believe he does."

"I wish to speak to you about that man."

"Sit down again. What is it? Are the police after him?"

"I'm not aware of it. What I want to know is whether you will allow me to bring some people here to see this portrait? I'm doing this for your friend Miss Van Tuyn."

"Ha!" said Garstin.

"I don't think I need go into the matter further than to say that she does not wish to have anything more to do with this Mr. Arabian."

"Oh, she's found him out at last, has she?"

"Mr. Garstin, I am going to be frank with you, frank to this extent. Arabian is a blackguard."

"No news to me!"

"Miss Van Tuyn can have no further acquaintance with him, and I am going to do my best to see to that. But I believe this fellow is very persistent."

"Whom do you want to bring here to look at my stuff?"

"Two or three Scotland Yard officials."

"That's it! Well, you can bring them along whenever you like."

Sir Seymour got up and held out his hand.

"Thank you," he said.

Garstin gave him a strong grip.

"Glad I've met you!" he said, "Beryl's done me a good turn."

"Perhaps you will allow me to say—though I'm no expert, and my opinion may therefore have no value in your eyes—that you've painted a portrait such as one very seldom sees nowadays."

"D'you mean you think it's fine?"

"Very fine! Wonderful!"

Garstin's usually hard face softened in an extraordinary way.

"Your opinion goes down in my memory in red letters. Perhaps, if we ever get to know each other a bit better, you'd let me have a shy at you for a change?"

"That would be an honor," said Sir Seymour with a touch of his very simple courtly manner.

"In return, you know, for my letting in the detectives!" said Garstin with a laugh. "Hello!"

He had heard the bell ring downstairs. "If it's our man!" he said, instinctively lowering his voice.

"Arabian! Are you expecting him?"

"No. But it's just as likely as not. Want to meet him?"

"I can hardly say that! But it may be necessary." He hesitated obviously, then added, "I'll stay if you will allow me."

The bell rang again.

"Can you act?" said Garstin quickly.

"Sufficiently, I dare say," said Sir Seymour with a very faint and grim smile.

"Then you'd better! He can!"

And Garstin sprang down the stairs.

*With the tense story of Sir Seymour's encounter with Arabian and its effect on the lives of Beryl and Lady Sellingworth, December Love comes to a close in the next—the July issue.*

## The Well

(Continued from page 28)

"That will—will at least leave us a little privacy," he stumbingly explained.

"All right," repeated his wife as she poured her kettle of hot water over her stacked supper dishes.

### IV

THE hired man that Slade brought home seemed little more than a stripling. He carried a grease stained guitar with a broken shank, an artless smile, and an air of having seen much of the world, for one so young. He wore a tiptilted sombrero, trousers ornamented with buckskin fringe, and a blue flannel shirt laced with a cord of vivid red silk. He announced that he was called "Saskie," which was short for S. skatoon Culbert, and extenuated his abnormal appetite by explaining he had spent most of the winter down in Mexico and hadn't yet caught up with himself in the matter of white man's feed.

Shirley saw him only at mealtime, and always under the monitorial eye of her husband. She even came to resent, in fact, the closeness with which that monitorial eye watched her even more than she resented the earnestness with which the artless orb youth proceeded to inspect her averted profile. Saskie plowed and harrowed her kitchen garden for her and laughed loud and long at her inadequate little seedplots and showed her the right way to stretch a line and prepare a carrot bed. And when the broken guitar had been mended he strummed and sang a great deal in the moonlight, until Slade worn out with his hard day's work, audibly and angrily slammed the shack windows shut.

It was Saskie who suggested that Shirley ought to learn to ride, though it was Slade who actually taught her. He did this on his comparatively idle Sundays and she was quick enough in learning to keep to her seat "without choking the saddlehorn to death" as Saskie expressed it. But it was something essentially new to her and for a day or two after her first long canter with her grim jawed husband she wept secretly at the saddle galls which came of that unnecessarily hard going.

The following Sunday, when Slade said he wanted to see a cattle buyer at the end of the next township, she declined to ride there with him. So he started off alone, ruffled by her first show of opposition. It was not until he was a mile or two out on the trail that his mood softened and he began to question the meaning of this perverse hardness against the woman he wanted to treat with tenderness. And in some mysterious way he missed her more than he had expected. On that opaline morning with all the prairie greening so gloriously under its great wash of light he came to feel the need of her there at his side, with the blue of her questioning eyes matching the blue of the Chinook-arched heavens.

He decided, in the end, to turn back for his wife. He'd put the team in the buckboard and fill the grub box and they'd make a day of it.

He attempted no announcement of this until he had hitched up the team and tied them to the corral post. Then he went to the shack for Shirley.



## Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

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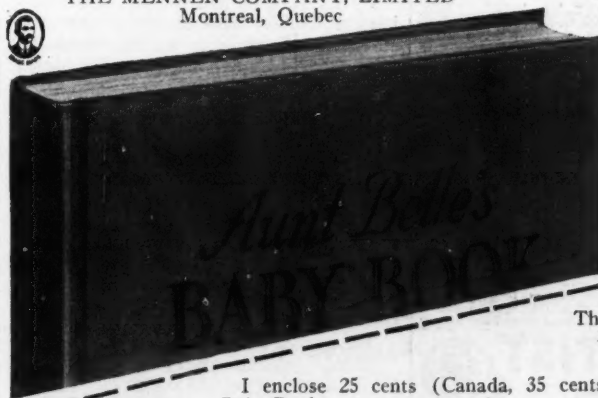
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He stopped short, however, half way between the door and an open window, at the sound of voices.

"... And he'd kill you for that if I told him," he heard his wife saying.

"But you won't tell him," returned the confident voice of Saskatoon Culbert.

"Why won't I?" challenged the girl out of a momentary silence.

"Because it'd hang the Indian sign on your home life," was the other's unruffled reply.

"Well, it's home life, remember, whatever's hung on it," the low toned voice of the woman replied.

"I'm not so sure about that," asserted the other.

"About what?" was the quick demand.

"About this home life business. Say, honey, I've got a suspicion you're not even married to that old bird. There's something about this hitch-up sure makes me feel it's phoney!"

"Then s'posing you ask my husband about it," she suggested.

Saskatoon Culbert laughed quietly.

"I'd rather talk to you, Lady Tiger."

"Then be kind enough to tie it down to talking," said the girl, apparently moving to another part of the room.

"But, hell, what're you getting out of it all, anyway?" demanded the man's voice, touched with perplexity.

"Considerable more than you could ever give me," was the girl's quiet retort.

"Not on your tintype," asserted the other. "Why honey girl, you ain't been woke up yet. You don't know you're alive. Soften a little, bluebird, and I'll show you what real living is!"

"Listen to me," said the cool and distant voice of the girl out of still another short silence. "I'm no prairie chicken who's going to palpitate at the sight of a pair of fringed overalls. I've known men since I was knee high to a water hydrant and I can smell a rib snake a mile off. Believe me, I know a man when I see one. So I want you to get this, and get it good. When I want outside affection I'll come around and ask for it. But until I do, you'll keep your side of the deadline or there'll be doings round this prairie shack!"

"Why, doggone you, you muddleheaded little fire eater—"

But that was as far as he got. For Slade walked over to the door and threw it open.

By the time he had stepped inside Saskatoon Culbert was stooping over the stove and lighting a match, which he carelessly held up to the tip of his brown paper cigarette. And Shirley, he noticed with a disquieting pang, was beguilingly pouring flour into a sifter that stood at one end of her table.

Slade put down his hat. Then he looked at his hands which, he noticed to his astonishment, were a trifle unsteady. Then he stepped over to where Saskatoon Culbert stood.

"I want you to go out and unhitch the team," was his curt command. "Unhitch them and turn them into the corral."

The eyes of the two men met.

"Sure," said the younger in the established vernacular of the West. He turned and stepped out through the door, smoking as he went. It was then that Slade turned to his wife.

"Have you anything to say to me?" he

demand. He spoke quietly but there was a steely barb in his voice which she seemed to resent.

"Not that I know of," she replied. He watched her as she turned to take up a pie pan. He resented more than ever her not having the courage to meet his eye.

"All right," he finally said, turning dispiritedly away. But there was little sign of irresolution in his bearing as, once outside, he strode over to where Saskatoon Culbert was already throwing the team harness over the corral topbars.

"What do I owe you up to noon today?" asked Slade in a tone which was not to be mistaken.

"Why?" asked the younger man, looking less a stripling as his studiously indifferent eyes inspected the other.

"Because that's when you're quitting," said Slade, vaguely hoping that some show of open opposition would start the machinery which he had not permitted himself to throw into gear. But life, with all its accidental little disappointments, still looked good to Saskatoon Culbert. So he merely said "All right," reached for a cigarette and walked towards the bunk house.

Inside of an hour, however, he was packed up, paid off and on his adventurous way again.

## V

SLADE worked doubly hard during the weeks that followed. After his long day of labor on the land he came in at night dragged with fatigue. He ate and slept and went out again, and again came back to his home, like a tired horse to its manger.

He said little. Nor did his wife find much to talk over with him. She went about her work with an odd air of suspended judgment, with her heart apparently neither heavy nor light. She seemed to be waiting for something.

Slade, for all the narcotizing influences of daily toil, was not unconscious of these walls of silence in which she had immured herself. There were times, indeed, when he resented them, just as he resented her passivity. For it was in reticences and withdrawals such as these that he detected the root of his trouble. They implied more than a mere abysmal separation of spirit. They implied not only slowly achieved adroitness at concealment but also those self-protective reservations which were an inheritance, a natural inheritance, from that past which he had neither the power nor the will to uncover.

It struck him as odd, sometimes, that she could carry about with her almost a flowerlike air of innocence. And with equal frequency it struck him as odd that he should still find undecipherable satisfaction in her mere presence there under his roof. He liked to see her in the doorway awaiting his return. He liked to see her working in her garden, a dusky figure in the gathering dusk. He liked to see the play of the lamplight on her rounded neck. And at night, across the room that separated his bunk from hers, he liked to hear the sound of her quiet breathing.

It was on the same morning that he found seven of his steers poisoned and decided, after quietly informing the authorities, to say nothing about it to



Shirley, that something occurred to add to his wife's preoccupation. Slade, with the coming of warm weather, had shown her how to use the well as a "cool hole," and as she was lowering a joint of beef through the platform planks it slipped and fell into the water below. She saw, to her dismay, that it sank. And she could think of no way of recovering it. Yet it impressed her as so incompetent an act that she dreaded explaining it to her husband, who already seemed to have quite enough to put up with. So she worried in secret, day by day, wondering what the outcome would be. She noticed one morning that he sniffed at his water jug after filling it at the pump to carry out to the fields with him. She took her pail when he had gone, pumped it full and tasted the water.

She found to her dismay that it was tainted. That night when he went to the well for a drink, Slade looked questioningly into the tin dipper, pumped a fresh one and threw half the water away. His wife, he noticed, was restless in her sleep all that night.

The next day when he came in at noon he found Shirley standing by the stable door. He was disturbed by the absence of color from her face.

"There's something I've got to tell you about," she said, forcing herself to meet his eye.

He dreaded to hear her say it, even though it seemed the thing he had been waiting for so long.

"Let's have dinner first," he said with a brave show of indifference. Yet he sat disquieted by the look on her face. He wondered why she ate so little. And he wondered what lay ahead of him just around the next turn in the trail of life. But whatever it was, thought Slade, it had to be met.

"Now what's the trouble?" he asked as he pushed back his chair. He was even able to reach for his pipe and light it, as he usually did at such times.

"I've done something I've got to tell you about," his wife said as she sat staring into his face.

"What is it?" he demanded with his heart tightening.

"It's something that's poisoning us both," she admitted, "though I never thought it would."

"But do you feel you ought to tell me?" he admonished, still afraid of what he felt to be so imminent.

"You've got to know," she proclaimed. "What is it?" he repeated after a moment of tense silence.

"The well," she said with a foolish little gesture.

"What about the well?" he demanded quickly.

She told him, then, of the beef joint that had fallen into their water. And she sat wide-eyed as he stood up and laughed, laughed loud and roughly.

"If that's all that's troubling you," he told her, "we'll take a half day off and clean the old well out. We'll get her clean from the bottom up—the same as life ought to be!"

"Can it be done?" she asked, not looking at him.

"It can be done all right, if you're willing to help. It's a job for two."

"I'll do what I can," she quietly announced. "For whatever happens, I s'pose we've got to have pure water."



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This powder, mixed with silica (fine white sand) and potash, becomes clear glass when melted in a furnace. At a lower temperature, the molten glass is blown into various shapes.

This is only a minor use of lead in making modern life pleasant and comfortable, yet hundreds of tons of red-lead are used in this way every year.

Lead is also an important factor in the manufacture of rubber, and this means that there is lead in your overshoes, your automobile tires, fountain pen, pipe stem, and in dozens of other familiar articles containing rubber.

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"And certain other things," he amended without glancing at her.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, quickly raising her eyes.

He was silent for a moment.

"I'm thinking of the other things in your life," he finally told her.

"What other things?"

"The things that happened before I knew you."

"What have they done?" she demanded.

"I'd say they've done about what this beef joint's done to our drinking water," he found the courage to tell her.

She looked up, at that, quickly. There was a flash in her eyes which he had never before seen there.

"So that's what's been sticking in your craw?" she cried out in her hard young voice, reverting oddly to her earlier manner of speech. "Like all the rest of the rubes, you think that everything that comes off Broadway is on the toboggan. You've run away with the idea that because I've had to scratch for myself for the last ten years I've scratched my name off the clean-living list."

"I didn't say that," he protested, stunned by her rage.

"Well, I want to tell you something, mister man. Not that it cuts much ice now, for the jig's up round here as far as I'm concerned. But I want you to know it for your own private satisfaction. I want you to know that there's nothing in my life you need sit up nights worrying over. Whatever I've done, I've lived decent. And this is the first time I've ever needed to advertise myself along that line. And I've had to do it to you, who—"

"Wait a minute," he called out, turning very much the same face to her torrent of words that he'd turn to the pelt of a thunder storm clearing the air about him. But she was not to be stopped.

"You've been dry nursing the idea I'm a man eater. But I can't see that since you've brought me out here I've handed you any extra excuses for worrying along that line. I've been trying to hand you what you expected and nothing more. And you know exactly how much I've given you. I've been a little sister to the tombstone and I've darn near broken my neck trying to keep this one ring sideshow going. But now I'm through. I'm not the kind of a woman you can hitch your little wagon to, Willie, and now I'm going back to where you got me. I'm going to lick out. I've waited and hoped you'd wake up to what a real woman was, even though she once did do a turn in Ziggy's front line. But I guess you grew up too close to the North Pole ever to get next to that. We've had our little tryout—and now I'm through!"

His heart sank, sank abysmally.

"You really want to go back?" he asked with a quaver in his voice.

"I'm going back," she announced. "And I'm going now when the going is good."

He tried to think of his home without her. It seemed a hard thing to face. But he knew men now and then had to endure such things. And he knew that she meant what she said.

"We ought to think this over," he protested with a hunger to postpone the inevitable. He had a world to reorganize and it would not be easy work.

"That's just what's the matter," she cried with that inadequate little gesture

of hers. "There's been too much thinking round here."

Then he smiled for the first time.

"It'll take two to clean out that well," he reminded her. He got up from his chair, resenting the heaviness that lay about his heart, bewildered by this power of another to embitter him to the inmost core of his being.

"I s'pose I owe you help there," she admitted without looking up at him. And words, he felt as he reached for his weather-stained old sombrero and put it on, seemed without carrying power at the very time when they were most needed.

"Then supposing we get busy," he solemnly remarked, wondering why he should feel so constrained before her.

"All right," she said as she got listlessly up from her chair.

He quite as listlessly went to the stable and got a pail and rope. Then he went to one of the haystacks and carried back a ladder.

It wasn't until he had pumped the well dry and the water came up brackish and boiling that his wife ventured out to where he was working. She stood watching him as he pried away the planks and lifted the dripping pump to one side of the platform. She peered down into the cool darkness as he lowered the ladder into the well, which looked perilously deep to her startled eyes.

"You're—you're not going down there?" she demanded, breathing with perceptible quickness.

He laughed easily.

"Sure I'm going down there," he retorted. "It's the only way to get the thing cleaned out."

"But s'posing you don't—s'posing you can't get out?" she cried, with one hand pressed against her side.

"What difference would it make?" he asked, luxuriating in her alarm.

She started to speak but fell silent again. And her silence, as so often before, was a disappointment to him. She stood looking into his face with her barricaded eyes, and then turned and stared down into the empty well.

"What must I do?" she finally asked.

"Lower this pail and when I give the word pull it up and dump it. That silt and stuff is heavy. So I'll give it to you in half pailfuls."

She said "All right" and watched him as he tied the loose end of the rope to the pump standard and lowered himself into the yawning black maw. She knelt at its edge, accustoming her eyes to the thin light and watching him as he made his way to the bottom. She could see motes of mist floating between the wet well sides. She could see the pump stem red with rust. And at the bottom she could see a small bubbling of water, boiling muddily, but boiling without stop.

"Haul away!" she heard the stifled voice of her husband command. And she hauled away, averting her head from the mass of corrupted meat which fell from the pail as she dumped it. Then she lowered the pail again. After that she sat down at the well curb, slumped listlessly forward. She did not look up until she caught the tattoo of horsehoofs on the prairie sod and saw Saskatoon Culbert draw rein within ten paces of her. There was something in his bearing which promptly disturbed her. She had been taught to know the eye of a man inflamed by bad whisky. And there

was a bold, reckless insolence about the newcomer which quickened her heart-beats.

"Where's the Big Mogul?" he demanded. She eyed him steadily.

"What do you want with him?" she asked, standing between the horseman and the open well.

"I want to see him—just once!"

"But what for?" she parried, noticing for the first time the blue barreled revolver in his none too steady right hand. Yet she did her best to be brave.

"To fill him full o' lead," was the other's drunken boast.

"Why should you want to kill him?" she asked, remembering the defenselessness of her husband's position.

"For branding me a cattle poisoner, damn him, and setting the Mounties after me!"

She stood thoughtful a moment.

"But what's to become of me?" she asked, moving a step or two towards him.

"I'm not thinking about you just now," he announced as he stared about the flat landscape. "But I'm sure going to settle up with that old bird of yours!"

She studied him intently.

"But just a few weeks ago you said you were crazy about me," she reminded him.

"Well, times is changed, lady. And I've got a heap of traveling to do before I hit the tall timber."

"Take me with you," she called out sharply as she stepped still closer to him. For her quick eye had at the moment caught sight of her husband's rust stained sombrero as it rose slowly above the well curbing.

"Say, birdie, you ain't built for the brand of traveling that's ahead of me," Saskatoon Culbert was saying down to her.

"Try me," she cried out as abandonedly as she could. Now, of all times, she wanted to prove herself a good actress.

He turned and stared at the open door of the shack, his face puckering with a dull perplexity.

"Is he inside there?" he demanded.

She laughed, though she was watching the blue barreled revolver as she did so. The man at the well top, she felt, must surely have seen it.

"Do you suppose I'd be talking to you this way if he was?" she challenged.

He let his heavily questioning eye rest on her upturned face. Then he slowly dismounted, leaving his bridle rein trailing.

"Come here," he commanded with his weapon still in his hand.

She stepped closer to him as he had ordered.

"Put up your hands," he said with his reckless laugh. And again she obeyed him. He pushed close in between her upturned arms so that one hand stood above each of his blue flanneled shoulders.

"Now show some affection," he half ironically ordered.

She compelled her hands to creep about his dust stained neck.

"Take me with you," she repeated as she drew his face down into the hollow of her throat, "take me with you." But still she had to wait and show no aversion. She could only watch through her lowered lids the right hand which held the pointed thing of blue metal.

"You little bobcat!" he cried out drunkenly as he twisted her about so that the weight of her fell across his shoulder.

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Then he insolently tilted up her chin with his right hand and stooped to kiss her. And that was her moment.

He was startled the next instant by the sharp stab of pain where her teeth had fastened on the thumb joint of the hand holding his gun.

Before he could quite get over that shock he felt the weapon jerked from his startled fingers. And before he could recover it he felt the woman twist and writhe away.

He blinked foolishly as he saw her confronting him with the revolver leveled at his stomach.

"Put up your hands," she said with quiet ferocity.

But instead of doing so he merely laughed.

"Put up your hands," she repeated, breathing hard.

He laughed again as he stepped easily towards her. He said still again, "You little bobcat," as he swung out a hand to catch at her wrist. He paused for a moment, arrested by the grin of her face.

But before he could quite decide on her intention something interfered with the machinery of thought. It was Slade's muddy right hand, swinging in a foreshortening circle, which came against his relaxed jaw. He went down with a grunt like a clouted rabbit.

Slade took the revolver from the white faced woman and pocketed it. Then he dragged its still inert owner over to the well platform, where he untied the rope from the still muddy pail and with this rope securely trussed Saskatoon Culbert to the pump.

Then Slade went back to his wife. She turned away as he tried to peer into her face. So he caught her by the arm and swung her about, almost roughly.

"You wouldn't have done that if you hadn't cared," he challenged. Her hand went out to him as if to make sure he was there safe beside her.

"He was going to kill you, kid," she said very simply.

"That doesn't count," he told her. "The thing that counts is that I can't let you go. I can't!"

"I guess it won't matter much," she said, looking away.

"It matters everything," he cried out with his head bent, "if you could only care."

"Care?" she cried in turn. "You poor Canadian clam, it's *you* who's got to care! I've been so crazy to have you care that—that I'd have made that gunman get me first!"

"Then you won't go?" he asked, dropping down and putting his long arms about her knees.

"Not if you kiss me, and kiss me quick," she said with her fingers thrust into his hair and a great hunger in her half closed eyes.

He looked over his shoulder a minute or two later, and with an odd contentedness remarked: "I'm glad we've got that well cleaned!"

And her answer to that remark was not as inconsequential as it might have seemed.

"Oh, honey, you ought to have believed in me *that* much!" she reprovingly said as she buried her face in the brown hollow of his neck.

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## Cain and Mabel

(Continued from page 37)

hey?" finishes Joe, sarcastical, but his lips is quiverin'. "Well, I have got paid thirty thousand bucks for one performance—name me the actor which can duplicate that!"

"I didn't mean to be rude," says Mabel, a little softer after a glance at the kid's hurt face.

Joe shrugs his shoulders.

"Why ain't you people dancin'?" he says, lookin' from Mabel to me.

"Don't you dance, Mister Cain?" says Mabel invitin'ly, before I can answer. She seems anxious to get on a friendly footin'.

"Me?" says Joe. "Nothin' stirrin'! He motions to the couples slitherin' back and forth on the polished floor in fond embrace. "When I feel I have got to—er—hug a girl like that, I'll get wed to somebody. That'll be never! Look at them babies, they're gettin' away with murder! But don't mind me, go ahead and dance—"

"Oh, I'm glad to get away from dancing for a change," laughs Mabel with a meanin' look at me. And I should think she wouldst be glad to get away from dancin' after all the hoofin' she done in *The Girl and the Whirl*. But Joe don't get her.

"You a dancer?" he says carelessly.

Hot coffee! Now it's Mabel's turn to be dumfounded. Is she a dancer? She gets about \$2,500 a week for trippin' the light and fantastic; she's danced all over the world and her name is in the electric lights three feet high outside the theater. Is she a dancer? That's like askin' Chaplin has he ever saw a camera!

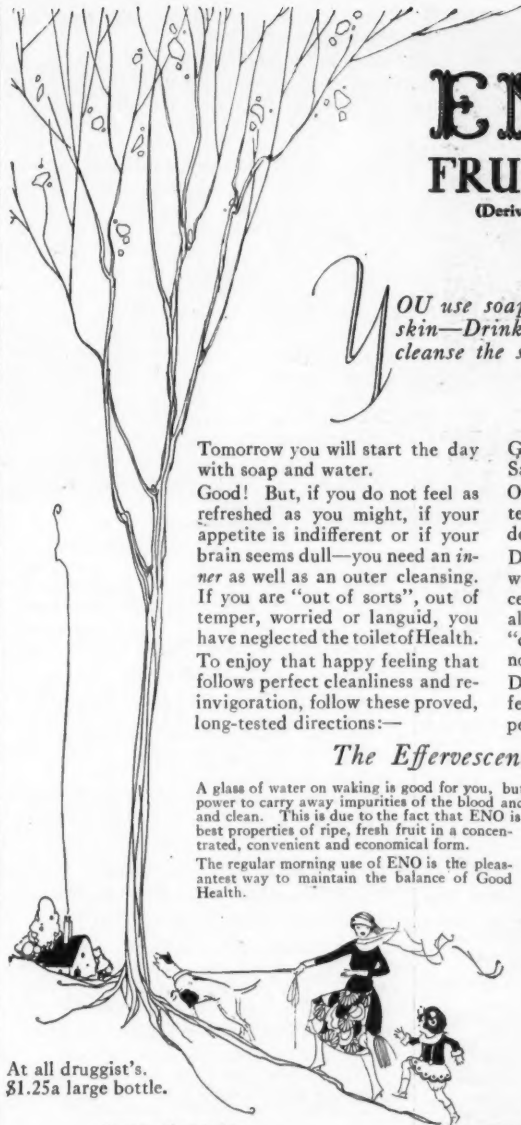
"Are you trying to be funny, Mister Cain?" says Mabel frigidly, after a dangerous pause. "I'm Mabel Vandergrift!"

If she expected to see Joe swoon away in a faint, she was mistaken. Joe shakes his head in candid ignorance.

"I guess I'm a dumbbell, Miss—er—Vanderbilt," he says, "but your name don't tell me a thing!"

Well, Mabel told him a couple of things, don't think she didn't! It was all as nice and polite as possible, but that kind of sarcastical politeness which had Joe's face redder than the color itself before she got through. And just a few minutes before, why Joe was tellin' her who he was in exactly the same way!

I sit back in my chair so's not to be no eavesdropper and the more I think of the situation in front of me, why the harder it is to keep from laughin' and prob'ly gettin' both of 'em wild. Here's two people, both champs in their different lines, which prob'ly half the country and certainly all of Broadway has heard of. As the matter and fact, everybody in the cabaret knows who both of them is and our table has been a target for interested looks and whispers from the time we all sit down together. But Mabel never read a sport page in her life and what Joe knows about Broadway stars could be painted on a postage stamp. So here we have two famous characters sittin' across from each other at a table in the biggest city in the world, people all around 'em envyin' Joe for bein' with Mabel and Mabel for bein' with Joe, and like Adam and Eve when they first met, Mabel Vandergrift and Joe



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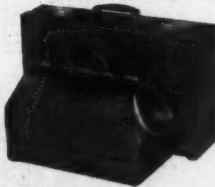


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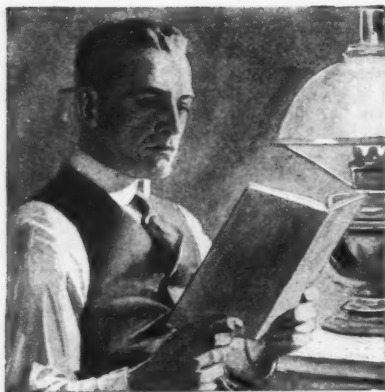
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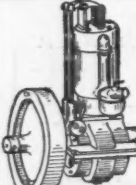
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Cain had never heard of each other before in their lives!

As they remark in Piccadilly Circus, I mean to say there's a rum go, what?

The music stops and the arrival of the others at the table busts up a highly embarrassing pause. Jack Murray looks from Mabel to Joe, eager to see what they have did with the few minutes he left them together. As mad-as-a-chambermaid at a plugged keyhole, Mabel calls for her wraps, lookin' everywhere but at Joseph, which is already risin' to leave. Murray frowns and works hard tryin' to elect Joe as Mabel's escort home and if it hadn't of been for one couple in the party bein' plainly against it, Murray wouldst prob'ly of put it over. The couple which ruined his plans was Mabel and Joe.

On the ways back to our hotel, Murray slaps Joe on the back and says:

"Well, now what do you say, you alleged woman hater? What do you think of her, isn't she a knockout?"

"Who?" says Joe blankly.

"Who? Why, Mabel Vandergrift, of course! Didn't she—"

"Oh, the chorus girl?" says Joe. "Well, she ain't such a bad looker, but Sweet Papa, what a dumbbell! She never heard of me before, can you picture that?" He shakes his head in amazement.

"The—the—the chorus girl?" gasps Murray. He grabs Joe's shoulders and pushes his head out of the open taxi window. "Look at that sign, you—er—Joe!" he commands.

I glanced with Joe at the twinklin' blur of electric signs and in a minute we pick out this on one of the biggest:

MABEL VANDERGRIFT  
IN THE GIRL AND THE WHIRL  
MASON THEATER—NOW!

"The chorus girl, eh?" says Murray when Joe's head comes in the window again. "You've been talking tonight with one of the biggest dancing stars in this country! A girl with a million admirers! A—"

"Well, what d'y'e want me to do, break down and sob?" snarls Joe. "I can't help it, can I?"

"What did I tell you?" I says over Joe's head to our irritated press representative. "Boy, this baby is asbestos where the adjoinin' sex is concerned!"

"That's how he is now," sneers Murray. "A week from now he'll be so goofy over Mabel he'll be pitiful!"

"Blah!" says Joe.

But nevers the less, our painstaking publicity getter goes ahead with his original plans and does succeed in plantin' a story in a couple of papers about the welterweight champ bein' cuckoo over the Broadway star. When Joe reads this he gets red-headed for a couple of minutes, but fin'ly he sits down and laughs his head off. He seems to take the angle that it's a good joke on Mabel, and actin' on Murray's orders he starts goin' to *The Girl and the Whirl* every night. He even stands for the baskets of flowers bein' handed over the footlights with his name on 'em. This stuff gets around, seems level, and pretty soon both Mabel and Joe are gettin' plenty interviews without Jack Murray havin' anything to do with it at all.

Then Murray claims the time is ripe for his next move, which he says will get pages in the dailies where his first stunt

got columns. He says he's goin' to have Mabel Vandergrift mysteriously disappear from her show for one week. He'll get the coppers lookin' for her, offer a reward, even hint that Joe Cain might of carried her off. Where she'll fin'ly be found will be the publicity story of the year. Further than that, Murray closes up like a Chinese witness and will tell me nothin' except that his main trouble is with his principals. Although Mabel smiles sweetly up at the box furnished by the theater and occupied by Joe every night, thereby makin' a lot of front row millionaires gnash their false teeth, she will not be seen with Joseph Cain anywheres outside the theater. Joe feels identically and emphatically the same way with regards to Mabel.

"I can't understand that fellow," says Murray to me. "I've seen 'em hard boiled, but he's a china egg and that's a fact! You can't make me believe that Mabel don't register something with him. Why—"

"I'll tell you what to do if you think he's fakin' it," I says. "Shut off that free box at the theater and then see if he goes to the show any more."

"Good—that's a wow of an idea!" says Murray. "You stick around me for another year and you'll be intelligent."

That night Murray declares the free seat out, likewise the flowers paid for by the management. Joe blinks and then goes up to the box office and buys seats in the gallery. He says the musical numbers appeals to him and he pays no attention to Murray's sarcastical laugh. When Mabel comes out and misses Joe in the box, I could of swore she looked peeved. I called Joe's notice to that interestin' fact and Joe says he thinks the Irish comedian is a riot.

The next day Murray says he's got a box at the Belmont races and he wants us to come down. It will do Joe a lot of good, he adds, to be saw amongst the who's who there. The champ's eyes sparkle. Originally brung up on a farm, Joe Cain was as fond of horses as Richard the Third.

So down we go, meetin' Murray at the club house gate like he told us. He's got a mysterious air about him, the answer comin' when he leads us to his box. There's Mabel Vandergrift with a couple of pals, and when Joseph lamps her he walks all over my feet tryin' to duck. But Mabel greets us with a hypnotizin' smile. Murray sits between the other two girls and immediately starts a lively conversation with 'em.

"You don't look a bit glad to see me," purrs Mabel at Joe as we took seats behind her in the latter part of the box, "and you've stopped coming to the theater, too, haven't you?" she adds, shakin' her finger.

"I suppose you miss me, eh?" says Joe with a faint smile.

"Well—naturally!" says Mabel with a thrillin' sigh.

"Don't make me laugh!" says Joe coldly and in a low voice, "and quit tryin' to kid me. The only reason you're sittin' in this box with me is because I'm a champ and I mean somethin' and it's gettin' you a lot of attention. So we got that all settled! Who d'y'e like in the first race?" he adds, raisin' his voice and addressin' the world at large.

Mabel sits back in her seat with a gasp, her face the color of thirty-six tomatoes.



The glance she flashed Joseph would of roast me to death, but Joe just grins back cheerfully—a pleasant faced kid.

"You—you're getting me attention?" she says fin'ly, crazy mad but soft pedal in' so's the others won't get earfuls. "How dare you say such a thing to me? How dare you? Why—why—everybody here knows who I am!" she goes on, tossin' her head to include the 15,000 at the track.

"You hate yourself, don't you?" says Joe pleasantly. "They's whole flocks of dancers, but they's only one welterweight champ. Laugh that off!"

Mabel has now went right up in flames.

"You are the most stupidly egotistical person I've ever met in my life!" she says when she can speak.

"I love to stand out from the mob," remarks Joe, coolly pencilin' his program.

Murray had devoted one ear to the debate between Joe and Mabel whilst pretendin' to give all his attention to the other two Janes. Now he suddenly turns and flashes Mabel a meanin' look. She nods and looks at Joe, which missed this by-play.

"The only way you *could* stand out from the mob, as you put it, is as a pugilist," she says, kind of contemptuously, "a profession that requires nothing but mere animal strength!"

"What kin you do besides dance?" asks Joe. "Looks to me like all we each got is one trick as far as that part of it goes."

Again Jack Murray and Mabel exchange glances.

"Indeed!" snaps Mabel. "Well, I'll wager I can go back to New York now, conceal my identity and make good living at some legitimate business away from the stage!"

"You and me both," says Joe. "I wasn't always a scrapper. You don't need to curl your lip at me, neither! I could get a good job in New York tomorrow and—"

"Well, then, Mister Cain," interrupts Mabel, leanin' forward with sparklin' eyes, "suppose we both try it. Suppose, beginning tomorrow, we each—er—temporarily disappear from the spotlight, go our separate ways and try our luck for, say—"

"For a week!" butts in Joe. "You're faded! I *know* you can't do it and you don't *think* I can. O. K. I'll show you a pay envelope in a week!"

"Very well, in a week," says Mabel, smilin'. "I'll let you know where I'm working in a week!" She seems tickled silly with the idea.

Then Murray turns around and asks what it's all about, like here's the first he knew of it. Joe tells him and Murray shows he should of been a movie actor by the way he registers surprise and delight. He immediately writes the terms of the agreement on paper, makes Joe and Mabel sign it and gets the others' names on it as witnesses. When we get home, Murray sits up till midnight layin' out his dope for the papers. He's got photographs galore, includin' one of the agreement between Mabel and Joe. Even I have got to admire the article Murray cooked up about the world's champion welterweight and the world's champion musical comedy star each quittin' their trades, takin' other names and startin' out to prove to each other that they could of made good at somethin' else. The newspapers laughed



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*Cosmopolitan for June, 1922*

Murray off the next mornin'. But the next evenin', when a understudy went on in *The Girl and the Whirl* in place of Mabel Vandergrift and a general alarm went out from police headquarters for her, together with the fact that Joe Cain had dropped right off the map—why, they printed all Murray's collection of photos and as for his article, well, it hit page one, that's all!

Murray comes up to my room the followin' night with a armful of newspapers and throws himself on the bed.

"Woof!" he yells, "an average of three columns in all the evening papers and wait till you see the morning *Bugles* and what not! By the way, be sure to keep the champion under cover till my big story breaks. If he's seen around Broadway—say, where in the mischief is he?"

"He's workin' all week in a department store as a shippin' clerk—his old callin'," I growls, "and if he cuts his hands up or mashes a thumb through this cuckoo stunt of yours, I'll cook you!"

"Working in a department store?" bellers Murray, jumpin' up. "It—he's not working in MacDougal's by any chance, is he?"

"No—Nussbaum's," I says. "Suppose he was workin' in MacDougal's, what's the difference?"

"Plenty difference!" says Murray with a sigh of relief. "Mabel Vandergrift is working in MacDougal's as a manikin—that's what she was doing before she went into the show business, you know. Don't breath that to a soul or you'll crash everything, get me? I had no trouble at all framing it with the store. Look at the advertising they'll get when it's discovered that Broadway's missing pet is working there! At the end of the week, the Employees' Benefit Association gives a big entertainment in the store's auditorium for the help. As part of the program, Miss Mary Nelson, one of the manikins, does a dance. Well, Miss Mary Nelson is what Mabel Vandergrift was baptized twenty years ago! She'll be recognized and the panic is on. She comes back to Broadway, gives interviews on her experiences as a working girl, why she had to give it up and and return to the stage, more pitfalls behind the counter than behind the footlights, etc., etc. Add to that the discovery of Joe Cain, world's welterweight champion, working as a shipping clerk for the love of Mabel who was opposed to him as a fighter. Oh, what's the use—I'm good, I admit it. Hereafter, I'm going to call myself 'Front Page Murray'!"

As a matter and fact, the stunt went over beyond "Front Page" Murray's wildest nightmares, but not through nothin' he done!

Saturday night is the date set for the employees' show and Saturday afternoon Champion Joe Cain gets off from his exactin' duties as shippin' clerk to arrange for me to go there with him. He's been invited by some ex-pals which works for MacDougal's and as he don't seem to know Mabel is working there, why I don't crack nothin' about it to him. We get there late, sneak in and stand up in the back of the auditorium, which is jammed to the paint.

Well, the frolic's pretty near over when we get in. "Ed Stewart and Smiling Abie Bloom," two of MacDougal's crack truck chauffeurs in two of MacDougal's crack tuxedos, is doin' "songs and stories, with some clever softshoe stepping," accordin'

to the program. I've saw worse on the Big Time. They get a hand which wouldst of satisfied Babe Ruth and then a floorwalker comes out and announces the headline act of the evenin', "Miss Mary Nelson, of the Import Department, in some original dawncie interpretations!" This draws a excited buzzin' and ample cranin' of necks.

Some this and that from a pip of a orchestra and—Mabel Vandergrift glides out on the stage, the most beautiful thing I, you or anybody else ever seen in their lives! The "Ah's!" must of tickled even Mabel. Joe Cain breathes heavy and his hand tightens on my arm. A thunderin' outburst of applause as they commence to recognize Mabel here and there, and then Mabel begins to dance.

She's dancin' about two minutes and has 'em all in a trance with some oriental thing when I get a whiff of a strange smell, a bit smoky. I see other guys around me sniffin' the air and over at the door a slight commotion is commencin'. Then some sap which should never of been allowed to graduate from the nursery does the most terrible thing which anybody can do in a crowd. He bawls, "Fire!"

Nothin' at all for a split second—then the mob in back where me and Joe was starts shufflin' for the door. The gang in front, only half understandin', twists a bit in their seats, but Mabel's dance holds 'em. The girl heard that wild yell all right, I get that from her suddenly pale face and frightened eyes, but she sticks to her dance, doin' more and more darin' twists and turns to hold the nervous crowd's attention. The noise in the back is makin' some of 'em turn their heads, half risin'. Then a curlin' wisp of smoke blows lazily in from somewhere, a sudden clangin' of fire engine gongs and that blood-curdlin' wail of the sirens and—the stampede is on!

"Bust up to that stage and tell Mabel to keep on dancin' till I git there!" howls Joe Cain in my ear and then like a flash he hops to the sill of a big window that opens on to a fire escape. The gang which had rushed for the doors is fallin' back on each other when they see flames lickin' up the stairway. "Nothin' but women here, you guys!" yells Joe as they come at the fire escape in droves. A couple of huskies, cuckoo with fear, leaps at the window and Joe drops first one and then the other with short right hooks. Then he reaches down, grabs a Jane by the shoulders and swings her outside on the platform. The last I seen as I plunged towards the stage was Joe Cain smackin' a man and pullin' a woman up beside him, over and over again, like a life-size mechanical toy. The screams and wails was somethin' fearful!

In the front rows near the spotlights the panic is just gettin' a start. The band is still tryin' to play, though they ain't two of 'em playin' the same tune, but what seems to fascinate the crowd is that Mabel is still smilin' and dancin'. They're all standin' up lookin' at her, then jerkin' their heads back to the riot in the rear. They don't know *what* to do and that's all that's necessary—to keep 'em hesitatin'.

As I reached the stage, Joe Cain comes hoppin' over the seats and lands beside Mabel, which just lets forth a sigh and collapses in his arms. Joseph's coat is gone, his shirt is hangin' in ribbons and he looks like at least ten guys has solved his defense and reached his face with smashes.

Posed by Corrine Griffith in "The Climbers," a Vitagraph motion picture. Miss Griffith is one of many attractive women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.



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Then the tops of ladders and the nozzles of hose begins to show at the windows and in a few minutes the mob is goin' down the fire escapes, careful and orderly. They was 1600 people in that hall and only twenty was hurt, with nobody killed. The newspapers give all the credit to Joe and Mabel and just went hysterical over 'em both.

A ambulance medico fixes up Joe and Mabel down on the pavement whilst a dozen coppers fights back the sight-seers.

"Your dancin' and my punchin' saved them saps from killin' each other," says Joe to Mabel whilst the doc is settin' his broken right hand. "This blaze will cost me plenty—I won't be able to put on a glove for months. I guess we better stick to our regular trades and let this workin' girl and boy thing run for the end book!"

"I guess so," says Mabel faintly. "Oh—I—I want to go home!"

Joe took her. That's the last I see of him till ten o'clock that night, when me and Jack Murray and all the reporters in the world is up in the room waitin' for him.

"Hello, guys!" he says, grinnin' through a court-plastered lip at one and all.

The reporters is all crowdin' around him, patten' his back.

"Boy," says one of 'em, "you about own this burg right now! How's it feel to be a hero?"

"Where d'ye get that stuff?" says Joe, flushin' up. "Mabel's the hero, not me. Can you imagine a woman keepin' her head and goin' on dancin' when that mob was goin' cuckoo?"

The reporters nudges each other and grins knowin'ly, but I'm thinkin' of Joe Cain's busted hand and what a dumbbell stunt. "Front Page" Murray's whole scheme was. I'm all steamed up, don't think I ain't! When the reporters fin'ly blows, I tied into Joe, which is still ravin' about Mabel. Startin' at the beginnin', I carefully explained to him how Jack Murray had framed up everything but the fire for a publicity stunt, which had now come to a end. I went into detail about how Mabel had only acted like Murray told her and said what he made her memorize and that she was prob'ly laughin' at him right now. Joe listens in silence and Murray watches him for a minute, then looks thoughtful and starts for the door, but I promptly blocked him. When the explosion come I figured I'd need plenty

assistance, even if Joseph had only one good hand! Finished with my account, I set myself for violence and Murray is pale. Joe looks dreamily out the window at New York.

"And imagine a girl like that goin' to wed mel!" he says to a building across the street.

"Has this excitement drove you crazy?" I hollers, lookin' at him in alarm. "What d'ye mean wed you—after what I just told you and—"

"Oh, I heard all about that," says Joe, tracin' patterns on the bedspread with his finger. "Mabel give me the low down on everything three or four days ago. I went around a couple of times last week to where she had hid out with her aunt up on Riverside Drive whilst she was workin' at MacDougal's. Yeh—she called me up to prove she'd got a job and after while I find out that this Murray here is not only my press agent but he's likewise Mabel's press agent—don't run, Murray, you done a good job! We get wed in six weeks and then go to London, where Mabel opens in a new show—she got the offer last week—there's one you missed, hey, Murray?"

But "Front Page" Murray has leaped to the phone. Late as it is, he gets Mabel.

"This is Jack Murray," he says. "I think we've gone far enough with things! Joe Cain has told me you have promised to marry him. Eh—he's not here now, so you can speak frankly. Personally, Mabel, I think that's carryin' cruelty a little too far! Joe's too fine a fellow to be made a foo—what?"

In another second he slams up the phone without no good by or nothin' and whirls around on us. I wish you could of saw his pan!

"D'ye know what Mabel says?" he bawls. "She says she's not only going to marry this—er—Joe in six weeks, but she wishes it was tomorrow!"

"It'll just be the makin' of me, that's all!" says Joe quietly. "I'm sick of the fight game anyways and with the jack I'll grab off for three fights in London, why me and Mabel has doped out a scheme—"

"Shut up!" I says. "Just tell me one thing and I'll be goin'—when did Mabel cure you of your so-called dislike of the womenfolk?"

"The first time I ever seen her," says Joe promptly. "But what a fine boob I wouldst of been to of told you guys!"

And they're gettin' along pretty, too.

## What's the Matter with Matrimony

(Continued from page 32)

they can do with twenty-four hours a day.

This much may be said, however—when such a woman is not a complete egoist and when she brings her efficiency to bear on marriage, she is likely to make a success of that even as she does of her other "job."

The average business woman stops going to an office when she marries. The girls who walk out of their father's supporting care into their husband's protecting arms must be made to realize what the working woman knows already: The economic conditions of life won't permit eternal consumption without production.

Woman elects marriage as her career.

Why, then, shouldn't she make something of it?

Marriage is a partnership—or a failure. Unless partners are subject to identically the same rules and the same privileges, the firm breaks down through animosities, jealousies and misunderstandings.

Love is the interpreter of marriage. But love cannot stand the strain and effort of keeping up communication between two changing beings who do not try to understand each other's constantly modified and growing speech.

Marriage partners must learn to work together, to speak the same language, to allow for the fact that each is an individual

# NATURE'S WAY TO BEAUTY

Authorized Interviews with Miss Julia Sanderson, Monsieur V. Vivaudou,  
Mrs. M. G. Scott and the Makers of Mineralava Beauty Clay

By A. JAMIESON KARR

AMONG all the popular actresses upon our stage today Miss Julia Sanderson reigns with a double charm of personality and beauty. Personality, with Miss Sanderson as with all of us, is a gift of the gods, but beauty—a fresh, radiant skin beauty is possible for every woman. Julia Sanderson in her letter shown below tells how she aids Nature to preserve her beauty of facial contour, charm and color.

## A Secret of the Ultra-Beautiful

For twenty-three years many of the most beautiful stage favorites and most fashionable society women have known the Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish treatment, introduced in the beauty parlors of Mrs. M. G. Scott (the discoverer of the method and the product which aids Nature in her own way to build a natural, lasting skin Beauty.)

## Victor Vivaudou's Gift to You

Monsieur V. Vivaudou, world-famous, Parisian *maitre* of aromatics, cosmetics and toilet preparations, after a life's study of epidermal science, found Mineralava, as he personally announces, "the one care of the complexion which is at once natural, convenient and inevitably successful." And, Victor Vivaudou, with the resources of his great organization, decided to introduce Mineralava to all women thru their favorite Drug or Department store, and at a price per treatment so small that it would be within the reach of every reader of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Today you can purchase a bottle containing eighteen treatments of Mineralava Beauty Clay—a treatment for which society women have paid five, ten, and fifteen dollars—for \$2.00 and a bottle of Face Finish for \$1.50.

## A Never Before Known Skin Sensation

The Mineralava Treatment will give you a skin sensation you have never before experienced. Do not be surprised. You will feel beauty coming! Each nerve will tell you of a quickened circulation—freshened tissues—vitalized muscles—the real secret of Nature's way to skin-beauty, which is the Mineralava way. Do not be startled at the physical sensation following an application of Mineralava. It is a natural result. It is safe. It is proof of the efficacy of Mineralava.

One treatment will convince you what Nature can do for you—and what Mineralava will do.



Miss Julia Sanderson—the "Sunshine Girl" now starring in Broadway's Big Success "Tangerine."

"I find that the Mineralava Treatment is indeed Nature's Way to Beauty. My complexion is blooming and my contour firm. Wrinkles have been resisted to a remarkable degree by a firm skin, which is soft and free from blemishes, despite constant use of grease paint."

"I use the Beauty Clay twice a week, and the delightful Face Finish all the time. Both are wonderful! I think both old and young should use Mineralava regularly."

JULIA SANDERSON

New York, March 15, 1922.

## The Way Nature Does It

Through the blood Nature builds up the tissues under the skin—makes them vivid, glowing, pulsing with life, vibrant with vitality—and stimulates the circulation and the muscle-flexibility which colors, invigorates and softens the skin itself. Mineralava in the same way builds the tissues which dispel the wrinkles, fills out the contour of youth and creates the radiant skin of maidenhood.

## The Mineralava Treatment

The Mineralava Treatment—Mineralava Beauty Clay, cold water, Mineralava Face Finish—aims Nature in her work by stimulating the flow of vitalizing blood to tired, weakened muscles. Apply the Mineralava Beauty Clay to the face with a brush. It dries into a fragrant moulding-mask within

twelve minutes. Wash away with warm, then invigorating cold water; immediately you will feel the result of restored circulation. Your skin is now cleansed, from the inside (not washed from the outside.) Now apply Mineralava Face Finish, a necessary skin food and tonic, a soft colorless fragrant liquid which vanishes immediately and acts as a perfect base for powder. It should be used constantly, after and between applications of the Beauty Clay.

## Authoritative Approbation

The managers of practically all the leading Drug and Department Stores throughout the country, hundreds of the best known actresses of stage and screen, and thousands of women—have written unsolicited testimonials to the instant, constant and lasting beauty which comes from the Mineralava Treatment.

## Our "Money-Back" Guarantee

Your dealer, Monsieur Vivaudou and the makers of Mineralava absolutely guarantee to refund full purchase price to any woman who does not find Mineralava everything represented. If you do not actually feel better or look better after the eighteen applications contained in one bottle of Mineralava—go to your dealer and ask for your money. Refund will be instantly made. You are to be the judge and you must, and we are sure will, be satisfied.

## Make this Test—yourself!

We do not conduct a mail-order business. We know you want to buy Mineralava from your own dependable dealer. Go to him today and buy a set of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish under our money back plan as stated above. If he does not at this moment have a supply—use the coupon below to send his name and address to us. You will immediately receive through your dealer, C. O. D., a full Mineralava set with the understanding you will pay for same as stated above and with the further understanding your money will be refunded if you are not entirely satisfied. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 10 E. 38th St., New York.

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and to give each to the other freedom to do his own part of the job.

Life doesn't distribute any prizes which haven't been earned. The world isn't offering us a free ride among the stars. It is making us pay our way. As far as mere economics is concerned, we are fairly well convinced that we must work or starve.

But when it comes to love—the vital food stuff for heart and soul as well as body—we go right back to our fairy tale days and expect beneficent elves to administer that for us.

Marriage is the best working hypothesis we have for stabilizing love and insuring homes and companionship in our world loneliness, and for insuring the continuance of our race.

But we don't want to work for it.

Yet out of the mass of letters on my desk each day, this sounds the most insistent note:

Dear Unknown Friend:

Perhaps you are an oracle. Certainly you are as pleasantly incognita as was She of Delphos. Help me if you can. For I want to find the exclusive Happy Ending. And instead I seem to be heading toward the end of all happiness. The one I loved and married in all good faith doesn't speak my language—or try to learn. What shall I do?

Pleadingly I say to all those who long for The Happy Ending: "Try to learn the language of the one you love."

Reading this letter from "the other woman" in a marriage tangle emphasizes my reply:

His wife is a thrifty, practical housewife. But she has no patience with the things that are life itself to him—his books and athletics. She likes shows and restaurants. She thinks he ought to go with her since she enjoys what everyone does. But she hates to have him play ball or ride a motorcycle. She seems to throw cold water on his different doings all the time. So you see, I just came in where she failed. I did not realize at first what I was doing or I would have stopped right there—but my thoughts were only for the delightful talks and walks we'd have. When we made our discovery of love, I insisted that we must not see each other for some time. Our week of separation was a week of torture for us both. But convention bids us both go back to loneliness. Are you on the side of convention, or do you think that two who have everything else in common have also a right to love in common?

Now no thinking person is going to advise defying convention in a world where our code of social ethics is also a code of wisdom and practically worked out through thousands of years of human experience. But on the other hand, what right have two who have nothing else in common to found a home on a basis that is nothing but physical attraction, sometimes called love?

How can marriage end right when it starts wrong?

Dishwashing and babies and glamorous kisses are all parts of marriage. But even when taken together they do not make the whole of it. There is the humdrum routine and there is also the stimulation and sympathy and understanding without which two people wouldn't think they had a friendship, but without which they may

be important enough to try to build a life together.

"I sometimes think friendship consists more in liking the same things than in liking each other," wrote a philosopher of bygone days . . . Well—isn't marriage friendship plus? Plus emotion and devotion and a longing to go down the years together.

Why can't it be made to work?

Neither partner can "farm out" his responsibilities.

Neither partner can make marriage a going concern without respect for the other partner's personality. Love isn't all of life. There's work. Marriage isn't all love. It's work, too.

The price of a happy marriage is toleration plus devotion.

Here is how two women earn their happiness.

Mrs. Jim, almost a notoriously happy woman, said to me the other day:

"I think I could bear it if Jim were untrue to me in the sense at which the world shudders. But if he found a mental affinity, I'd die. I couldn't bear it if he talked with another woman about the ambitions I've shared and fostered. But suppose he kissed another woman. How much of my Jim would she have?"

"Have you ever told Jim that?" I asked.

"Certainly," twinkled Mrs. Jim. "And all he says is that I'm a darn clever woman to remove all the lure from straying. He says that 'Keep off the Grass' signs always make a man sure he'd like to frisk about a bit on the green instead of marching down the regular paths."

"It's only human to resent a sense of possession," I mused. "Perhaps if more women laughed at harmless philandering and didn't dignify it with so much importance, men would lose the sense of exhilaration they often find in straying."

"But I mean it!" protested Mrs. Jim. "And I have a sense of possession about the man I love. Only it happens to apply to his mind and soul."

Mrs. Jim's idea is worth a little consideration from both men and women. So is Mimsy's. I give it here as a working formula for a happy marriage.

Long ago I began to dream of my Fairy Prince. He must be tall, I said, and broad-shouldered, with wavy blond hair and large brown eyes. And wealth. Oodles of it, or I could not consider him!

Over two years ago I came to an Eastern university to get a post-graduate degree. And here I met my Prince Charming. I was astonished at my own immediate interest in the rather unprepossessing figure that stood before me. Anything but tall, shoulders not so very broad, dark hair tinged with gray at the temples—and eyes—wonderful eyes full of soul and tenderness, but blue and unmistakably a rather pale blue. And he was quite lame.

During that first evening I discovered several rather startling facts. He was a minister. An Englishman. A very poor, struggling clergyman of a faith different from my own.

We have waited two years for our happiness. Soon I am going to be his bride and sail with him for his country. I am going to give up home, wealth and familiar environment. But they do not count. For the man I love has wonderful traits of character and I know that a life spent with him, even if it be one of struggle and hardship, will be well worth the cost.

Many are against me. I tested my

*Cosmopolitan for June, 1922*

love by two years of waiting. But we know that we have everything for each other and that nothing matters unless we share it with each other.

I wonder if the note Mimsy sounds isn't the clarion call to those of us who wonder what's the matter with matrimony.

Marriage is sound enough. And human nature, too, is sound—at heart.

History proves all this. And in the words of a modern philosopher, history forecasts the future as it mirrors the past.

Marriage will continue to be an institution at once practical and sacred. Pragmatically speaking, "It's all right if it works." But does it work?

But we humans are so obsessed with the business of living, so weighed down with the paraphernalia of existence à la mode, that we are almost forgetting the simple facts of life. What we need is to simplify living and to come in touch with life.

The crying need of today is the pioneer spirit.

The woman who sailed uncharted seas to unknown shores in Pilgrim days, the woman who crossed the great desert in wagon trains to the open, untried West in 'forty-nine—had this spirit.

The pioneer woman was completely her husband's partner. In facing hardship with her man, in working with him and fighting for him and starving at his side, she worked toward the true and lasting spirit of love. Her fortitude came of her partnership spirit—the only thing which can blend love into the growing yet stable thing needed to make marriage a success.

There are pioneer women today. There are Mimsys who face poverty and loneliness and privation with a smile and go joyfully with their mates to make their homes even in the wilderness. There are men today—as always—who reverence courage and faith and dauntless spirit.

But most of us come out of the ease and comfort of steam heated, electric lighted, cushioned, sheltered existence without the fairness or the courage to face life stripped of push buttons and automatic "service."

Life deals with fact. Life isn't a fairy tale thing of marrying and living happily ever after on the sheer momentum of love.

Life and love and marriage are in the domain of reality. They have a twenty-four hour a day basis.

The husband cannot shirk the responsibility of wage earning any more than the woman can evade the necessity of home making and child bearing. For if either fails the penalty is that marriage fails.

Marriage can never be the journey of two pioneers across strange seas. The boat is safe. The sea is navigable. Yet shipwreck comes inevitably to those who close their eyes, fix their minds on separate harbors and cease to remember that captain and mate must steer the same course and work together in harmony, not only for happiness but for safety.

Not all the writing or discussing or thinking or wishing you and I may do can save us from fact—or give us the fairy tale happy ending we have not earned.

Yet marriage has gracious, ample space for dreams, and long sun flecked vistas of beauty. And nothing can take marriage out of the realm of romance. Marriage remains for us all The Great Adventure.

Ours to make it a happy journey and steer it straight into Port o' Dreams.





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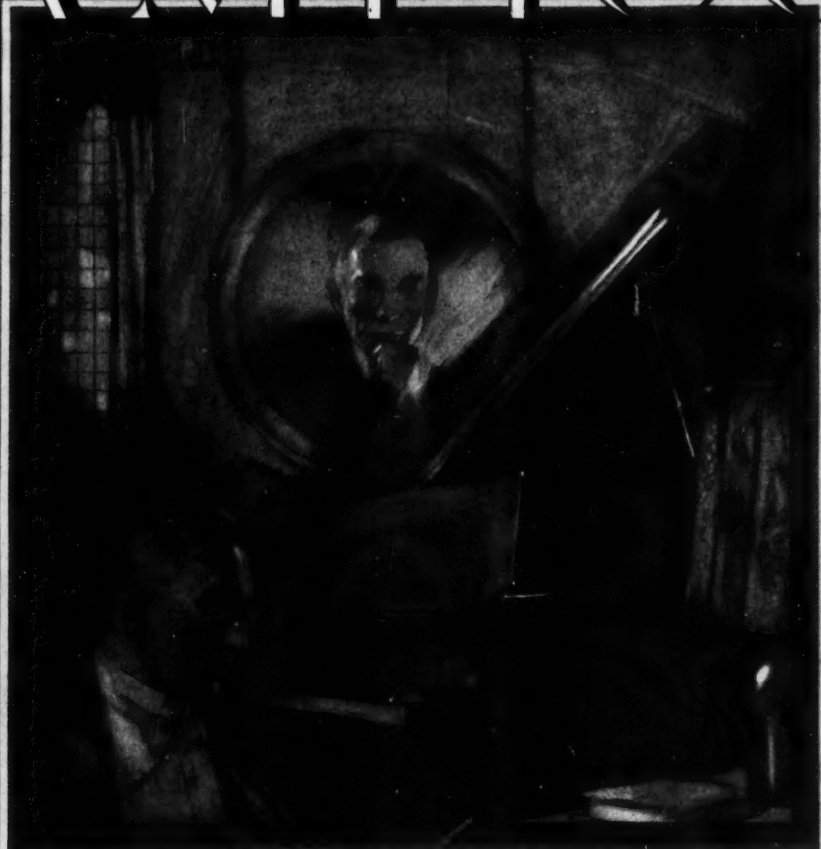
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GARENO

*"And for the moment Rachmaninoff, himself, is with me, and I listen enthralled to the majesty of the 'C Sharp Minor Prelude' as only he can play it."*

THE AMPICO re-enacts for you the actual playing of Rachmaninoff and the other great masters, a partial list of whom is shown on this page. It does not simply play after their manner, in their style. It re-enacts their actual performances with every shade of touch, every subtle nuance, every personal characteristic faultlessly reproduced. The Ampico is the greatest musical instrument ever invented and only by actually hearing it can you appreciate its revolutionary nature. Differing from and far superior to the "player-piano" the Ampico plays without any assistance from you whatever.

*There is only one Ampico*

It is obtainable *only* in the following pianos:

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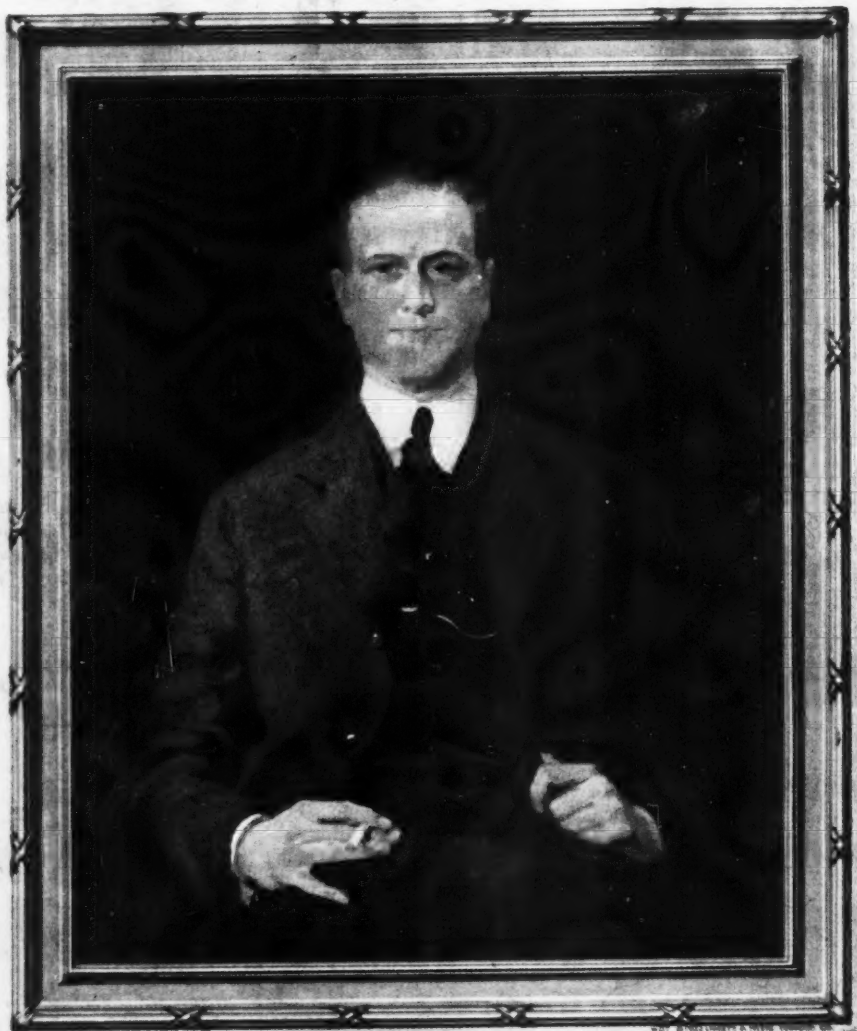
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